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# DEDICATION

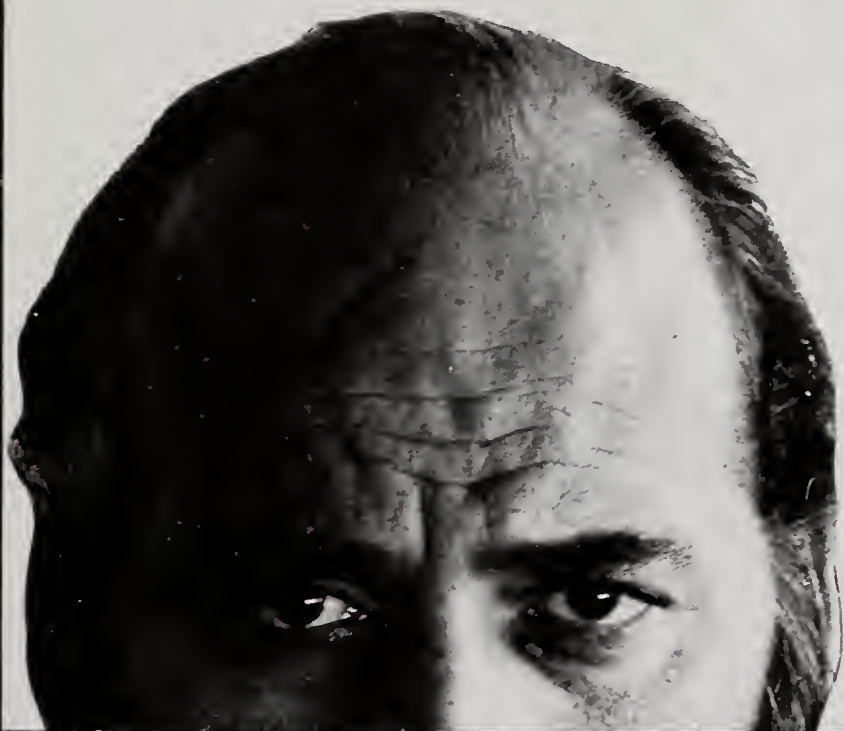


# MESSAGE:

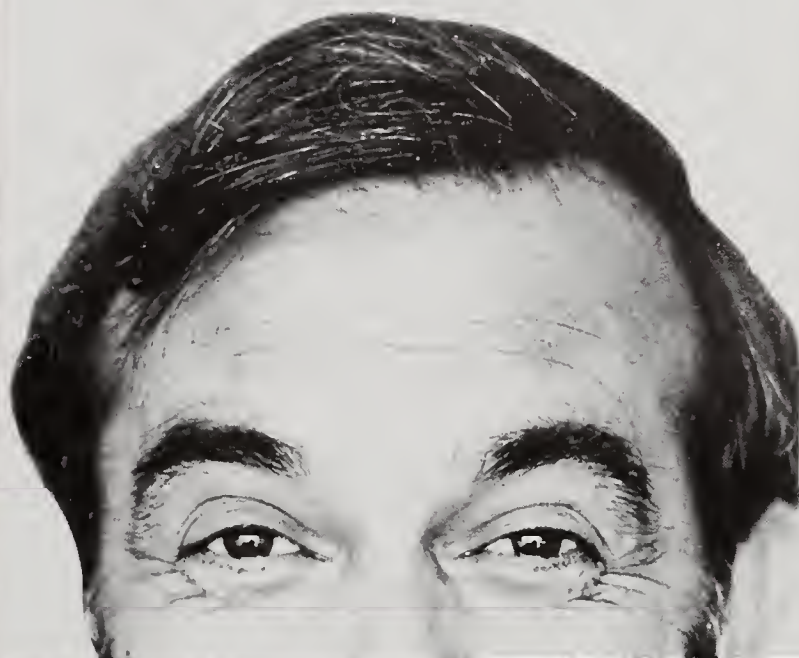
**"DON'T LOOK BACK"**  
**b.dylan**



# DICK



# SULY



# JIM



# BUFF





# THANKS LOUISE

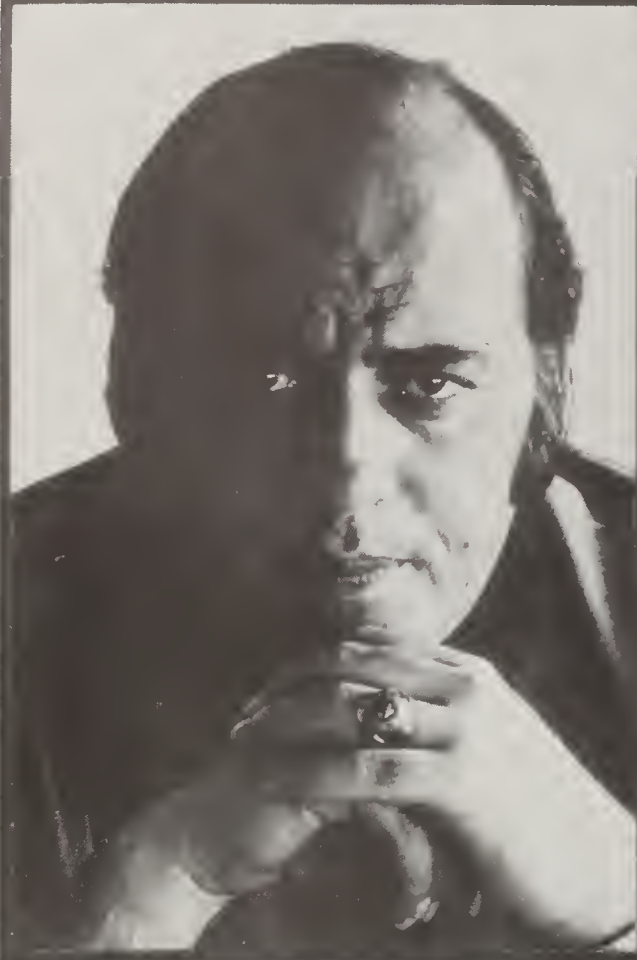




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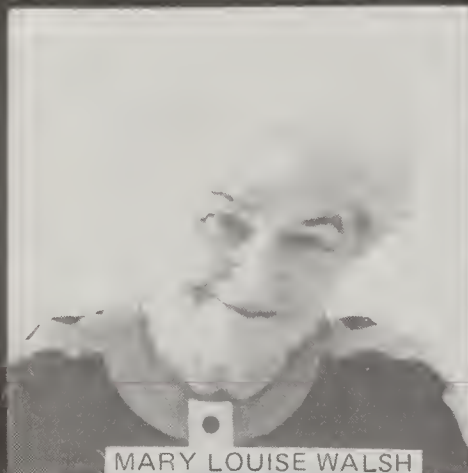
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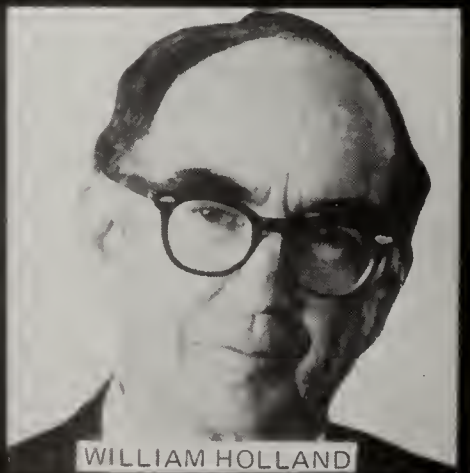
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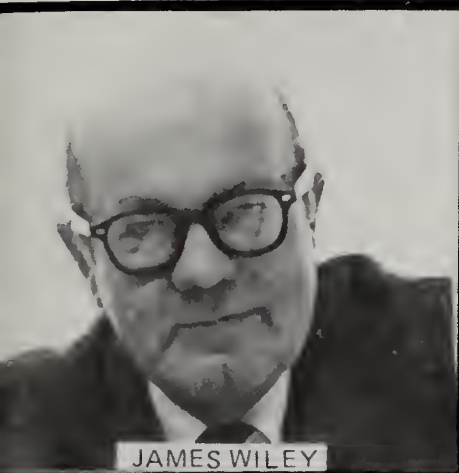


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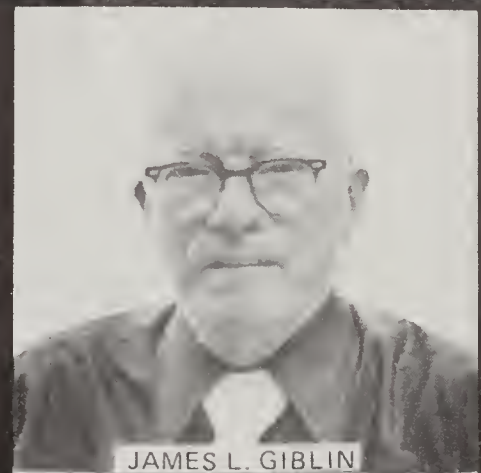
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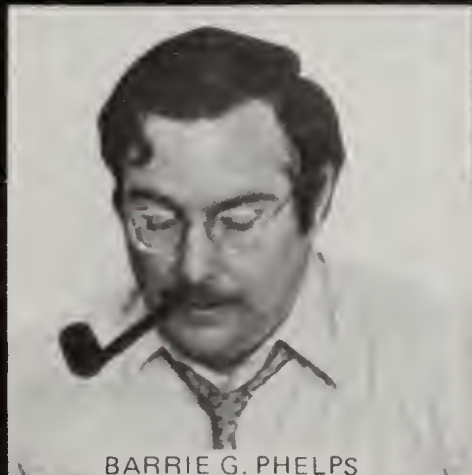
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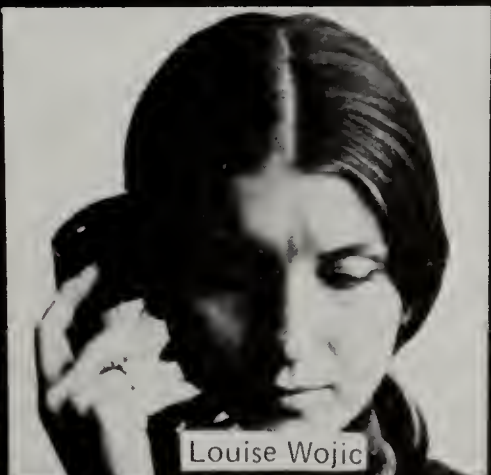
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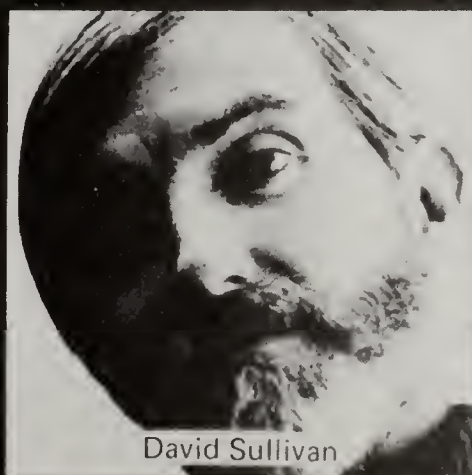
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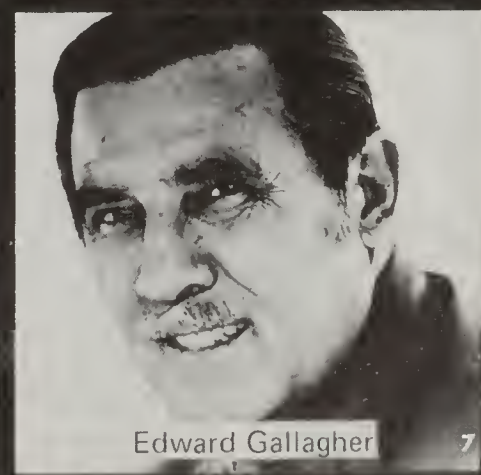
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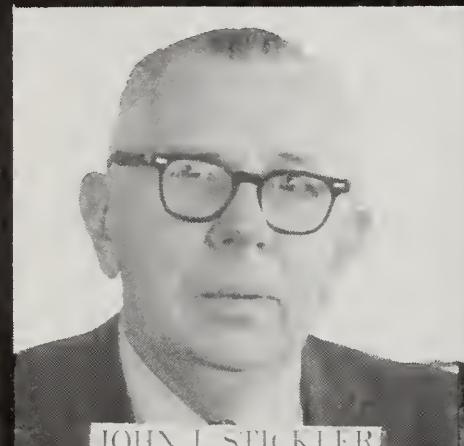
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Administration (1962) BS 1952 Providence College  
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KENNETH D., Assistant Professor of Textile  
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Institute of Technology; LAVAUULT, RUDOLPH  
L., Professor of Psychology (1935) EdB 1933 EdM  
1939 Rhode Island College; LEUNG, GEORGE  
YAN-CHOK, Assistant Professor in Physics (1967)  
BS 1955 University of Illinois, MS 1957 PhD 1963  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology; MCCOY,  
THOMAS F., Associate Professor of Art (1959)  
BFA 1950 University of Kansas Diploma 1951  
Academie Royale des Veaux Arts, Liege, Belgium  
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JANUCE, Associate Professor of Nursing (1969)  
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BS 1963 MS 1965 Boston University School of  
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D., Associate Professor of English (1954) Director  
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Licenciado em filologia Germanica, University of  
Coimbra, Portugal; MAGINNES, DAVID R.,  
Instructor in History (1967) BA 1954 Yale  
University MA 1959 Columbia University;  
MARSTON, WALTER E., Associate Professor of  
Chemistry (1928) BS 1956 EdM 1958 Bridgewater  
State College; MASTERSON, RUSSELL W.,  
Assistant Professor of Psychology (1968) BA 1955  
Holy Cross College MA 1957 PhD 1968 Boston  
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Professor in Business Administration (1958) BS  
1939 MBA 1949 MEd 1950 Boston University;  
MATTFIELD, MARY S., Assistant Professor in  
English (1964) BS 1955 Boston University AM 1964  
Brown University; MEAD, THEODORE P.,  
Professor of Photography (1952) BFA 1947 Pratt  
Institute MA 1950 Professional Diploma 1962  
Columbia University; MELLOR, GEORGE E.,  
Assistant Professor in Art (1968) AB 1954 Oberlin  
College, MFA 1965 Temple University;  
MIERZEJEWSKI, WALTER E., Assistant Professor  
of Mathematics (1957) AB 1948 Harvard; MILLS,  
CAROLYN A., Instructor in Art (1967) BFA 1963  
Rhode Island School of Design; MORTON,  
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(1968) BS 1964 University of Rhode Island MA  
1966 Duke University; MOSS, SANFORD A III,  
Assistant Professor in Biology (1967) BS 1961  
Yale University PhD 1965 Cornell University;  
MOWERY, DWIGHT F. Jr., Commonwealth  
Professor of Chemistry (1957) AB 1937 Harvard  
College PhD 1940 Massachusetts Institute of  
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Professor in Biology (1969) BS 1962 St. Procopius  
College PhD 1968 University of Notre Dame;  
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New Bedford Institute of Technology (SMU) MS  
1966 Northeastern University PhD 1969  
Northeastern University; NESBIT, ALEXANDER,  
Professor of Art (1965) Chairman, Department of  
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York 1922-1923 The Copper Union;  
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Art (1955) BFA 1952 Rhode Island School of  
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University of Chicago PhD 1964 Boston  
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Bradford Durfee College of Technology (SMU) SM  
1961 Boston University; PATTEK, HAROLD I.,  
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Cooper Union Srt School BFA 1957 Yale  
University; PENCE, JAMES D., Instructor in  
Modern Languages (1968) BA 1960 Ohio State  
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PRESEL, DONALD S., Assistant Professor in  
Physics (1960) AB 1953 Brown University MEd  
1959 SM 1964 Northeastern University;  
REARDON, JOHN J., Professor of Biology (1965)  
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1949 University of Michigan PhD 1959 University  
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REHG, NORMAN M., Professor of English (1964)  
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St. Lawrence University MA 1957 PhD 1960  
Brown University; REICHARD, CONRAD P.,  
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Columbia University; RONITAILLE, LOUIS J.,  
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1951 AM 1957 Boston University PhD 1961  
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# GRADUATES





aballo, mike, ee, 64 kenyon rd., tiverton, r.i.; adams, nelson, bo, 4 marconi ln., marion; adams, theresa, so, 311 ames st., fall river; allen jonathan; almeida, john, ac, 4 osborn st., fall river; amaro, carlos, ps, 108 rodneyst., new bedford; anderson, john, tt, 623 concord st., framingham; andrade, ray, 430 county st., fall river; andresen, tom, eo, 33 meadow st., fall river; andreson, jenny, pa, 14 cottage ln., marion;

angelis, paul, me, 147 quinapoxet ln., worcester; anthony, phillip, tt, 42 prospect ave., westport; arabasz, mark, mn, 267 hersom st., new bedford; arnold, gary, ac, 48 jerusalem rd., fairhaven; aronis, joanne, so, 770 locust st., fall river; arruda, joe, bo, 213 haffards st., fall river; arruda, tom, en, 43 tucker st., fall river; atteridge, wm., ce, 4172 littlelk prky, littleneck, n.y.; auclair, gerard, 36 oak square, south attleboro;

audette, normand, ac, 40 kearsarge st., new bedford; austin, floyd, hi, 550 bay rd., stroughton; azevedo, attus, tm, 191 elm st., new bedford; azevedo, sheila, py, 50 valentine st., new bedford; backus, nancy, pa, 6 eddy st., north dartmouth; bacon, allan, te, 73 school st., higham; bailey, don, me, 158 kaufman rd., somerset; bartkiewicz, paul, hi, 213 brownell st., new bedford; balanger, sandra, hi, 61 dellawanda st., swansea; bartley, dave, mk, 131 cypress ave., tiverton, r.i.,

bannisten, kathleen; beaudoin, maurice, ce, 124 lepes rd., tiverton, r.i.; bendiksen, bruce, ma, 185 hatwell st., new bedford; benes, kristine, en, 134 harvard st., new bedford; beonarz, edmund; bennett, pauline, pa, 375 washington st., fairhaven; berryman, ann, en, 56 hirst st., fall river; bertrand, georgette, fr, north st., mattapoisett; bettencourt, cynthia, so, 102 hudson st., new bedford; bishop, wm, ce, 105 hillman st., new bedford;

bitzer, dennis, bo, 22 elmerest st., east longmeadow; Blake, laurence, co, pleasant st., west newbury; blouin, carol, en, 56 rogerson ave., acushnet; bochinski, william, py, 403 chase rd., dartmouth; bogins, gloria, en., holly lane, marion; borges, kathy, en, 60 chatterton ave., somerset; botelho, edward, mn, 920 pine st., fall river; boule, michele, pa, 615 broadway st., fall river; bousquet, elaine, mt, 380 north front st., new bedford; branco, kenneth, eo, 279 dover, fall river;

brennan, william, so, 65 school st., taunton; brown, clement, en, south of commons, little compton, r.i.; brown, penny, ae, 273 court st., plymouth; brown, steve, so, 11 guillotte st., acushnet; brugnoli, carl, tn, 35 stebbens avenue, brockton; brum, ken, bo, 3 parkside avenue, acushnet; brunell, sr., karen, ma, 856 tucker rd., dartmouth; bussemer III, john, mn, 442 main st., wareham; butler, francis, mn, 77 mill st., weymouth; cabeceras, catherine, ae, 208 fourth st., somerset;

cabral, frank, ps, 116 norman st., new bedford; cabral, joseph, tm, 15 kane st., fairhaven; calhoun, john; call, margaret, ae, 30 river st., middleboro; callasus, john; camara, dawn, fr, 55 salisbury st., new bedford; camara, george, so, 17 langley st., fall river; camaro, sue, en, 72 bowers st., fall river; cardeiro, craig; cardeiro, jane;







cardoso, jose, ma, 125 farle st., new bedford; cardullo, paul, ee, 110 harvard st., new bedford; carey, joan, fr, 86 stillhill rd., hamden, conn.; carney, hugh, py, 282 carrol st., new bedford; caron, paul, bo, 22 cottage st., taunton; carpentier, joanne; carreira, oscar, mt, 157 coffin ave., new bedford; carreiro, dennis, hi, 157 collette st., new bedford; carroll, crista, td, 16 hampshire st., holliston; carroll, robert, so, 108 wheaton ave., seekonk;

canty, dotty; casey, stewart, bo, neds point rd., mattapoisett; cayer, roland, te, 72 sophia ave., brockton; cesolini, sandra, so, 55 akin st., fairhaven; champagne, mike, te, 651 cherry st., fall river; charest, dennis, tt, 675 north main st., fall river; charest, nelson, me, 115 crawford st., fall river; charron, steven p., 146 deane st., new bedford; chaves, elaine, so, 484 walnut st., fall river; chestnut, robert, mn, 36 rock st., middleboro;

childs, mike, py, 578 high st., somerset; chirigotis, anthony, en, 85 chancery st., new bedford; chislaolm, marilyn, ae, 18 foster rd., bedford; chounard, larry, mn, 44 carter st., fall river; clarke, rodney, hi, 81 american legion highway, westport; coelho, dave, me, 474 ashley blvd., new bedford; coleman, stephen, hi, 340 hemlock st., south dartmouth; comeau, ronald, tt, 114 perry st., new bedford; conner, kathy, py, 6 st., john st., south dartmouth; cook, elaine, en, 158 allord st., new bedford;

coots, william, ee, 648 harvard st., east bridgewater; correa, john, sp, 508 broadway, raynham; costa, donald, 105 almy st., fall river; costa, joaquim, ee, 73 hathaway rd., new bedford; costa, madeline, en, 346 old county rd., westport; costa, roberta, fr, 163 collette st., new bedford; cote, linda, so, 226 broadway st., taunton; cote, raymond, ac, 349 fountain st., fall river; cousineau, brian, hi, 243 county st., new bedford; couto, martha, sp, 319 cross rd., north dartmouth;

couture, paul, ac, 48 covell st., new bedford; cunningham, david, bo, 292 elm st., padanaram; currin, thomas, ce, 116 robenston st., new bedford; cybert, steve, me, 116 briggs rd., westport; da costa, jose, en, 77 smith st., new bedford; dacy, pam, so, 98 power st., taunton; dalbec, kathy, so, 27 darling st., acushnet; daley, brandon, en, 435 stetson st., fall river; dallaire, bev, py, 53 hall st., fall river; d'ambrosio, ernest;

danesi, cynthia, ae, 11 school st., warren, r.i.; deazuodo, donna, so, 200 warren st., fall river; dean, nancy, yd, pattey rd., shelburne; deananen, ton; debalsi, robert, hi, 249 worcester st., new bedford; decollibus, steve, vd, 19 nelson st., framingham; dufresne, robert, ee, 92 russell dr., tiverton, r.i.; degartano, russ, ps, 39 beacon st., fall river; duggan, dermat, demelo, jim, en, 949 locust st., fall river;

demers, robert, ee, 90 village gate dr., bridgewater; derby, deb, en, 564 dartmouth st., south dartmouth; derosiers, gerald, mn, 240 mcgowan st., fall river; desbiens, robert, en, 16 maplewood ave., swansea; desjardin, stephen, en, 101 carlisle st., new bedford; deslauriers, lorraine, en, 54 cherbourne ave., swansea; desrosiers, jean, te, 36 salisbury st., new bedford; desrosiers, ray, ac, bx, 113aushman rd., rochester; dickerman, robert, te, 19 monroe st., fall river; dimmie, robert, 19 monroe ct., fall river;



dipon, cyn; dolan, lillian, hi, 169 brayton pt. rd., westport; dore, cynthia, vd, 101 wollaston st., cranston; doras, robert; downey, john, mn, 1418 globe st., fall river; duarte, al, ac, 72 moss st., new bedford; duarte, dennis, en, 58 hilton st., tiverton, r.i.; dupont, roland, bo, 4292 acushnet ave., new bedford; duquette, paul, ct, 18 harmon dr., suffield, conn.; durfee, dale, vd, 2156 riverside ave., somerset;

durham, marshall; durv, mike, mn, 158 rinkham st., new bedford; down, william, mk, 252 coffin ave., new bedford; dye, sue; edwards, pall, tm, 294 pine hill rd., westport; eklund, al, tf, 20 james st., seekonk; enos, robert, bo, 21 tecumseh st., fall river; erickson, carl, st, 19 earl ave., newport, r.i.; fachada, michelle, ac, 20 canonicus st., fall river; fallon, gerald, hi, 15c pleasant view, fall river;

fallon, peter, ct, 213 manzella ct., rockland fanjoy, susan, vd, 405 main st., dighton; faryniarz, larry, et, 65 narragansett st., partsmouth, r.i.; feiner, glenn, vd., 6 old ford rd., gloucester; feingold, sylvia; tenters, stan; ferdinand, dawn, ac, 66 central ave., new bedford; fernandes, charlene, so, 47 central ave., new bedford; ferreira, henry, vd, 447 washington st., fairhaven; ferreira, laura, so, 163 thomas, fall river;

ferreira, ken, ie, 35 circuit st., new bedford; figeiredo, fernando, mn, 75 carol st., new bedford; fisher, paul, te, 40 hillside ave., braintree; fitzgerald, brian, mk, 228 drexel st., springfield; flanagan, mike, tn, 171 richmond, new bedford; forand, elaine, ma, 455 kaufman rd., somerset; fortes, pam, en, 89 pleasant st., new bedford; fortier, william ct, 10 spring st., fairhaven; foster, donald, me, 104 west rodney french blvd., new bedford; francoeur, ron, ct, 447 cherry st., fall river;

frank, barbara, en, 486 third st., fall river; freeman, paul; freidenfeld, fred, ie, 48 vine st., middleboro; friedman, jeff; frost, walter, hi, 473 chase rd., north dartmouth; fryklund, david, te, frank st, rockport; furman, june, en, 420 stetson st., fall river; furze, cheryl; gagne, alfred, ge, 86 flint st., fall river; gallagher, nina, ac, 4 madison ct., fall river;

gallagher, william, ac, 4 madison ct., fall river; galonek, john, ie, 31 tower st., webster; galuska, raymond, ie, 920 brayton ave., somerset; garnett, michelle, ae, 25 south chestnut st., fairhaven; gauthier, dennis, so, 1131 dotton st., new bedford; gauthier, michelle, mt, slade st., fall river; gauthier, robert, bo, 22 bodwell st., somerset; gazzero, margery, en, 178 walteu st., fall river; gee, florence, ma, 169 jencs st., fall river; giasson, diane, so, 202 hayden ave., tuverton, r.i.;

gilmore, dean, so, 220 robinson rd., acushnet; gilmore, marueen; giza, patricia, en, 180 purington st., somerset; glickman, sarah; gobell, jane, fr, 57 lindsey st., new bedford; godfawski, dave, tt, 114 van buren st., new bedford; gogglin, william, ct., northgate f-5300, rockvill, conn.; goglick, john, ch, county rd., west wareham; gordon, jim, vd, 18 mass ave., braintree; gouveia, noel, vd, 1029 prospect st., somerset;







goyette, dan, en, 102 crandall rd., tiverton, r.i.; grace, arnold, ac, 38 madison st., new bedford; grant, darrell, mk, 209 high st., taunton greenstein, norman tt, 18 skyview rd., randolph; gula, richard e., tt, 728 main st., acushnet; gushue, william, hi, 403 cottage st., new bedford; habbosh, bahya, handel, neil, ps, 56 carrol dr., foxboro; hannon, david, tt, 95 richmond st., new bedford; harrington, ann, mb, 56 reynolds, st., new bedford;

harris, bowden, so, 807 tucker rd., north dartmouth; harrison, karen, py, 23 shores st., taunton; hassan, larna, so, 199 austin st., fall river; hathaway, dana, te, 41 norman st., marblehead; hathaway, diane, ae, 11 oak st., plymouth; hayes, bob, so, 15 vincent st., dartmouth; hendriques, ken, py, 439 hooper st., tiverton, r.i.; heroux, william, ce, 431 wood st., somerset; heyes, richard, py, 1402 tucker rd., north dartmouth; higgs, dave, st, 75 woodsides ave., baintree;

hipsman, michael, te, 29 messinger st., mattapan; hodson, brian, ps, 327 court st., new bedford; howard, george, ac, 1503 slade st., fall river; hrycaj, celeste, en, 154 svola rd., swansea; hudson, william, hi, 1132 sht. fly, hl, rd., centerville; hurley, william, mn, 193 fawcett ln., hyannis; ibbotson, catherine, en, 1013 slade st., fall river; isherwood, charles, ee, 1044 phillips rd., new bedford; jarvis, Raymond, te, 43 wilding st., fairhaven; jasmin, ron, en, 351 county st., fall river;

jenkins, maurice, mk, 2702 acushnet ave., new bedford; johnson, ed, so, 29 fremont st., taunton; johnson, dan, bm, 30 carlon st., attleboro; johnson, pete, mk, 149 newton st., new bedford; johnson, susan, py, 273 cleveland st., new bedford; jones, kathy, py, 772 high st., fall river; kalergis, joanna, en, 101 varnum ave., lowell; keith, suzanne, py, 49 jerusalem rd., fairhaven; kelly, joseph d., bo, 539 center st., middleboro; kenney, randy, tn, 73 rotch st., fairhaven;

kenyon, joy, so, 985 ray st., fall river; kestler, ernest, mn, 89 prospect st., fall river; koczera, stanley, ps, 78 orchard st., new bedford; kozaczka, joanne, so, 112 pleasant st., fairhaven; kyryliw, elizabeth, py, 307 wade st., fall river; lajoie, mary, ns, 25 fiske ave., whitman; lambert, colleen, en, 294 cambridge st., fall river; lapierre, earl, ee, 14 henshaw ave., attleboro; lapointe, paul, ee, 58 whatuppa hqts, fall river; laguen lawrence, mk, 18 myrtle st., new bedford;

laurence, joanne, pa, 395 old county rd., westport; lauzier, denise, ae, 198 brightman st., fall river; lavalette, steve, py, 110 davis st., new bedford; leclerc, richard, ct, 40 watup hqts, fall river; lecuver, pauline, so, 338 washington st., taunton; leonard, linda, so, 130 hillside ave., needham; leonardo, michael, mn, 955 rock st., fall river; letendre, george, en, 687 grinnell st., fall river; levesque, nancy, mt, 436 brayton ave., fall river; levesque, paul, ee, 1210 south main st., fall river;

lifrak, richard, bo, 230 winter st., fall river; lima, mark, po, 921 rock st., fall river; lima, manuel, td, 695 north main st., fall river; liuramento, antonette, hi, 384 purchase st., new bedford; lizotte, marcel, hi, 464 lawton st., fall river; lockhead, richard, ie, 34 lindsey st., dorchester; long, emily, so, 21 school st., seekonk; lopes, edward; lopes, douglas; lord, daniel, bo, 1913 highland ave., fall river;



o'driscoll, mary, en, 16 marion rd., mattapoissett, oliveira, maureen, py, 644 grinnell st., fall river; o'neil, joseph, bo, 510 sharps lot rd., swansea; o'reilly, deborah, td, 134 summer st., north easton; ouellet, robert, ge, 21 techumseh st., fall river; ouimet, catherine, ge, 53 mosher st., new bedford; pacheco, sue, py, 187 whipple st., fall river; paiva, maria, po, 364 hope st., fall river; papandrea, julia, ae, 50 cedar ave., swansea; paradis, robert, ac, 221 phillips ave., new bedford;

paulausky, paul, mn, 3 lington, st., franklin; pechulis, frank, mk, 175 highway ave., somerset; peckham, Cynthia, vd, box 473 bungy rd., north scituate, r.i.; perkins, barry, ct, 183 campbell st., new bedford; perry, arne, ps, 38 george st., new bedford; peruzzi, kathryn m., new st., rehoboth; peruzzi, joe, ee, 64 st., lawrence rd., braintree; petty, stephen, hi, 65 moss st., new bedford; pildis, richard, mk, 474 john st., new bedford; pilling, ronald, ac, 174 cornell rd., new bedford;

pimental, david, ee, 17 cherry st., whitman; pimental, sue, ac, 57 cottage st., new bedford; pina, june, en, 225 hillman st., new bedford; pires, Janet, py, 23 lucas st., new bedford; plant, linda, en, 584 south beach st., fall river; plant, Virginia, hi, 565 second st., fall river; polek, regina, fr, 38 emery st., new bedford; pontes, ken, py, 160 dunbar st., fall river; ponton, tom, ac, 499 eldridge st., fall river; pouliot, joann, 44 smithies st., fall river;

powers, kurt, bo, 6 Ridgewood, Wilbraham; presby, anne, en, 18 moynan, new bedford; preston, robert, tt, 42 massoit ave., fairhaven; raisman, leslie, 21 leonard rd., sharon; ramos, alfred, mn, 134 keeley st., fall river; ramos, fred, py, 4 washington st., new bedford; ramos, frederick, py, 4 washington st., new bedford; raposa, frank, ct., 102 pine st., seekonk; raposa, john, sp, 113 hathaway st., new bedford; raymond, ann, bom 1032 sterling st., new bedford;

ray, fred, me, 8 gerry st., marbelhead; ray, fred, me, 8 gerry st., marbelhead; read, william, ac, 215 gleason st., fall river; rebello, aimes, hi, 19 beacon st., fall river; resende, maria, po, 312 tremont st., fall river; rhodes, jeff, mk, 45 hudson st., new bedford; richard, alan, et, 751 state rd., north westport; richard, linda, ma, 149 wood st., new bedford; richard, paul, hi, 249 worcester st., new bedford; richards, john f., mo, 13 north st., middleboro;

riley, francis, hi, 34 lewin st., fall river; rivet, denise, 1357 north main st., acushnet; robbins, richard, tm, 77 barnes st., fall river; robbins, robert, tm, 601 coggeshall st., new bedford; rock, diane, en, 1073 joyce st., new bedford; roderick, paul, tm, 883 main st., dighton; roderick, frank, en, 231 england st., new bedford; rodrigues, john, py, 357 lawton st., somerset; rogers, tom, pa, 32 may st., fall river; romanovitch, elaine, py, 439 bark st., swansea;

rosen, linda, en, 116 plant st., swansea; runcis, john, hi, 27 church st., fairhaven; ryan, jim, man, 39 garfield st., fall river; ryan, robert, mk, 160 aquineck st., new bedford; ryall, john, mt, 52 westbrook st., new bedford; sadeck, jim, me, 68 charlotte white, westport; saint laurent, paul; salins, ken, pa, 5 clarke circle, Randolph; sampson, olis, man, 497 june st., fall river; santoro, ralph, mk, 797 tucker rd., north dartmouth;







loria, angela, py, 14 monroe dr., new bedford; lucas, ken, so, 7 stone st., new bedford; lynch, patricia, vd, 87 high st., north attleboro; macedo, dennis, ie, 892 broadway st., east providence, r.i.; machado, dennis hi, 32 sidney st., new bedford; machado, ken, ps, 82 hargreaves ave., somerset; machado, manuel, hi, 137 green st., fairhaven; macy, debbie, ae, 3 green drive, north dartmouth; madeira, karen, py, 60 golette rd., fairhaven; majkut, roman, tn, 51 rossmore rd., boston;

maloney, arthur, tn, 27 tabor st., fairhaven manchester, daryl, mn, 7 scbec st., fairhaven; mankut, george, mn, 282 oragne st., fall river; manica, cindy, bo, 115 church st., fall river; manley, stephan, me, 1030 fall river ave., seekonk; manyon, evelyn, ns, churchhill shores, lakeville; marinho, roger, mn, 240 hawthorne st., new bedford; marion, robert, tm, church rd., mill river; marlow, marsha, cn/ed., 76 greystone ave., north dartmouth; martel, joan, bo, 122 james st., acushnet;

martel, ron, physics, 814 old county rd., westport; martel, paul, fr., 86 frost st., fall river; martin, charles, en, 32 third st., warren, r.i.; martins, jessie, ps, 66 globe st., fall river; martin, robert j., bo., 4 lafayette st., fall river; martinez, sr. mercedes, ns, 783 dartmouth st., south dartmouth; massion, richard, ee, 162 cliffon ave., brockton; massoud, edward, so, 430 sherman st., fall river; maxwell, james, py, box 852, taunton; mazurek, maryann, sp, 107 palmer st., fall river;

mccartney, joan, bo; mcLaughlin, john, ch, 20 brookvale st., lynn; mcnerney, ed, md, 286 cory st., fall river; mcquirk, andrew, me, summer st., rhoboth; mechery, sr., reitha, bo, 3012 elm st., dighton; medeiros, david, tf, 22 dana st., new bedford; medeiros, manuel, hi, 346 tucker st., fall river; medeiros, roy, ac, 186 deanne st., new bedford; mello, chris, so, 248 ohio st., new bedford; mello, pat, so, 24 chandler dr., somerset;

mello, stuart, ac, 465 dartmouth st., new bedford; melo, manuel, ac, 95 choate st., fall river; mendonca, wayne, ma, 4 bolton rd., south dartmouth; mehlmann, jean, py, 32 bushue rd., swansea; michaud, wilfred, fr, 1 washington ct., fall river; mikolazyk, chris, so, 251 cypress st., fall river; mikus, edward, 71 glennon st., new bedford; mills, charlene, ae, 111 luther ave., somerset; miller, steve, ee, 413 state rd., north dartmouth; mimoso, jose, hi, 202 eugenia st., new bedford;

mittell, sharon, hi, 414 stetson st., fall river; modlowskim, diana, ae, 834 king philip st., fall river; moniz, ann marie, po, 83 morfolk st., fall river; morency, ianice, ns, 23 ellen st., new bedford; morgado, marilym po, 185 crapo st., new bedford; morgado, stephen, so, 137 rockland st., south dartmouth; morgan, doug, ac, 28 thomas st., fall river; morin, ed, hi, 48 edward st., new bedford; muller, ann, py, 293 stafford rd., fall river; murphy, ellen;

murray, elizabeth, ns, 808 slade st., fall river; madeua, ronald, ps, 54 lafayette st., fall river; nobrega, donnis, ch, 236 park st., new bedford; nonnan, maurice, ac, 70 logan st., swansea; nelson, ann, en, 31 page st., new bedford; nunes, leonoro, en, 48 davis st., new bedford; norton, kathleen, 137 summer st., new bedford; nuttall, june, py, 114 dunbar st., fall river; nichols, dave, ee, 24 everett st., norfolk; o'brien, michael;



santos, carmen, ma, 36 kriby st., south  
dartmouth; santos, joaquin, mk, 842  
tradewind st., new bedford; santos,  
raymond, sp, water st., rehoboth; sail,  
brian; savaria, rolande, fr, 1365 drift rd.,  
westport; sovoile, normand, ac, 186 deanne  
st., new bedford; scanlon, john, mn, 37  
fairview st., middleboro; schiller, henry, te,  
194 linwood st., brockton; schuster,  
charles, tn, 141 allen st., new bedford;  
shahdan, gerald, ce, 261 new hapshire,  
someset;

shandler, richard, ee, 12 pond st.,  
boston; shaikh, iman sultan, man, 211  
ekmpton st., new bedford; shaker, rhonda,  
py, 366 freelove st., fall river; shea, janice;  
sherry, fidel, ph, 47 sidney st., fall river;  
silvia, cidala, po, 1579 acushnet ave., new  
bedford; silviam edward, po, 39 thompson  
st., new bedford; silviam patricia, so, 79  
washington st., new bedford; silvia, robert,  
mb, 350 bay st., fall river;

silvia, steve, en, 172 cambell st., fall river;  
sirois, leo, mn, 269 albert st., fall river;  
starz, michael, tt, 794 county st., new  
bedford; smith, george, mn, 1103 pleasant  
st., brockton; smith, hazel, td, 177 marion  
rd., warham; soares, mary beth, am, 116  
liberty st., fall river; scholfield, harold, ee,  
127 hawthorne st., new bedford; souza,  
charles, ps, 369 divison st., fall river; souza,  
paula, ma, 537 lafayette st., somerset;  
souza, paula, ma, 537 lafayette st.,  
someset; souza, rita, en, 39 longview dr.,  
north dartmouth;

spillane, evelyn, en, 308 a smith st., new  
bedford; squillace, fred, en, 246 beattle st.,  
fall river; stafford, geln, tm, 101 walker st.,  
taunton; stafford, judith, so, 656 pine st.,  
fall river; stefens, valerie, ae, phinney's lane,  
centerville; stetson, barbara, ae, 159  
edgewater drive, framingham; stirling,  
william, tm, 5 breakneck hill, southboro;  
stone, germaine, ae, 48 harbor rd., swansea;  
sundras, janet, vd, 11 brich st., gardner;  
sutcliffe, susan, py, 44 arrowhead ln, south  
dartmouth;

swanson, donna, oy, rockhill rd., rehoboth;  
sweeney, ed, oy, 91 willow st., new bedford;  
sylvania, linda, py, 26 willard st., new bedford;  
talewsky, paul, eo, 58 bayview, padanaram;  
targee, charles, ps, 23 foster st., fall river;  
tarne, pete, tn, 94 parker st., new bedford;  
tavares, barbara, so, 29 sconticut neck,  
fairhaven; tavares, randall, so, 36 meridan  
st., dartmouth; teixeira, steve, e, 116  
sixteenth st., fall river; therien, donald, ec,  
201 lowell st., new bedford;

thibeault, michele, en, 37 roy st., new  
bedford; thibault, paul, tt, 567 pokross st.,  
fall river; thomas, michael, mn, 303 whipple  
st., fall river; thomas, paul, tf, 31 sachem st.,  
fall river; thompson, richard, ee, 553 spring  
st., hanson; thorpe, john ee, 90 lebaron st.,  
fall river. thrasher, alan, mk, 63 may st.,  
south attleboro; tick, chuck; tobin, james,  
92 seymour st., pittsfield; torpsey, jim, ps,  
343 grove st., fall river;

townley, anne, ps, 33 ellen st., new bedford;  
tremblay, dianne, ns, 416 sawyer st., new  
bedford; tremblay, gerard, hi, 420 ridge st.,  
fall river; turner, richard, tm, 93 gagnon st.,  
fall river; urban, stanley, ee, 108 cottage st.,  
central fall, r.i.; vallancourt, michael, p, so,  
4011 noth main st., fall river; vantine, judy,  
td, p.o. box 86, south dartmouth;  
vasconcellos, cheryl, en, 425 elm st.,  
padanaram; vasconcellos, paul, en, 425 elm  
st., padanaram; veiga, jose, po, 26 george st.,  
new bedford;







viera, cynthia, 19 stephen st., new bedford, en.; vincent, susan, 127 old colony ave., somerset, fa.; wade, adams; wagner, dennis, 66 caswell st., new bedford, mn.; wainor, ken; wallace, thomas, 246 bancroft ave., reading, mn.; walsh, john l., 696 locust st., fall river, ac.; ward, bruce, 15 robinson rd., lexington, ae.; ward, linda, 514 dwelly st., fall river, ma.; ward, patrick, 153 hathaway st., new bedford, me.

warren, janice, 1216 meridian st., fall river, psy.; weissman, jeff, 616 prospect st., fall river, mn.; welden, douglas, 901 oak hill ave., attleboro, vd.; werme, carl, 724 salisbury st., holden, md.; whalen, pat, 39 junior st., new bedford, ae.; white, mellissa, 358 kenyon st., fall river, ae.; wignall, john, 765 brock ave., new bedford, py.; williams, cathy, 11 olive st., brockton, ae.; williams, harry, 584 county st., new bedford, mn.; williams, stephen, 472 read st., somerset, ba.

wojtowicz, glenn, 35 invorness rd., swansea, so.; wood, davis, 83 laurel st., fairhaven, ct.; worley, john; xavier, donald, 160 field st., fall river, ba.; yankopoulos, constantine, 995 pleasant st., brockton, ps.; yeamon, paul, 172 jepson st., fall river, tm.; yetner, robert, 2925 north main st., fall river, ie.; work, richard, 20 squeteague harbor, cataumet, bo.; zerbonne, richard, 177 summer st., new bedford, hi.; castro, maria, 348 coffin st., new bedford, po.

edwards, ainslee, 5 gov ernor st., winchester, so.; ferreira, laura, 179 rockland st., en.; galuska, richard, 920 brayton ave., somerset, mn.; lawton, deborah, 58 allen st., fall river, en.; longworth, carolyn, 48 coulombe st., acushnet, en.; paul, dolares, 479 north underwood st., fall river, td.; pereira, mark, 79 belleville rd., new bedford, ee.; white, francis, 15 division st., fall river, ph.; williams, ken, 81 tremont st., new bedford, ph.; gauthier, robert.

sicrates, vavolotis; tobin, james; martins, charles; murphy, ellen, 151 campbell st., new bedford, so.; stafford, glen, 101 north walker st., taunton, tm.; mills, charlene, 111 luther ave., somerset, ae.; mitcheson, marsha, 28 church st., mattapoissett, en.; martins, robert; medeira, karen; coelho, david.

gomes, michael, 106 swan st., hi.; lague, normand, 505 north front st., new bedford, psy.; cabral, adalino, 511 north front st., new bedford, port.; soares, mary beth, 116 liberty st., fall river, ed-ma.; libetori, mathew, ashland; williams, robert, 433 cottage st., new bedford, so.; collins, james f., 32 easton rd. west., framingham; collins, jeremiah, sr., allen rd., norwood.

Rezendes, Michael; Mello, Raymond; Reichenberg, Robert; Dube, Dennis R.; Richard, Anger; Kerney, John Bernard, jr.



ABRAHAM, S.V., Vashayil Kmrnkrry, Kfrala, India, BA; ADAMS, WA, 41 Juliette St., No. Dart., MN, ALLEN, WG., 305 Carl, St., Brockton, Ma., PA; AMARAL, JA, 99 Fruit St., New Bedford, Ma. SO; ANDRADE, C., 443 Sconticut Nk Rd., Fairhaven, SP; ARCHAMBAULT, H., 34 Howard St., Pittsfield, Ma., PA; ASTIN, D., 22 Bryant Ln, Fairhave, PI; BARBER, C., 118 David Rd., New Bedford, MN; BEALS, JM, Broggi Highway, Lebanon, ME; EN; BEDNARZ, ES, 184 Grinnel St., Fall River, TT; BELANGER, R., 133 Fenner St., FALL River, MN; BELLORADO, 30 Veranda Ave., Fairhaven, MN; BERNIER, R., 163 Collette St., NEW Bedford, FR.; BETTENCOURT, M., 776 Brayton Ave., Somerset, MK; BICHEL, J. Jr., 282 Middle Rd., Acushnet, MK; BLANCHETTE, L., 170 Clifford St., New Bedford, AC; BORGES, L., 92 Rockland St., New Bedford, EE; BRAUN, V., 6 Baptist St., Mattapoisett, GE; BREAU, R., 33 Tower St., Fall River, BO; BRENNEN, J., 63 Parker St., New Bedford, TE; BURROWS, J., 511 No. Front St., New Bedford, PO; CABRAL, BERNARD, 12 Southwick St., Middleboro, PY; CANTY, D., 5 Randolph St., Tfaticket, VD; CANUEL, R., 232 Whipple St., Fall River, MN; CASTONGUAY, H., 846 Middle St., Dighton, BO; CAVANAUGH, M., 975 Fairfield St., New Bedford, PA; CHAUSSE, S., 17 Woodlawn St., E. Taunton, PY; CHEVALIER, D., 217 Winton St., New Bedford, MN; Clark, H., B 736, Woodshole, BO; CLEMENT, K., 93 Church St., Fairhaven, EN; COLLASUUS, J., 176 Allen St., New Bedford, IE; CORDEIRO, C., 565 N. Underwoods St., Fall River, EE; CORDEIROS, J., 104 Hinsdale St., Swansea, MA; CORNELL, B., 250 Williams St., Taunton, EN; CORREA, St., 70 Flores Ave., Somerset, EO; COSTA, T., 760 Dartmouth St., So. Dart., EN; COULOMBE, P., 35 Hebeck St., Acushnet, EC; CRESSEY, P., 29 Bay SShore Rd., Hyannis; VD; CUMMINGS, T., 24 Meadow Rd., Westport, AC; DAMBROSIO, E., 1144 Bedford St., Fall River, MA; DINNIE, R., 687 Ruffington St., Somerset, IE; Dlouhy, R., 790 Brock Ave., New Bedford, ME; DOBROWSKY, E., 27 White Island Rd., Halifax, AE; DOHERTY, J., 82 Clifton, Hull, TT; DONNELLY, J., 330 Main St., Fairhaven. BO; DOLLAN, J., 50 Cottage St., Fall River, AC; DORAZ, R., 376 Palmer St., Fall River, BO; DOUZANIS, E., Pierce Ave., Lakeville, SO; DROUIN, J., 395 County Rd., Westport, PA; DROWN, W., 252 Coffin Ave., New Bedford, MK; DUARTE, A., 209 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford, PO; DUCLOS, H., 1220 Gardnrs. Nk. Rd., Swansea, PY; DUFOUR, M., 212 Barlow St., Fall River, SO; DUNN, J., 49 Emerson St., New Bedford, PY; DUPONT, G., 209 Field St., Fall River, VD; DYSON, C., 94 Rounds St., New Bedford, BO; ERICKSON, K., 203 Richmond St., New Bedford, PY; ERLACHER, R., 79 Cross St., No. Dart., TE; ESMALI, M., 192 Beacon, Worcester, EG; FABER, D., 245 Hillman St., New Bedford, FR; FERREIRA, L., 178 Rockland St., New Bedford, EN; FICK, C., 2120 Phillips Rd., New Bedford, EE; FILO, A., Filo Road, W.

Dudley, ME; FINNI, A., 99 Ridge St., Fall River, TT; FOSTER, D., 104 W. Rodney French Blvd., New Bedford, ME; FULLERTON, D., 8 Ingleside Ave., Malden, EO; GALERO, 670 Main St., Woburn, EE; GALONEK, J., 31 Tower St., Websterm IE; GAMACHE, A., 390 Palmer St., Fall River, Ma. EN; GASIOR, F., 86 Somerset St., Fall River, GD; GELINAS, P., 150 Willis Ave., Seekonk, GE; GIFFORD, P., 112 Tremont St., New Bedford, TN; GOGGIN, A., 186 Cove St., New Bedford, SO; GOMES, R., 212 Rockland St., New Bedford, ME; GORDON, J., 18 Mass Ave., Braintree, VD; GOSLIN, M., 498 Sanford Rd., Westport, NS; GOW, H., 1123 Plymouth Ave., Fall River, EN; GRAY, L., 2534 Riverside Ave., Somerset, BO; GREENWOOD, R., Coldbrrok Rd., Adamsville, R.I., PA; GRENEIR, J., 24 Alice St. No. Dart., HI; GRICE, D., 179 Brigham St., Marlborough, SO; HARDMAN, T., 15 Emma St., New Bedford, IE; HARRINGTON, M. 22 Third St., Swansea, SO; HARTLEY, P., Snipatuit Rd., Rochester, PA; HARWOOD, D., 14 Buston Ave., Somerset, CH; HEBDA, N., 336 Peckham St., Fall River, PH; HICKS, R., 372 Green St., Ext., Brockton, MK; HINCHCLIFFE, J., 204 Princeton St., New Bedford, TT; HOLMES, E., 4 Keith Ave., Lakeville, MK; HOSS, P., 37 Summer St., Rockland, PA; HOTTE, B., 65 Elm Ave., Fairhaven, HI; HOWARD, D., 17 Arnold Place, New Bedford, EN; Huard, L., 258 Gifford Rd., Westport, HI; IHEYINWA, V., PO Box 1893, Fall River, TC; JENKINSON, W., 24 Main St., Acushnet, PS; JETTE, K., 60 Chatterston Ave., Somerset, EN; JOHNSON, J., 1044 Phillips Rd., New Bedford, SO; JOHNSON, K., 87 Willis St., New Bedford, EN; JOSEPH, R., 80 Allen St., New Bedford, TF; JOSEPH, R., 80 Allen St., New Bedford, TF; JOSEPHSON, K., 154 Lincoln St., N. Easton, MA; KELLY, F., PO Box 143, Swansea, EO; KJAMIS, M., 109 John St., Fall River, TC; KLEBASH, K., 289 South St., Bridgewater, CE; KOLEK, 1 Walsh St., So. Dart., GD; KRAMER, K., 29 Locust St., New Bedford, HI; Kruger, L., 104 Locust St., New Bedford, PS; KURUDILLA, A., 1289 Drift Rd., Westport; LAFFAN, J., 44 Kilton St., Taunton, MA; LAMARRE' L., 4 Cannon St., Mattapoisett, PY; LAMOUREAUX, P., 102 Bernese St., Fairhaven, AC; LANGER' J., 42 Westwood Pkwy, Southbridge, TM; LAWTON, D., 58 Aline St., Fall River, EN; LAWTON, R., 27 Union St., Acushnet, GD; LAY, S., 82 Sandwich Rd., Bourne, AC; LETENDRE, V., 150 Hood St., Fall River, FR; LEVISS, 113 Shawdmet Ave., Somerset, VD; LEWIS, R., 190 Division St., New Bedford, PA; LIBERATORE, M., 13 Oak St., Ashland, ME; LIEVESLEY, N., 142 Brightman St., Fall River, BO; LOCKWOOD, C., RFD Rt. 6A, W. Barnstable Ma. , EN; LOCKWOOD' W., ROUTE 6A, W. Barnstable, BO; LOCK, J., POB D 127, New Bedford, TM; LORIA, A., 14 Monroe St., New Bedford, PY; LUCAS, C., 7 Stone St., New Bedford, PS; LUZITANO, D., 261 Jenks, Fall River, SO; MACDONALD, D., 480 Rock O'Dundee Rd., Sp. Dart., AE; MACKNIGHT, 357 Ashley Blvd., New Bedford, MA; MAGNO, R., 344

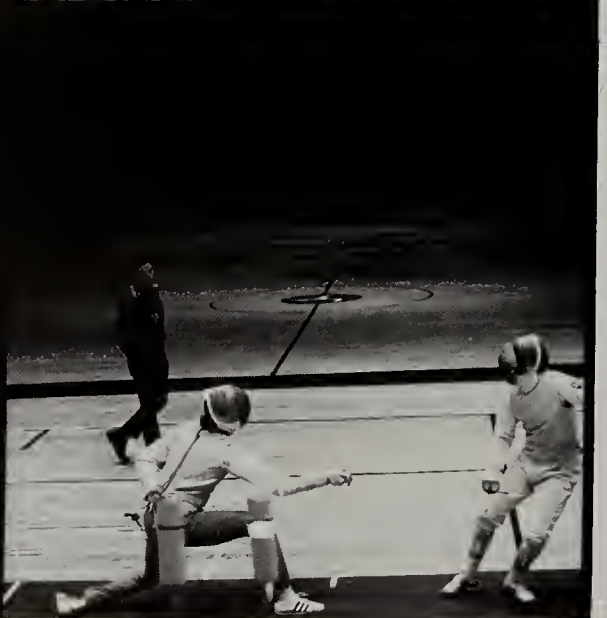
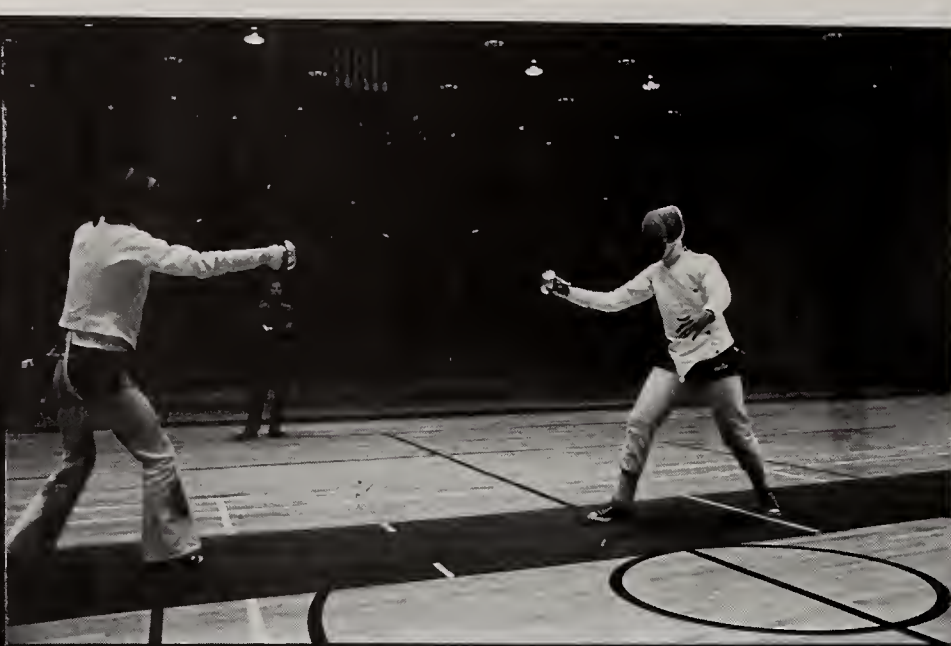
REICHENBERG, R., 29 First St., Raynham, MN; REZENDES, M., 1174 Riverside Ave., Somerset, EN; RICHARD, L., 751 State Rd., Westport, MA; RICHARD, R., 56 Hawthorne St., Fairhaven, TT; ROBERT, J., 52 Washington St., Taunton, PA; ROBIDOUX, D., 939 Bristol St., New Bedford, MN; ROCK, D., 1073 Joyce St., New Bedford, EN; ROQUES, J., 254 Bakerville Rd., So. Dart., AC; RODRI RODRIQUES, V., 118 17th St., Fall River, VD; ROGERS, S., 132 Russel Dr., Tiverton, R.I., EN; ROWE, D., 34 Brosby St., Fall River, PY; Roy, V., 352 Barnes St., Fall River, PY; RYBINSKI, St., 54 Hathaway Rd., No. Dart., CH; SAINT, R., 218 Main St., Fairhaven, PY; SAMPIERO, P., 63 Elswick St., No. Dart., EN; SANTAGATA, A., 11 E. Mainning St., Providence, R.I., AE; SANTORO, R., 797 Tucker Rd., No. Dart., MK; SANTOS, C., 315 Chancery St., New Bedford, AE; SANTOS, C., 36 Kirby St., So. Dart., MA; Santos, M., 279 Herbson St., New Bedford, TM; SAVICH, 156 Tea Neck Rd., Ridgefield, CH; SAWYER, J., 184 Shawmut Ave., New Bedford, BA; SCAMMONS, J., 607 Cottage St., New Bedford, HI; SEAMAN, H., 50 Princeton St., New Bedford, PA; SENGGER, M., 40 Churchill St., Pittsfield, PA; CHEA, K., 251 Woodlawn St., Fall River, SO; Sherman, D., 90 Purchase St., New Bedford, CE; SIMEONE, R., 5 Longfadow Rd., Arlington, PY; SMACHETTI, C., 6 Steven St., Adams, AE; SNOW, R., 837 Shawmut Ave., New Bedford, BO; SOREL, B., 49 So. Main St., Assonet, AE; SOUZA, M., 438 Ludlow St., Fall River, AE; SPAULDING, T., 8535 Sunset Dr., Williamville, N.Y., BO; ST. LAURENT, P., 121 Central Ave., Johnston, R.I., PA; St., MARTIN, 842 Coggeshall St., Fall River, PI; STAFFORD, G., 101 N. Walker St., Taunton, TM; STARR, M., 101 Franklin St., Clinton, ME; SWIFT, P., 175 Cottage St., New Bedford, PA; TATTERSALL, B., 2000K Bay St., Fall River, EN; TAYLOR, P., 781 Walnut St., Fa?? River, GD; THIBOUTOT, R., 343 Palme St., Fall River, MN; TOMASE, G., 50 Gilmosre St., Raynham. MK; TUNNEY, J., 144 Williston St., Fall River, OY; TWARDZIK, J., 106 Highland Ave., Westport, MN; VADEBOCOUER, L., 519 Horseneck Rd., Westport, PY; VALLE, S., 3-Ash St., Fall River, BO; VENDETTI, D., 21 Old Westport Rd., No. Dartmouth, PA; WALSH, P., 233 Arnold St., New Bedford, HI; WALTZ, L., 188 Cottage St., New Bedford, PY; WARD, D., 23 Lassonde St., Westport, OE; WASSALL, R., 16 Calumet St., New Bedford, CO; WELCH, W., 65 Faxon Rd., Stoughton, MN; WESTON, T., Main St., Carver, CE; WIGMORE, R., 43 Thompson St., New Bedford, CE; WILKINS, W., 189 Washington Ave., Somerset, AC; WYLDE, E., Barneys Joy Rd., So. Dart., FN; YOURK, T., Kasson Ave., Bethlehem, Ct., MB.



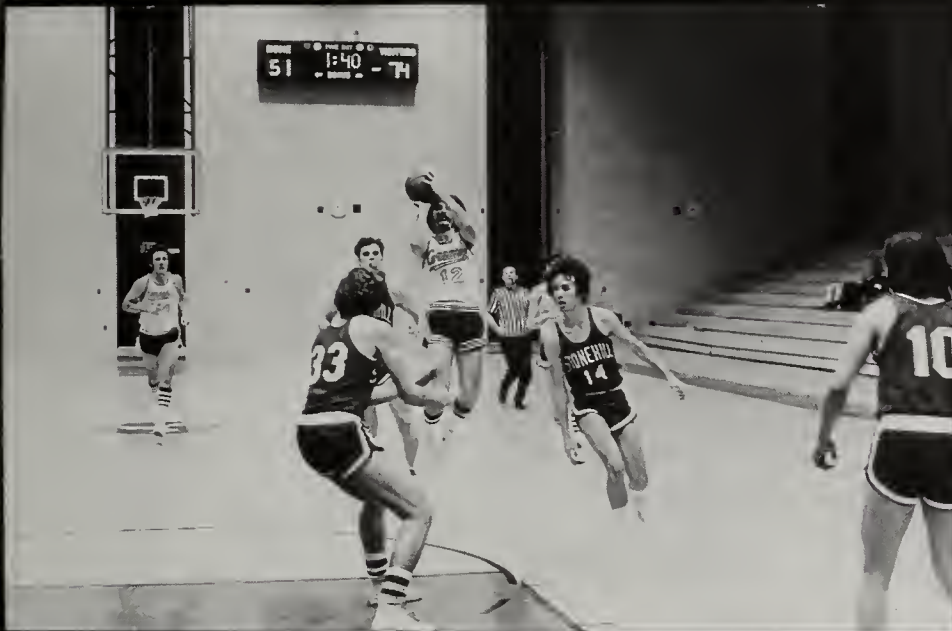
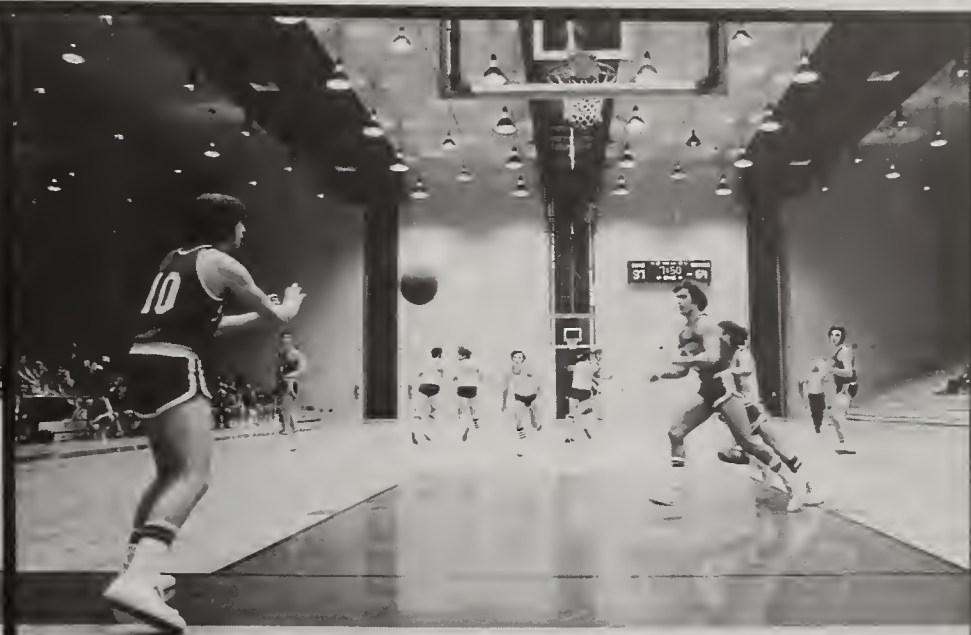
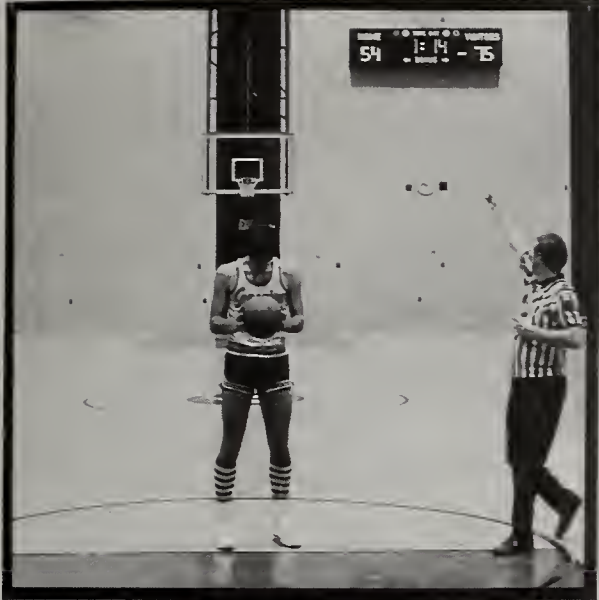
# ATHLETICS





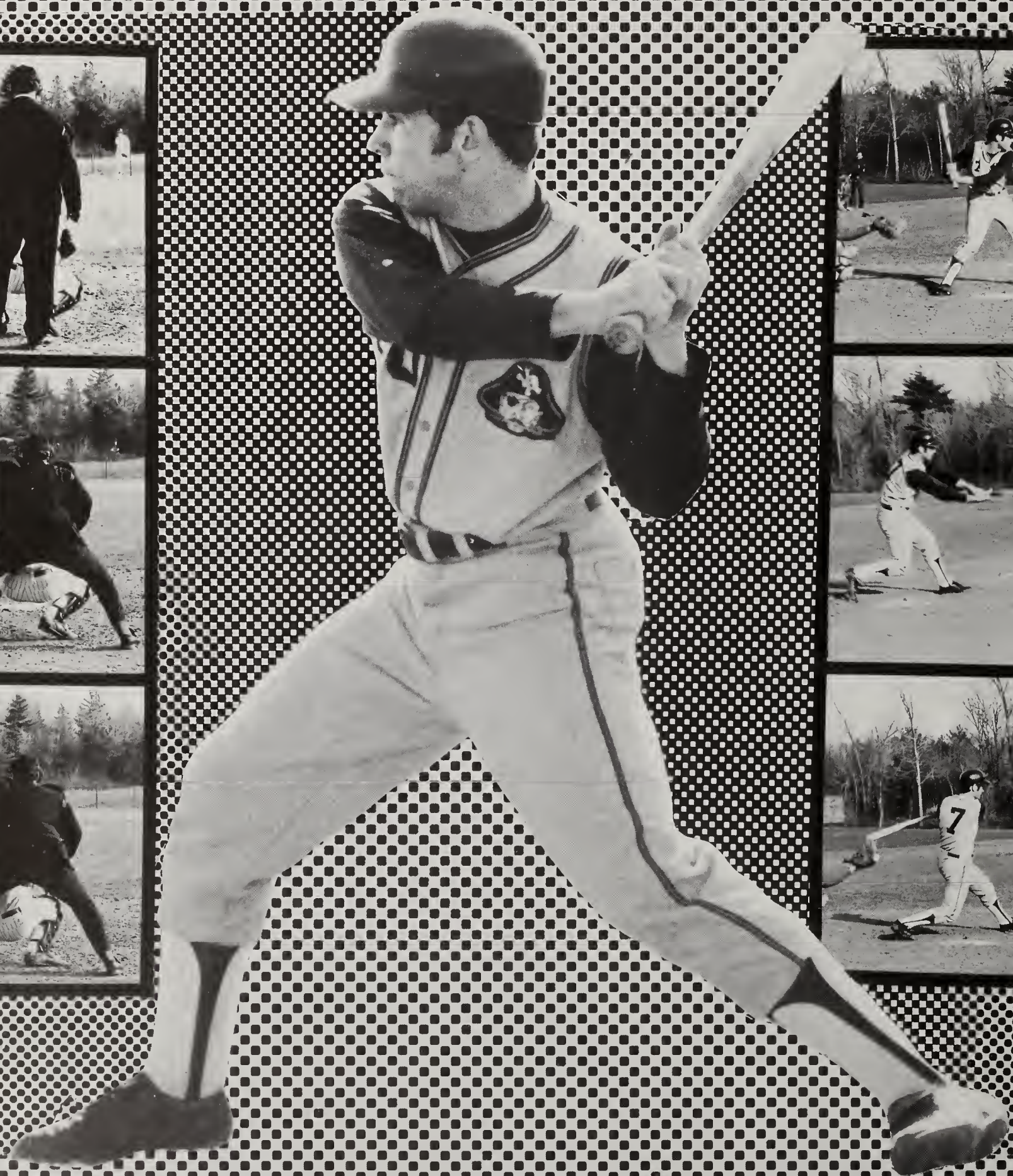




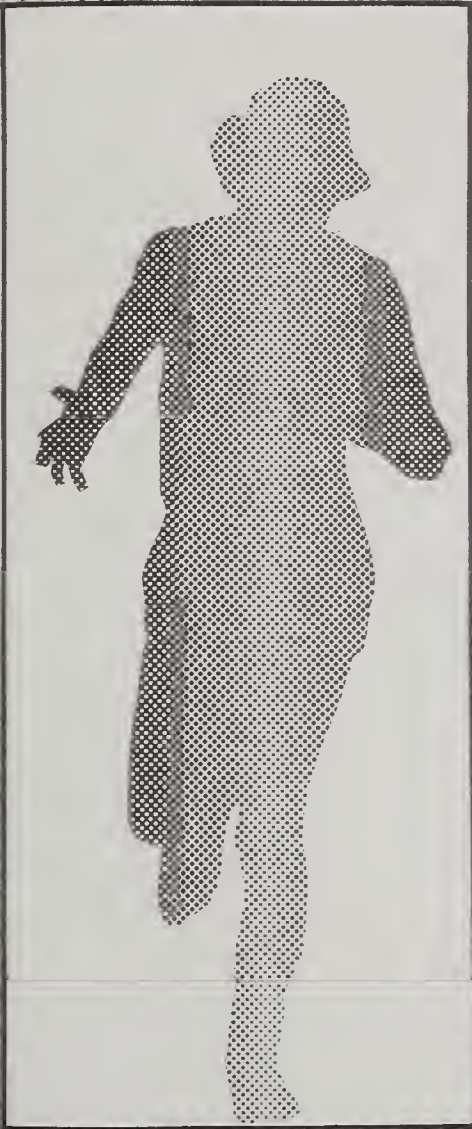




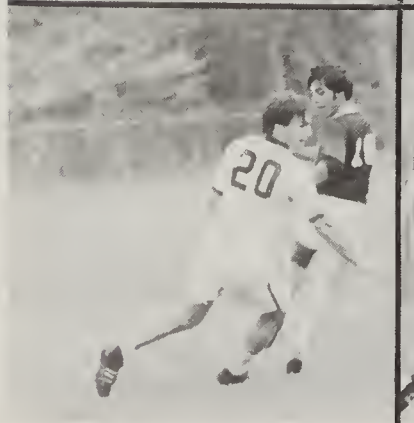
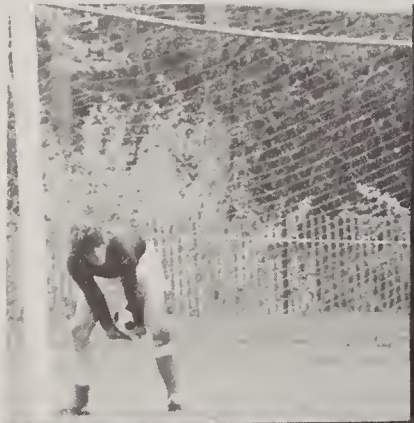
# BASEBALL













# GOLF



Wendel Nooth, Paul Boller, Dick Thomson, Bob Dufresne  
Paul Marchessault, Stan Holmes, Keven Beseette, Mike Silva, Coach Don Trahan.



Mr. Harry W. Connolly  
Director of Athletics



Mr. Robert Dowd  
N.A.I.A. Coach of the Year



# CROSS COUNTRY TRACK



Wayne Dwyer, James Murdock, Billy Kelly, Howard Bernstein, Paul Ziobro  
Coach Robert Dowd, Steve Gardiner, Glen Niewenhuis, Peter Murry, Peter Kuchinski, Dennis Dussault, Steve Cybert, David David Ozug.

# Soccer



Mgr. Mark Vitone, Paul Talewsky, Fernando Goulart, John Raposa, Americo Araujo, Manny Gomes, Joaquim Costa, Wally Shea, Mgr. Alex Parsons  
Coach Ray Oliver, Paul Souza, Peter Haley, Bob Gaudreau, Rifrat Spahi, William Cardoza, Fernando Dasilva, Bob Clark, Edward Condon, Dennis Carmichael, Rick Britto, Paul Eastwood, James Aguiar, Assi. Coach Dave Barclay.



# BASKETBALL



Jimmy Thomas, Fran Kelly, Daryl Manchester, Bill Edward, Coach John Pachico.  
John Crow, Tom Duval, Tom Viana, Lenny Rocha, Paul Chevalier.  
Rick Garro, Jim Townley, Phil Mello, Mike Roy, Kevin Phelan.

# FENCING



Coach Eugene Williams, Captain Bob Marion, Coach Ralph Tykodi.  
Steve Bourgeois, Lloyd Haddocks, Leaslie Raisman, Charles Martin,  
Eric Sollee, Paul Levinson, Ronald Perry, David Slack.



# BASEBALL



Arne Perry, Scott Chausse, Paul Vigeant, Phil Aucella, Ray Charette, Paul Eastwood, Carl Taber, Steve Rezendes, John Gushue, Steve Knowles.

John Evans, Jimmy Thomas, Frank Costa, Jean Desrosiers, Tom Solomine, Mike Nasser, Dick Boucher, Daryl Manchester, Bob Gaudreau, Tony Andrade, Coach Bruce Wheeler.

# TENNIS



Roger Canto, Rich Pildis, Tom Wallace, Fran McGuirk, Tom Monahan  
Chris James, George Hutchinson.





# ACTIVITIES



# PHI PSI



Gula, Schusner, Brugnoli, Pinto, Thibault, Godlewski, Sylvia, Stickler.  
Cloutier, Comeau, Query, Leite, Rosa, Carlaw, Preston, Silva, Mederous, Silva, Anthony, Amaral, Olejarz.

# AAIT



Cloutier, Mederous, Rosa, Stickler, Thibault, Sylvia, Gula, Comeau, Brugnoli, Godlewski, Carlaw, Olejarz, Schusner, Silva, Anthony, Amaral, Preston.

# AAITCC



Comeau, Query, Brugnoli, Gula, Schusner, Mederous, Silva.



# A.S.C.E.



Les Raissman, Larry Blake, William Atteridge.

# black student union



John Arrington, Linda Mello, Marsha Rebeiro,  
Donald Floyd, Jose Cabara!

# women's referral center



Lauri, Lucy, Mary, Marlene, Pat.



# student senate



Paul Vasconcellos  
 Paul Talewsky  
 Joyce Goodman  
 Steven Brown  
 Robert Clarke  
 Robert DiPietro  
 Robert Diagle  
 Richard Hayes  
 Al Mayo  
 Theresa Pryslopski  
 Jeffrey Shurtleff  
 Paul Vigeant  
 Joseph Rosa

Esther Martin  
 Cheryl Vasconcellos  
 Cynthia Dore  
 Edward Johnson  
 Kenneth Richards  
 Kevin Coyne  
 Richard Tavares  
 Joan Camara  
 Anthony Medeiros  
 William Atteridgd  
 William Atteridge  
 Mark Fachada  
 Wendy Stewart  
 Victoria Fries

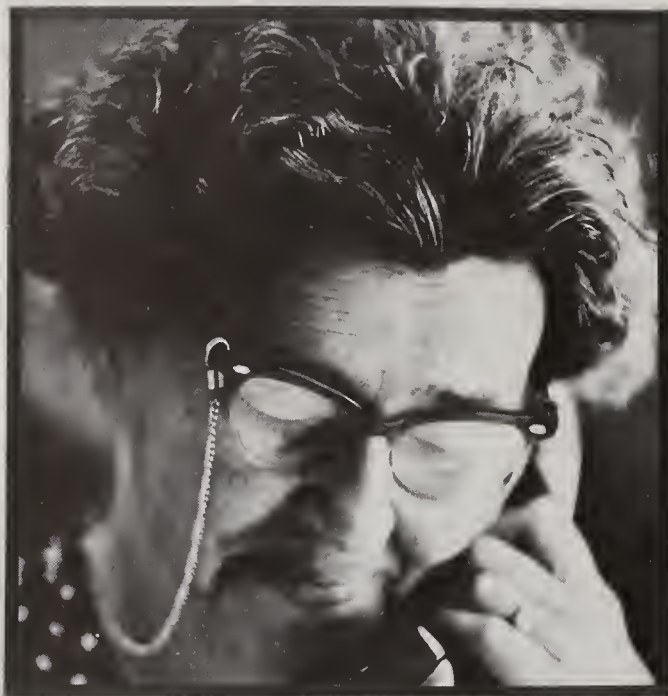




# FRIENDS









# ©MMENCEMENT





















ANNOUNCER:

IT'S A GOOD LIFE, ISN'T IT.... JOHN AVERAGEMAN?  
BUT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK WHAT MAKES IT SUCH  
A GOOD LIFE FOR YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES? WELL, THE  
ANSWER'S EASY — IT'S MODERN TECHNOLOGY AND OUR  
INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

JOHN:

THOSE ARE PRETTY BIG WORDS. WHAT DO THEY MEAN TO  
ME, AN AVERAGE GUY?

ANNOUNCER:

WELL, JOHN, PERHAPS I CAN SHOW YOU. JOHN, OUR AUTO-  
MATED INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM HAS MADE YOU RICHER THAN  
CAESAR... NAPOLEON... AND HENRY VIII PUT TOGETHER.  
REMEMBER, FOR ALL HIS GOLD AND ARMIES CHARLEMAGNE  
COULD NOT HAVE GOTTEN ONE SINGLE TRANSISTOR RADIO.  
NOT TO MENTION THE INSURANCE, HEALTH, AND RETIRE-  
MENT BENEFITS YOU GET THROUGH YOUR EMPLOYER, JOHN.

JOHN:

I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY. GOSH! SORT OF MAKES  
YOU THINK, DOESN'T IT?

ANNOUNCER:

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL, JOHN. UNDER THIS SYSTEM OUR CIVILI-  
ZATION HAS REACHED THE DIZZIEST HEIGHTS OF ALL TIME.  
FAR BEYOND THE WILDEST DREAMS OF OUR PAST.

31.7 TIMES AS MANY TELEVISION SETS AS THE REST OF  
THE WORLD PUT TOGETHER. 77% OF THE WORLD'S AUTO-  
MOBILES. 83% OF ALL THE WORLD'S AIR CONDITIONERS.  
85% OF ITS POWER LAWN MOWERS. 96% OF ITS HELI-  
COPTERS. 98% OF ITS SNOW MOBILES. 99.9% OF THE WORLD'S.....

KURT VONNEGUT JR.







This is a detailed archaeological plan of a circular stone structure, likely a fortification or a large well. The structure is surrounded by a ditch. Inside the structure, there are numerous numbered pits and holes, some of which are labeled 'X' Holes, 'Y' Holes, and 'Aubrey Holes'. A central area is labeled 'Mound 94'. A 'Slaughter Stone' is marked near the top center. A 'Port Hole' is indicated near the top right. A 'Ditch' is labeled in several places around the perimeter. A note on the right side reads: 'Port Holes joined up by some burial. Skeleton found here'. The plan is oriented with North at the top.

PICTURES OF US THROUGH THE STEAMY HAZE  
PICTURES OF US PAINTED ON OUR CAVES...



*The child's world is a world of symbols, shapes and sizes until that dismal day when it is taught to put a label on each and every thing it has felt, touched and smelt, and forced to shrink it by a name.*

*The child's world is the poet's world where dimensions differ only according to feeling, not fact, that place of the forth dimension that eludes all but painters, poets, lunatics and the players of musical instruments. And it even eludes those at times. That is why they remain children, eternally committed to chasing after it, clinging to the tatters of those clouds of glory with which we are all born and which only rationalisation can rip off.*

*Definitions are dull and delineations even duller. Blake's Tiger would never have burnt bright in the forests of an adult's night, but simply have gone out like a light while the adult died of fright.*

*But beautiful things are not fearful in the innocent world because there one has curiosity instead of terror and a suppleness of mind that adjusts itself to the wonder of the unexpected as easily as the pupil of the eye to the fluctuations of light and dark.*

*Here then is a little book that is the right way up. A glimpse of a world wherein there is so much time and limitless space that no one has to confine or categorise out of meanness of heart, for fear that there won't be enough beauty or enough truth to go around unless you frighten others away.*

Yehudi Menuhin





ALICE WAS BEGINNING TO GET VERY TIRED OF SITTING BY HER SISTER ON THE BANK, AND OF HAVING NOTHING TO DO; ONCE OR TWICE SHE HAD PEEPED INTO THE BOOK HER SISTER WAS READING, BUT IT HAD NO PICTURES OR CONVERSATION IN IT, "AND WHAT IS THE USE OF A BOOK," THOUGHT ALICE, "WITHOUT PICTURES OR CONVERSATIONS?"

SO SHE WAS CONSIDERING IN HER OWN MIND (AS WELL AS SHE COULD, FOR THE HOT DAY MADE HER FEEL VERY SLEEPY AND STUPID) WHETHER THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A DAISY CHAIN WOULD BE WORTH THE TROUBLE OF GETTING UP AND PICKING THE DAISIES, WHEN SUDDENLY A WHITE RABBIT WITH PINK EYES RAN CLOSE BY TO HER.

THERE WAS NOTHING SO VERY REMARKABLE IN THAT; NOR DID ALICE THINK IT SO VERY MUCH OUT OF THE WAY TO HEAR THE RABBIT SAY TO ITSELF, "OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! I SHALL BE TOO LATE!" (WHEN SHE THOUGHT IT OVER AFTERWARD IT OCCURRED TO HER THAT SHE OUGHT TO HAVE WONDERED AT THIS, BUT AT THE TIME IT ALL SEEMED QUITE NATURAL); BUT WHEN THE RABBIT ACTUALLY TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT POCKET, AND LOOKED AT IT, AND THEN HURRIED ON, ALICE STARTED TO HER FEET, FOR IT FLASHED ACROSS HER MIND THAT SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A RABBIT WITH EITHER A WAISTCOAT POCKET OR A WATCH TO TAKE OUT OF IT, AND, BURNING WITH CURIOSITY, SHE RAN ACROSS THE FIELD AFTER IT, AND WAS JUST IN TIME TO SEE IT POP DOWN A LARGE RABBIT HOLE UNDER THE HEDGE.

IN ANOTHER MOMENT DOWN WENT ALICE AFTER IT, NEVER ONCE CONSIDERING HOW IN THE WORLD SHE WAS TO GET OUT AGAIN.

THE RABBIT HOLE WENT STRAIGHT ON LIKE A TUNNEL FOR SOME WAY, AND THEN DIPPED SUDDENLY DOWN, SO SUDDENLY THAT ALICE HAD NOT A MOMENT TO THINK ABOUT STOPPING HERSELF BEFORE



SHE FOUND HERSELF FALLING DOWN WHAT SEEMED TO BE



A VERY DEEP WELL.



# The Yearbook is Dead

THE FACT IS, LIKE IT OR NOT, WE HAVE OUTLIVED IT.  
IT DIED SOMEWHERE BETWEEN BOBBY SOX AND VIETNAM,  
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN BOOZE AND DOPE,  
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN GUY LOMBARDO AND THE BEATLES  
IT DIED SOMETIME BETWEEN THOSE DAYS WHEN COLLEGE LIFE WAS  
FULL OF RAH-RAHS, POM-POMS, BOOLA-BOOLAS, CLASS TEAS,  
PROMS, AND FRESHMAN BEANIES... SOMETIME BETWEEN  
THOSE DAYS AND NOW.  
PRODUCING A YEARBOOK THEN WAS A FAIRLY ROUTINE TASK---

ORGANIZE

ORGANIZE

ORGANIZE

ORGANIZE

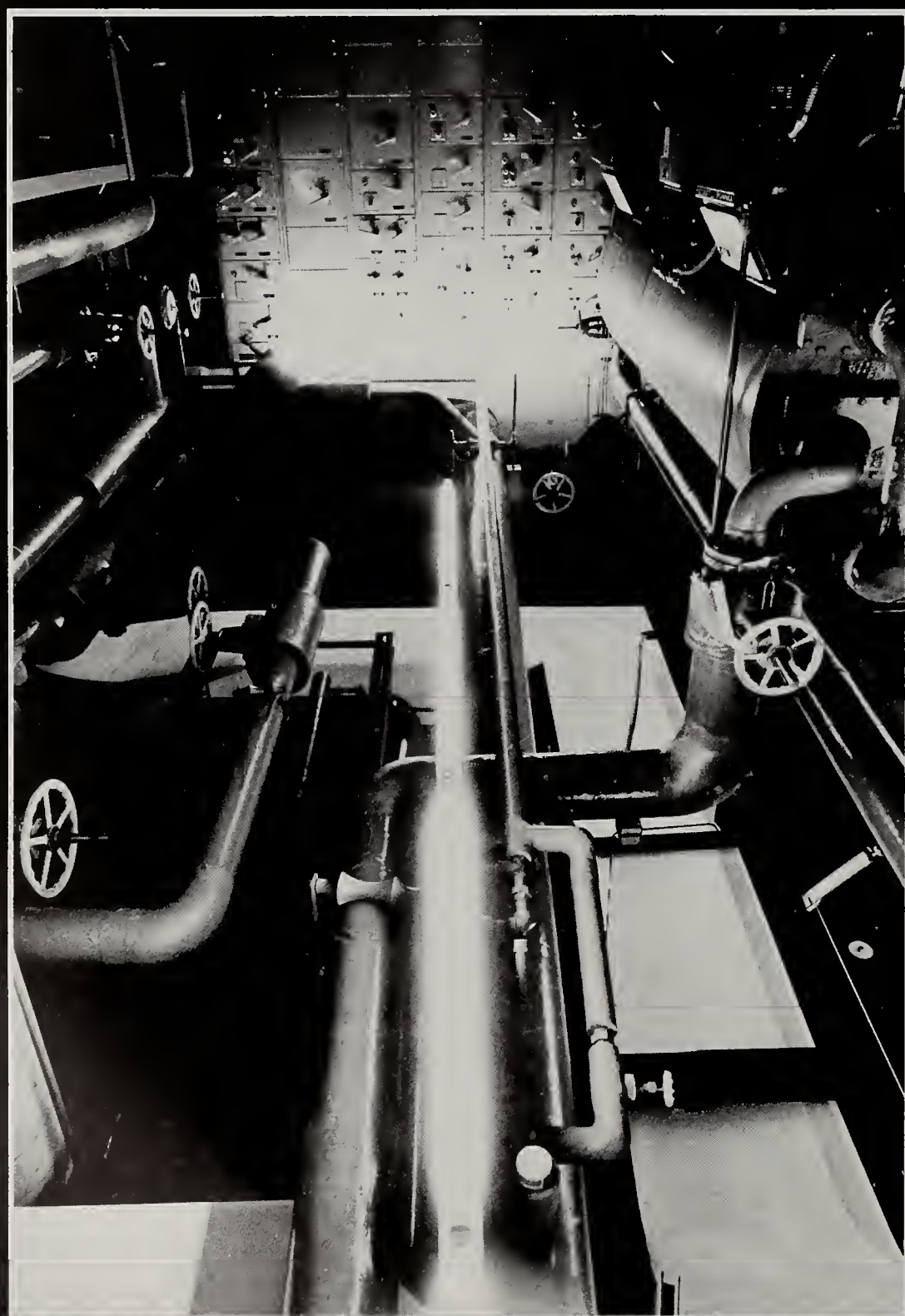
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CLASS SECTION

THE CLUBS,

THE GREEKS,

THE ACADEME,

ORGANIZATIONS,

THEM ALL.

THEM,

THEM UP,

IT

AND SELL IT TO THEM.



EVERYONE WAS CERTAIN TO WANT ONE BECAUSE THEY WERE IN IT, RIGHT? AND THEN THERE WOULD BE A BIG ANNUAL SIGNING PARTY, SO YOU COULD FILL UP THE HALF-DOZEN OR SO PAGES



(PROVIDED FOR AUTOGRAPHS) WITH WELL WISHES FROM CLASS CHUMS AND "BEST OF LUCK TO A GREAT GUY..." WELL, IT USED TO WORK THAT WAY, DIDN'T IT? WELL, MAYBE IT DID WORK THEN, WHENEVER THEN WAS, AND WHENEVER A COLLEGE CLASS WAS A CLOSELY KNIT GROUP WHICH SHARED FOUR YEARS OF COMMON EXPERIENCES, CLIMAXED BY ONE AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN JUNE WHEN EVERYONE SHOWED UP FOR GRADUATION---TOGETHER--- BECAUSE YOU HAD TO BE THERE TO GET THE DEGREE....



THAT CONCEPT OF A "SENIOR CLASS" IS NO LONGER VALID IN 1972.

THE PARTICULAR SENSE OF ATTACHMENT THAT WAS ONCE  
FELT AMONG GRADUATING SENIORS IS NO LONGER HERE.

THERE ARE SIMPLY TOO MANY OF US TO ENJOY THAT SENSE OF  
CAMARADERIE. DURING OUR LIVES AT S.M.U.,  
NEITHER THE SENIOR CLASS NOR THE STUDENT BODY WILL EVER  
ASSEMBLED ON ANY ONE OCCASION... WE'LL NEVER GET TOGETHER  
TO ATTEND CONCERTS, PLAYS OR BALL GAMES  
OR ATTEND COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES ---  
TOGETHER.

WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER "GET-IT-TOGETHER" TO DO ANYTHING  
TOGETHER,

BECAUSE THERE ARE TOO MANY OF US. CONSEQUENTLY, THE  
COLLEGE YEARBOOK THAT ATTEMPTS TO APPEAL TO ANY SPECIFIC  
ELEMENT WITHIN THE UNIVERSITY, OR A TRADITIONAL  
ASSOCIATION OF ELEMENTS, SUCH AS A SENIOR CLASS, THE  
GREEKS OR THE CLUB SYSTEM, IS "HOKEY"

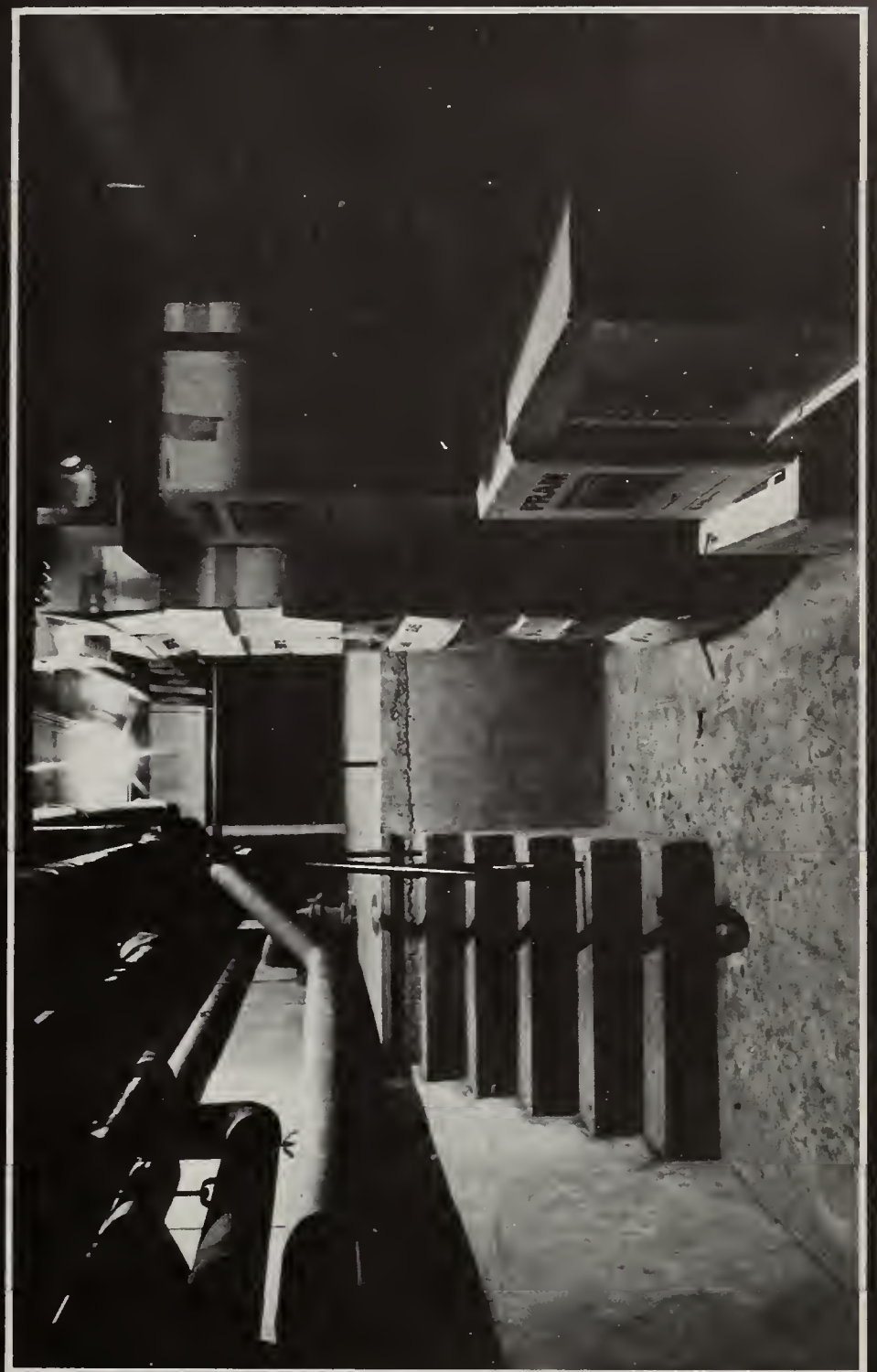
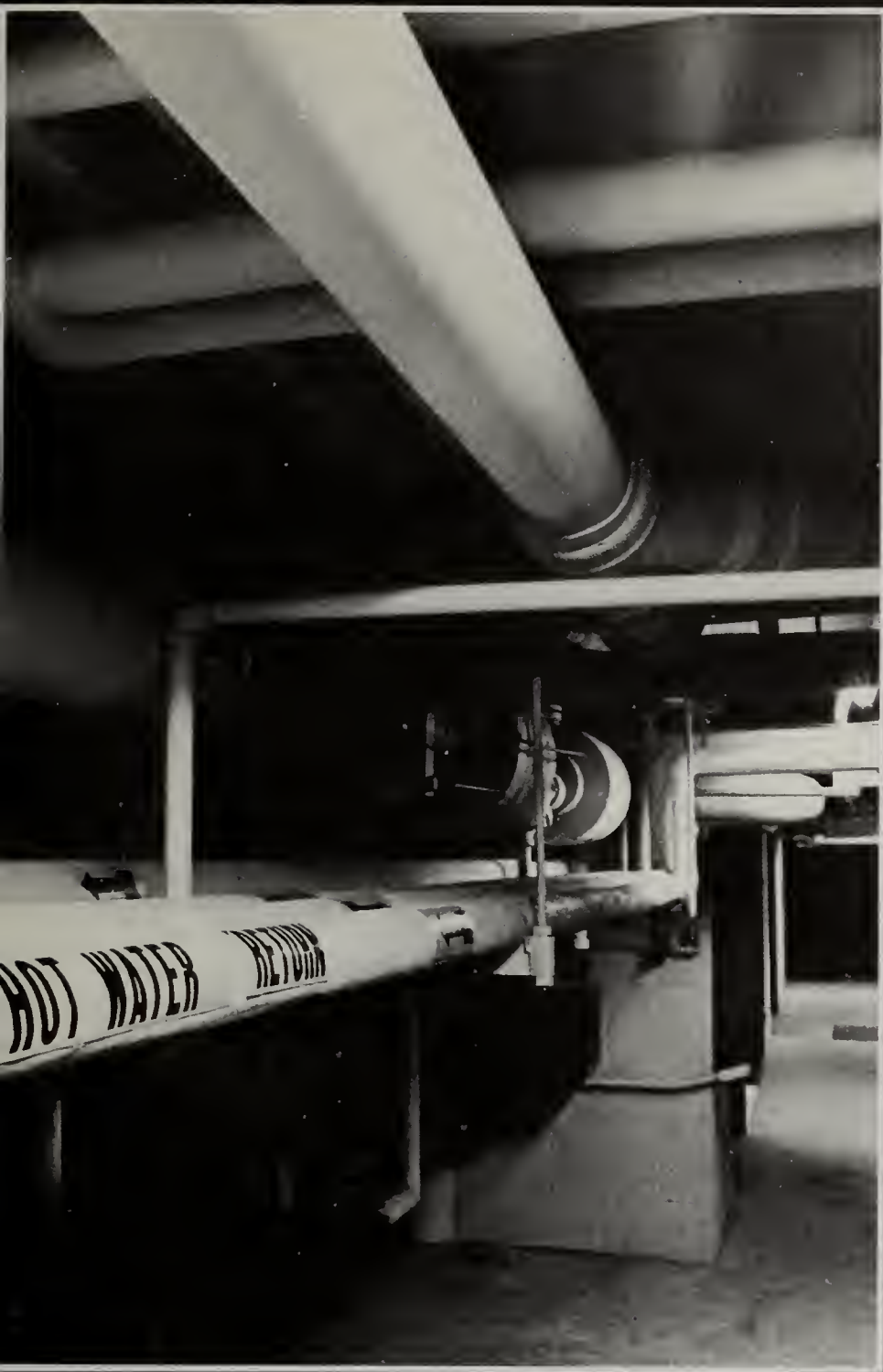
COMMA I PERIOD E PERIOD COMMA

"CONTRIVED." THE SCOPE OF SUCH A PUBLICATION IS MUCH TOO  
NARROW

TO APPEAL TO THE UNIVERSITY AT LARGE, AND CAN (AT BEST)  
ENJOY ONLY LIMITED SUCCESS.







THEREFORE, WE HAVE BURIED THAT APPROACH. WE FEEL THAT THE UNIVERSITY NEEDS AND WANTS A PUBLICATION THAT WILL GIVE US A BROAD LOOK AT OURSELVES AS A COMMUNITY. WE HAVE TAKEN THIS APPROACH IN THE 1972 SCRIMSHAW. ALTHOUGH IT IS A BROAD VIEW, IT IS BY NO MEANS A SUPERFICIAL ONE. WHAT WE HAVE ATTEMPTED TO DO IS TO TOUCH SOME OF THE WONDER SURROUNDING US. THE CONCEPT OF A COLLEGE AS A "PLAYGROUND" IS HERE, NOW. A LIVING COMMUNITY WHERE ALL LIFE IS BROUGHT INTO SERIOUS PLAY, NOT CONCRETE YOU FIGHT TO GET INTO JUST TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT. HERE THEN IS A STORY OF AN EXPERIMENT IN "PLAY."

FLOW.

G. GARDNER



SOON HER EYE FELL ON A LITTLE GLASS BOX THAT WAS LYING UNDER THE TABLE: SHE OPENED IT, AND FOUND IN IT A VERY SMALL CAKE, ON WHICH THE WORDS "EAT ME" WERE BEAUTIFULLY MARKED IN CURRENTS. "WELL, I'LL EAT IT," SAID ALICE, "AND IF IT MAKES ME GROW LARGER, I CAN REACH THE KEY; AND IF IT MAKES ME GROW SMALLER, I CAN CREEP UNDER THE DOOR; SO EITHER WAY I'LL GET INTO THE GARDEN, AND I DON'T CARE WHICH HAPPENS!"

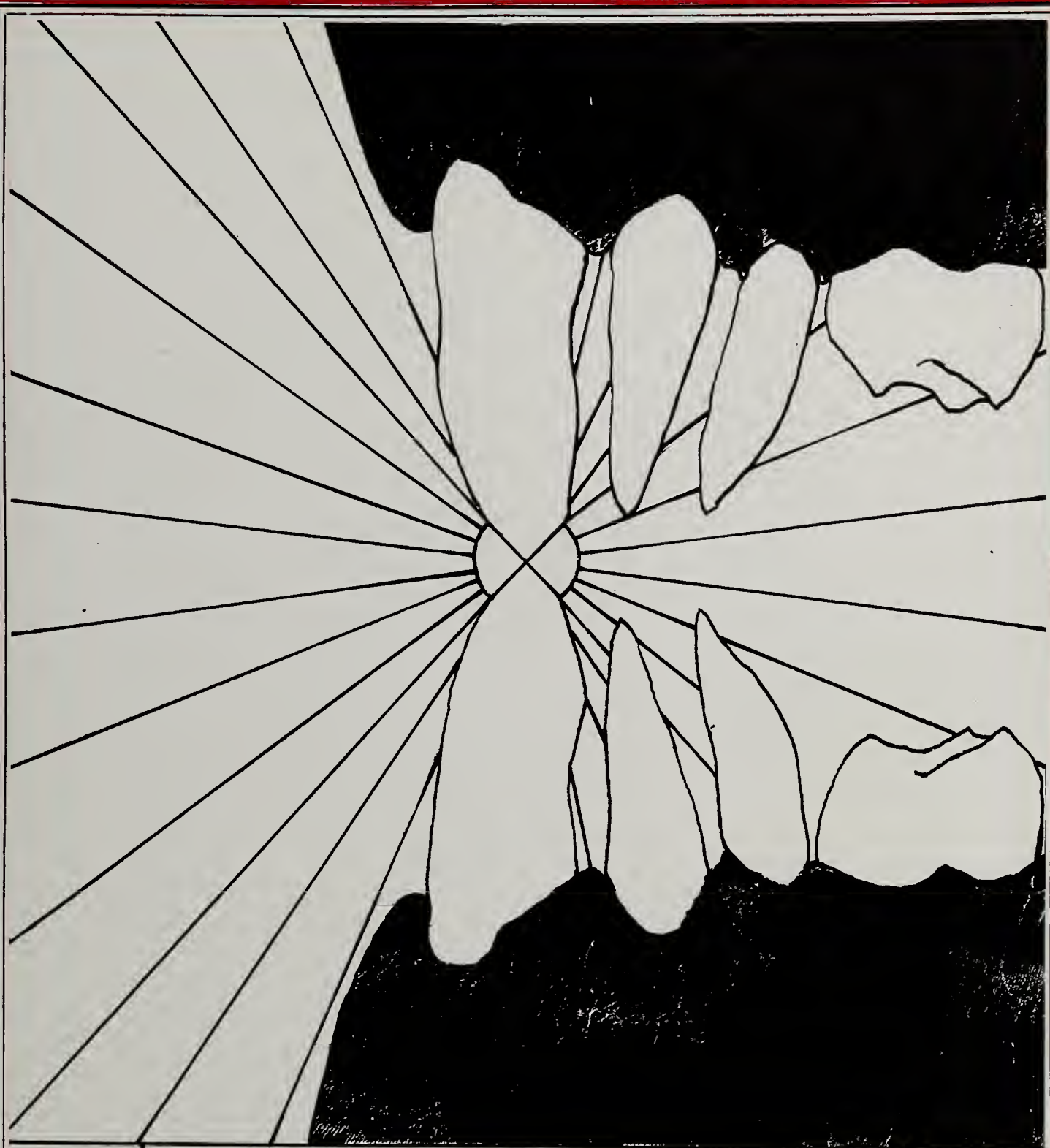


SHE ATE A LITTLE BIT, AND SAID ANXIOUSLY TO HERSELF "WHICH WAY? WHICH WAY?" HOLDING HER HAND ON THE TOP OF HER HEAD TO FEEL WHICH WAY IT WAS GROWING, AND SHE WAS QUITE SURPRISED TO FIND THAT SHE REMAINED THE SAME SIZE; TO BE SURE, THIS IS WHAT GENERALLY HAPPENS WHEN ONE EATS CAKE, BUT ALICE HAD GOT SO MUCH INTO THE WAY OF EXPECTING NOTHING BUT OUT-OF-THE-WAY THINGS TO HAPPEN THAT IT SEEMED QUITE DULL AND STUPID FOR LIFE TO GO ON IN THE COMMON WAY.

SO SHE SET TO WORK, AND VERY SOON FINISHED OFF THE CAKE.

LEWIS CARROLL





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There is always Here  
When you get There.







IF I HAD BEEN ASTONISHED AT FIRST CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF SO OUTLANDISH AN INDIVIDUAL AS QUEEQUEG CIRCULATING AMONG THE POLITE SOCIETY OF A CIVILIZED TOWN, THAT ASTONISHMENT SOON DEPARTED UPON TAKING MY FIRST DAYLIGHT STROLL THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW BEDFORD.

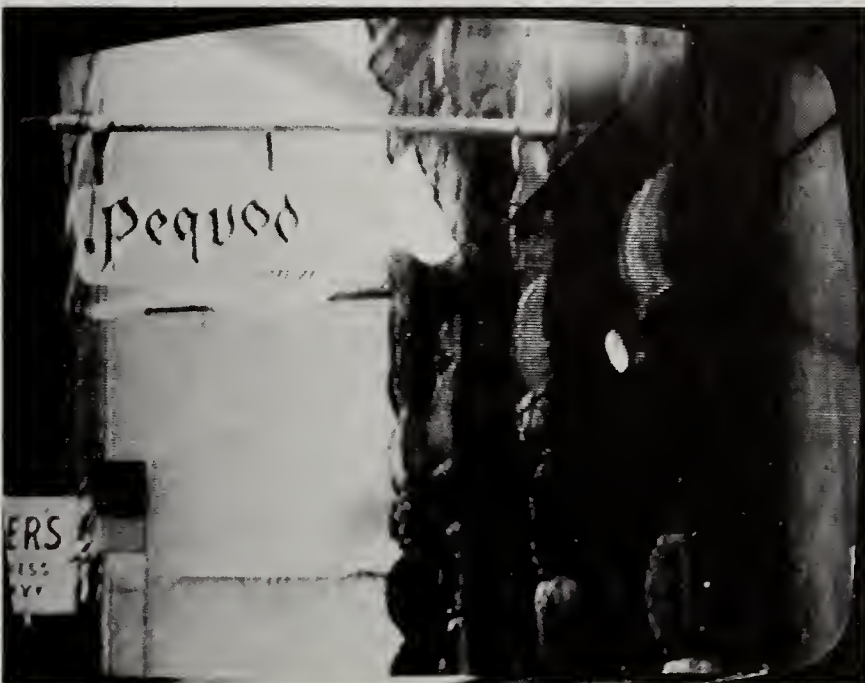
IN THOROUGHFARES NIGH THE DOCKS, ANY CONSIDERABLE SEAPORT WILL FREQUENTLY OFFER TO VIEW THE QUEEREST LOOKING NON-DESCRIPTS FROM FOREIGN PARTS. EVEN IN BROADWAY AND CHESTNUT STREETS, MEDITERRANEAN MARINERS WILL SOMETIMES JOSTLE THE AFFRIGHTED LADIES. REGENT STREET IS NOT UNKNOWN TO LASCARS AND MALAYS; AND AT BOMBAY, IN THE APOLLO GREEN, LIVE YANKEES HAVE OFTEN SCARED THE NATIVES. BUT NEW BEDFORD BEATS ALL WATER STREET AND WAPPING. IN THESE LAST MENTIONED HAUNTS YOU SEE ONLY SAILORS; BUT IN NEW BEDFORD, ACTUAL CANNIBALS STAND CHATTING AT STREET CORNERS; SAVAGES OUTRIGHT; MANY OF WHOM YET CARRY ON THEIR BONES UNHOLY FLESH. IT MAKES A STRANGER STARE.



BUT THINK NOT THAT THIS FAMOUS TOWN HAS ONLY HAR-  
POONEERS, CANNIBALS, AND BUMPKINS TO SHOW VISITORS.  
NOT AT ALL. STILL NEWBEDFORD IS A QUEER PLACE HAD IT  
NOT BEEN FOR US WHALEMEN, THAT TRACT OF LAND WOULD THIS  
DAY PERHAPS HAVE BEEN IN AS HOWLING CONDITION AS THE  
COAST OF LABRADOR. AS IT IS, PARTS OF HER BACK COUNTRY  
ARE ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN ONE, THEY LOOK SO BONY. THE TOWN  
ITSELF IS PERHAPS THE DEAREST PLACE TO LIVE IN, IN ALL  
NEW ENGLAND. IT IS A LAND OF OIL, TRUE ENOUGH: BUT NOT  
LIKE CANAAN; A LAND, ALSO, OF CORN AND WINE. THE STREETS  
DO NOT RUN WITH MILK; NOR IN THE SPRING-TIME DO THEY  
PAVE THEM WITH FRESH EGGS. YET IN SPITE OF THIS, NO-  
WHERE IN ALL AMERICA WILL YOU FIND MORE PATRICIAN-  
LIKE HOUSES; PARKS AND GARDENS MORE OPULENT, THAN  
IN NEWBEDFORD. WHENCE CAME THEY? HOW PLANTED  
UPON THIS ONCE SCRAGGY SCORIA OF A COUNTRY?



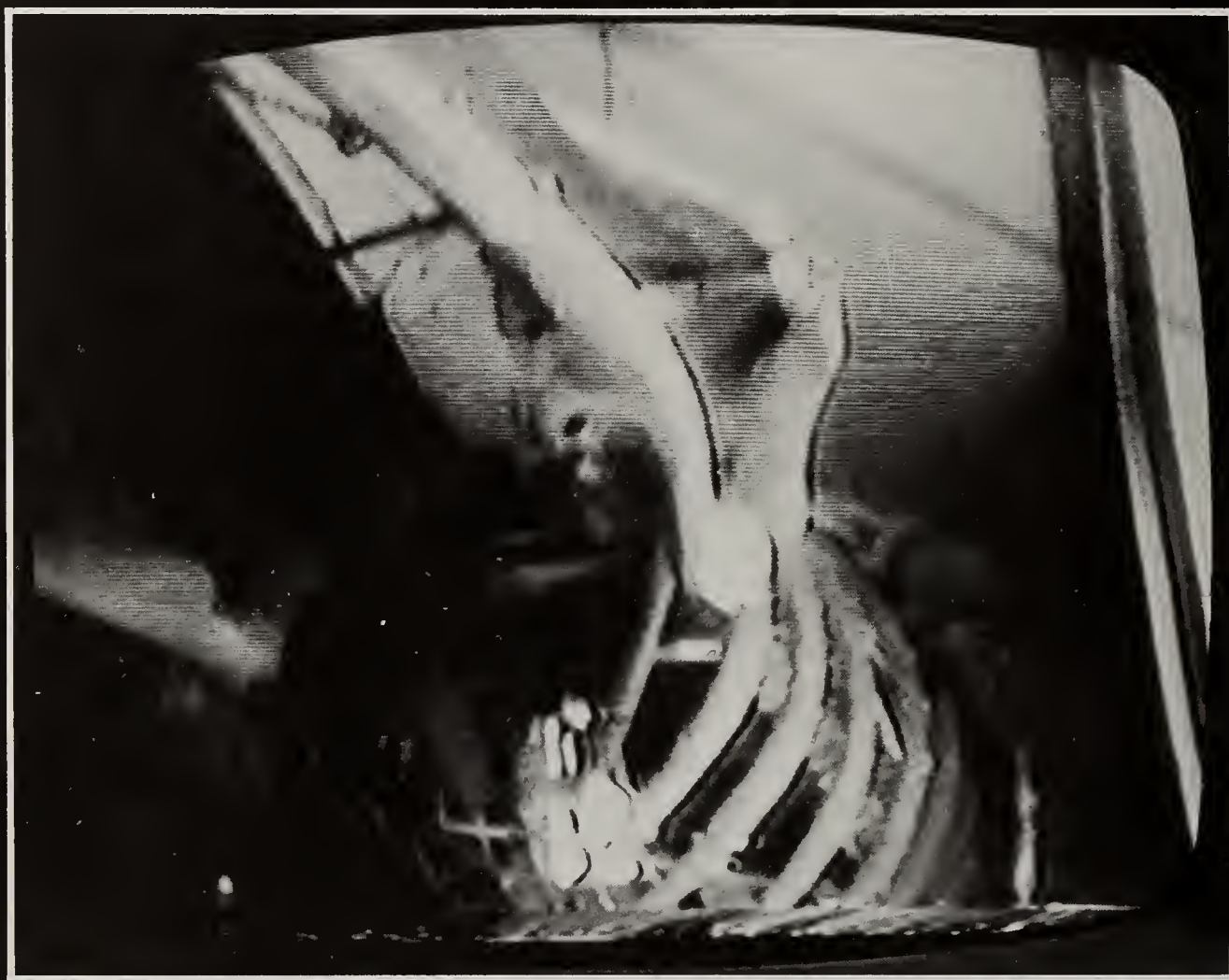




GO AND GAZE UPON THE IRON EMBLEMATICAL HARPOON'S  
 ROUND YONDER LOFTY MANSION, AND YOUR QUESTION WILL BE  
 ANSWERED. YES ALL THESE BRAVE HOUSES AND FLOWERY  
 GARDENS CAME FROM THE ATLANTIC, PACIFIC, AND INDIAN OCEANS.  
 ONE AND ALL, THEY WERE HARPOONED AND DRAGGED UP HITHER  
 FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. CAN HERR ALEXANDER PERFORM  
 A FEAT LIKE THAT?



IN NEW BEDFORD, FATHERS THEY SAY, GIVE WHALES FOR DOW-  
ERS TO THEIR DAUGHTERS, AND PORTION OFF THEIR NIECES WITH A  
FEW PORPOISES A-PIECE. YOU MUST GO TO NEW BEDFORD TO SEE  
A BRILLIANT WEDDING; FOR, THEY SAY, THEY HAVE RESERVOIRS OF  
OIL IN EVERY HOUSE, AND EVERY NIGHT RECKLESSLY BURN THEIR  
LENGTHS IN SPERMACETI CANDLES.



I SUMMER TIME, THE TOWN IS SWEET TO SEE; FULL OF FINE  
MAPLES—LONG AVENUES OF GREEN AND GOLD. AND IN AUGUST,  
HIGH IN AIR, THE BEAUTIFUL AND BOUNTIFUL HORSE-CHESTNUTS,  
CANDELABRA-WISE, PROFFER THE PASSER-BY THEIR TAPERING  
UPRIGHT CONES OF CONGREGATED BLOSSOMS. SO OMNIPOTENT IS  
ART; WHICH IN MANY A DISTRICT OF NEW BEDFORD HAS SUPERINDUCED  
BRIGHT TERRACES OF FLOWERS UPON THE BARREN REFUSE ROCKS  
THROWN ASIDE AT CREATION'S FINAL DAY.





AND THE WOMEN OF NEW BEDFORD, THEY BLOOM LIKE THEIR OWN RED ROSES. BUT ROSES ONLY BLOOM IN SUMMER; WHEREAS THE FINE CARNATION OF THEIR CHEEKS IS PERENNIAL AS SUN-LIGHT IN THE SEVENTH HEAVENS. ELSEWHERE MATCH THAT BLOOM OF THEIRS, YE CANNOT, SAVE IN SALEM, WHERE THEY TELL ME THE YOUNG-GIRLS BREATHE SUCH MUSK, THEIR SAILOR SWEET-HEARTS SMELL THEM MILES OFF SHORE, AS THOUGH THEY WERE DRAWING-NIGH THE ODOROUS MOLUCCAS INSTEAD OF THE PURITANIC SANDS.

HERMAN MELVIL  
MOBY DICK





Paul Hesse photo

Wheel trim rings, and white sidewall tires if available, at extra cost

Here's your thrifty one for '51  
The New Studebaker Champion!

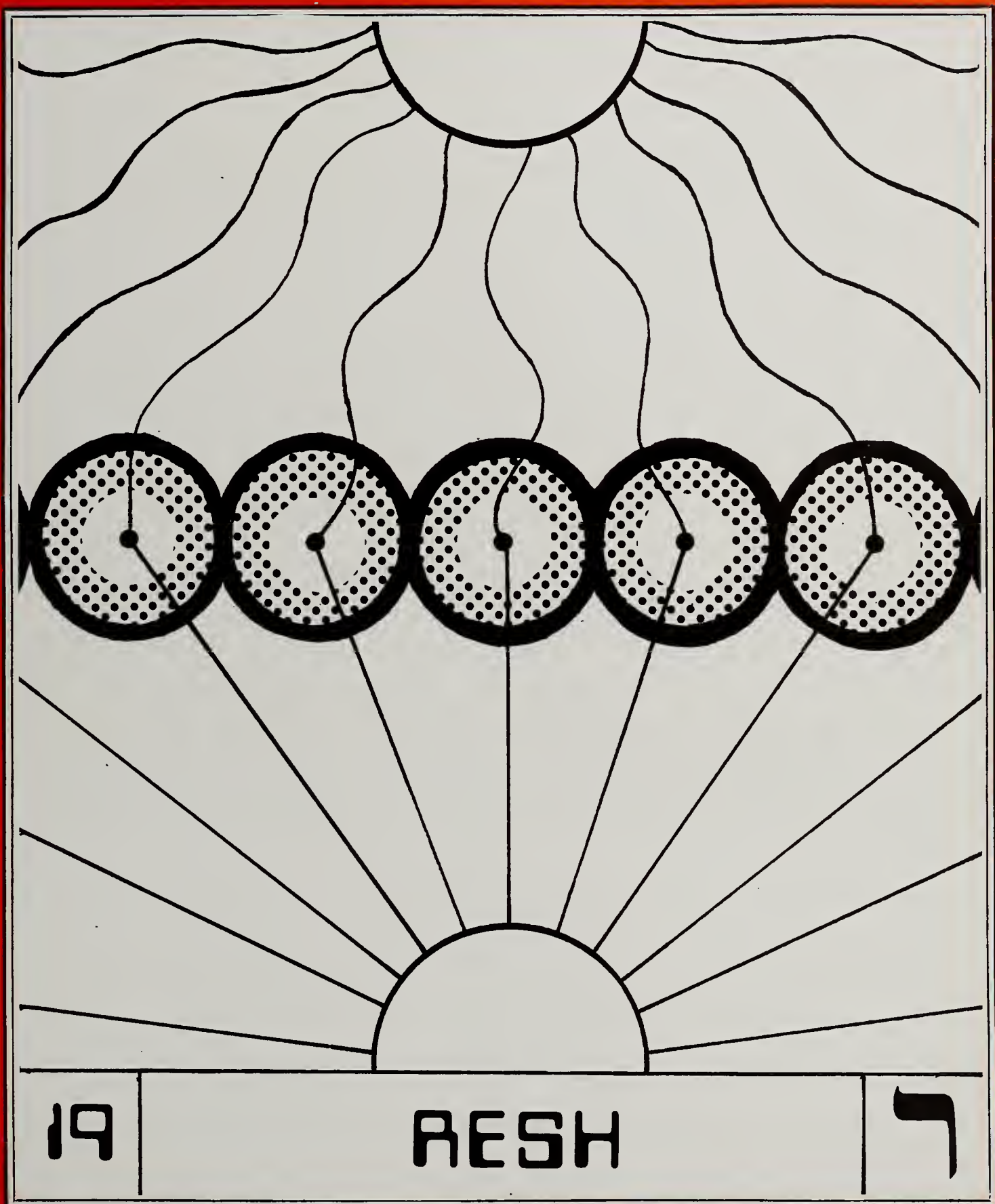
*Top value of the top 4  
in the lowest price field!*

The Studebaker Champion is one of the 4  
lowest price largest selling cars!



SEE THE EIGHT AMERICA RATES AS GREAT...THE 1951 STUDEBAKER COMMANDER V-8







# The Displeasure of Being Educated

by  
DR' MOSHE BABIN



May I extend my heartiest congratulations to the graduates and to their parents. In a few hours the young people seated here will be receiving their degrees. I know that this is a dream come true, and therefore I hope that you will enjoy it and savor it. Be proud of your achievements. May your parents always be proud of you and the fact that you have received a college education.

May I, on this occasion, be personal? It is exactly 30 years ago this month that I received my first college degree. As I think back to 30 years ago, do you know what I would wish to be today? More than anything else I would wish to be a college student again. I spent 12 years in college, at the Seminary and in graduate schools, and I must admit that in comparison to your years in college, mine were relatively dull and uninteresting. During my years in college, I worried about paying tuition and about passing the course. Later, I worried about admission to graduate school, about fulfilling the requirements for the doctorate, and about writing a doctoral thesis which would be accepted, and defending this thesis in oral examination.

I submit to you that this personal experience of mine was very dull and ordinary compared to your years in college. I remember that when I was in college, I did not barricade one dean, either in or out of his office, I submit to you that this personal experience of mine was very dull and ordinary compared to your years in college. I remember that when I was in college, I did not barricade one dean, either in or out of his office, nor did I go on strike even for one day. I attended classes every day and I boycotted no professors. Neither did I march in any demonstrations and I wrote for no underground newspapers. As a matter of fact, I was never asked if I liked my professor, or whether he should be granted tenure. Never was I asked if I liked the curriculum,

nor did I express myself regarding its "relevance". Never was I asked an opinion on the President of the University. As an undergraduate I never even met the President of the University which I attended until graduation day.

What fun it must have been to go to college in the years which you have spent at this University! During these years you occupied buildings and you upset records. Without any pause, you gave advice to the faculty, expressed your thoughts about the President, about the deans and the Board of Trustees. And then, you asked for amnesty for every misdeed which you performed. Who can deny that all of your activities during the years spent at this college have been exciting? But frankly, all of this has your parents, your faculty, the administration and the public perplexed, bewildered, and bedevilled.

Something important has happened in your generation. I do not know whether today's students are right or wrong, but I do know that college life is fundamentally different in your time than it was in mine.

What is it that has made this difference?

I submit that that difference is that education has changed its role from your time to my time.

Once, not so very long ago, education was looked upon as a device to bring peace of mind and peace of soul to people. Education was a means of bringing tranquility to life. Those of us who are engaged in education day in and day out have found out that this is not true education at all. Learning is not a tranquilizer, nor an analgesic, nor a soother. Education, if it is anything, is an irritant, a gadfly, a spur, a dart which can make men unhappy. It is through education that they can see the shabbiness, the pomposity, the superficiality, and the evil in this world. thank god the end.





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KODAK SAFETY FILM

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It is no accident that the cries for change, for peace, for an end to poverty, for justice, for ethical behavior, come from young men and women who are in college and who are being educated. These are the intelligent, the informed, the bright and the learned who are shouting about creative progress that ought to be launched. America is in the throes of a revolution, for education is no longer merely a pass to the quiet, contemplative, serene existence. Education is now an opening to feel all that hurts, an opportunity to hear all that cries out in pain, to see all that is unjust, unkind and unfair in our lives and in the life of our society.

To be learned means to have acquired a deep sensitivity; to be educated means to be irritated, so that you cannot rest while evil abides. Education is no longer a pleasure; it is a displeasure. And I say, thank God that it is so!

Now, let us understand. Every generation is unhappy with the generation that has preceded it as well as with the generation that follows it. Someone once said, that the definition of America is "a society in which people do things that the father doesn't like and the grandfather doesn't understand."

You, who have been educated, have been unnerving us. We worry desperately that in creating a new world, which so badly needs to be created, you might, inadvertently, bring the old world in ashes down upon our heads.

The displeasure which your education has brought you is real. We only ask that this displeasure, because of its source is learning and knowledge, become creative. Because of your schooling, you have learned that the mark of an educated person is that he need not conform, that he need not agree, that he has the right to object. But it is also the mark of an educated person, that the non-conformity of his life, that the non-agreement of his ideas, that the objections that he has to what is wrong, - that all these be civilized, for otherwise we stand in danger that the cure will be worse than the disease.

Your education has brought you displeasure. You are the first generation to have gone to school and to have reached maturity in the Nuclear Age. You are the first generation in all of history that has been threatened by actual total annihilation. You're sensitive to the great danger that it is possible that the world will end not with a whimper, but might end with a bang.







Because you have an education, you are bewildered by the modern politics. You have been told that in order to achieve more security in our land, in order to have more peace, we must have more arms and more war. How do you bring peace? The answer is by bombing more people. We live in peculiar times. Do you realize that almost 80 billion dollars a year of our national budget is used for war material which is non-productive? Blacks and whites stew in misery in ghettos throughout the cities of America, children hunger in Tennessee, teachers beg for a living wage, and a baseball player gets twice the salary of a Supreme Court Justice! And so you young people, educated, learned, sensitive utter a profound cry: What kind of a world is this? We teeter on an edge of oblivion, and old fashioned politics and diplomacy in Washington, Paris, Peking and Moscow go on just as if nothing happened. The old world is no good; and a new world may never come into being.

Education has brought displeasure for yet another reason. You have looked about you and you have begun to suspect that the individual means less and less in the society in which we live. Ours is the generation which lives by the "number system". Each of us has a Social Security Number, all digits dialing on our telephones, a zip code is added to our addresses, and the computer cards at the Universities spew out the courses and the identity of students. If this is so, does it not mean that nobody cares about me, me as an individual. I am not heard.

Patience, frugality, hard work, discipline, all these old virtues, what sense do they make in the age of the computer? In the age of punched cards? In the age where we hear nightly the body count of those who have been maimed and killed in a far away land. And so, your education has brought you displeasure. Instead of a world where you, as an individual counts, you have had to conclude that "let's get the most out of this world, while it is still here".

Once you were convinced that the family was the very basic unit of civilization. Marriage was a sacrament, and the family was holy. But your education has brought you the awareness, and therefore the displeasure, of finding out that our parents have clay feet. My father does not know everything, and he is not a paragon of virtue. He can become livid with anger when he reads that papers have been stolen from the university file, or that students submit academic papers which were not written by them. But my father also enjoys it when a government agency leaks a tidbit to the press. My mother is not lily-pure. So, thank mother and father for bearing me, for feeding me, for educating me, but why must I respect them? Why must I listen to them? As a matter of fact, don't trust anyone over thirty.

Sex no longer dictates having children, it is only an experience, a thrill, - so why not just enjoy it? People are no longer people, they are but things or objects. Get from them what you can, then discard them. An education has liberated you, but it has also brought distress, and displeasure.







Your education has brought you displeasure, even in the fields of knowledge and education themselves. Once an education was meant to broaden the mind - the "liberal education". Greek and Latin were to give us vistas of civilization and culture which are the foundations of our heritage, science was looked upon as a necessary displeasure of thought, literature was to make us contemporary with all the great minds of history, and music and art were exalted interpretations of the human experience. But today it is hammered upon us from every direction, that a good education is one that is relevant and vocational. What is an education for? For a better job, a better living, more prestige, and a Ph.D. is but a passport to academe. But remember, your education has also taught you that which is instantly relevant, is also instantly obsolete.

The education explosion has taught you something that brings you further displeasure. Because of your education, it is easy for you to detect sham, to detect teachers who do not read and do not know. You are now displeased that there are schools where intellectualism is deprecated, that there are governments that are run by opportunists and incompetents. To know all of this, to feel all of this, is one of the displeasures of being learned.

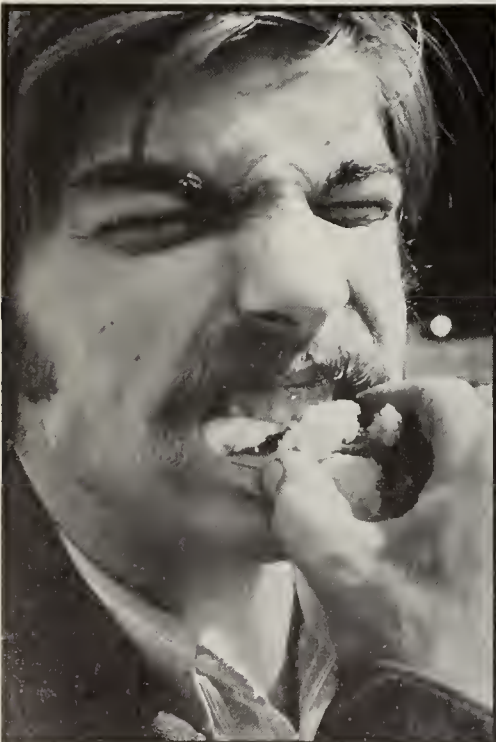
Education has brought you displeasure even in the field of the "holy of holies" - in religion itself! Today, there is a greater ferment going on in religion than ever before. There is the strain of making religion "relevant". You know now, that religion which is based on mythology, that religion which fails to take a count of the new truths that come to us from the physical, social and behavioral sciences is a false religion. The old categories of "secular" and "religious" do not mean the same as they did in previous generations. In the 1970's religion is still clothes in obsolete forms: Catholicism has kept the structure of medieval Rome, Protestantism is structured according to the 18th century rural America, and Judaism reflects 19th century Eastern Europe. Being an educated person, you demand competence and authenticity even in religion.

The priest, the minister, the rabbi, no longer have any special status except by their competence, and such competence has nothing to do with their popularity, with folk-masses or with guitar playing. Education brings a perplexity which makes you look at the Church and Synagogue and ask, are they just museums? Are they just quaint? Or most importantly, do they have meaning for our lives?

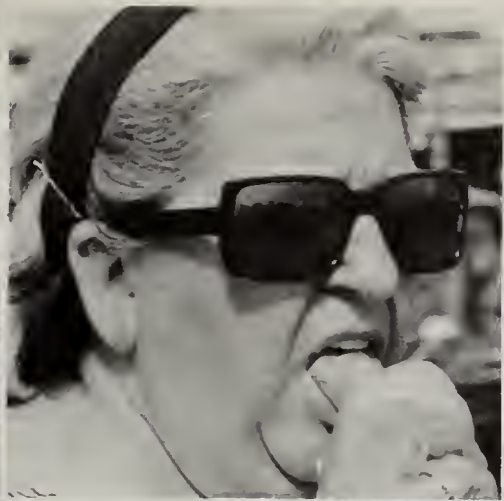
But now that we have spoken of some of the displeasure of being educated, what shall we do about it? How shall we, educated people with university degrees, act? Shall we shout, demonstrate, cry in the wind, shake the gates of heaven, hurl obscenities from campus to campus? Are not all of these simply exercises in futility? If education brings displeasure, remember, it also brings sensitivity. As we have learned there are ephemeral values and stupidities in this world, we have also learned that there are eternal and meaningful values. Your college degree tells you that there may be evil in this world, but that it is goodness that counts. That men may lie, but honesty is redemptive. That men may kill, but reverence for life redeems our souls. That we may be hypocrites but that our salvation lies in the truth.

To be educated means to strain one's soul to live by eternal values. To be educated means seeing the world in its stark, harsh reality, but it also means seeing the world in its infinite hopefulness. A university degree must mean that though we know that human beings can be beasts, that they can also be "little lower than the angels". You have learned that the universe is immense and that therefore people are infinitesimal specks in the cosmos; but that it is man that looks through the telescope and through the microscope. No chimpanzee sitting at a typewriter ever wrote Hamlet; no monkey, sitting at a keyboard, ever wrote Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

Education also tells us that within the human being there is a mind and a heart - a mind and a heart that have within them kindness and goodness, hopefulness and reverence, creativity and beauty, sweetness and light.







Your education tells you that each of us, as a child of God has potentialities. The good that is within you, and you must have some good for otherwise your education would not bring you displeasure, that the good can bring out the good in others. Your helpfulness can make other virtuous; your reverence can charm a world; your loyalty can make a friend; your sensitivity can make others aware of the finer aspects of life. This then, is the meaning of an education: a sharpened sensitivity to a world gone mad and a deeper understanding that its sanity depends upon each of us.

As a religious person, I tell you that there is another name for all of this. This is God functioning within us. God is that tension that we feel between that which is and that which ought to be. Our education then, is a gift of God, with all its sensitivity, with all its displeasure, but also with all its hopefulness. For we say, that in spite of it all, a new day can come along, a day in which we will be able to see light in the darkness, to see goodness where there is evil, to see peace where there is war, to see plenty where there is hunger, to see a future where it seems as if there is no present.



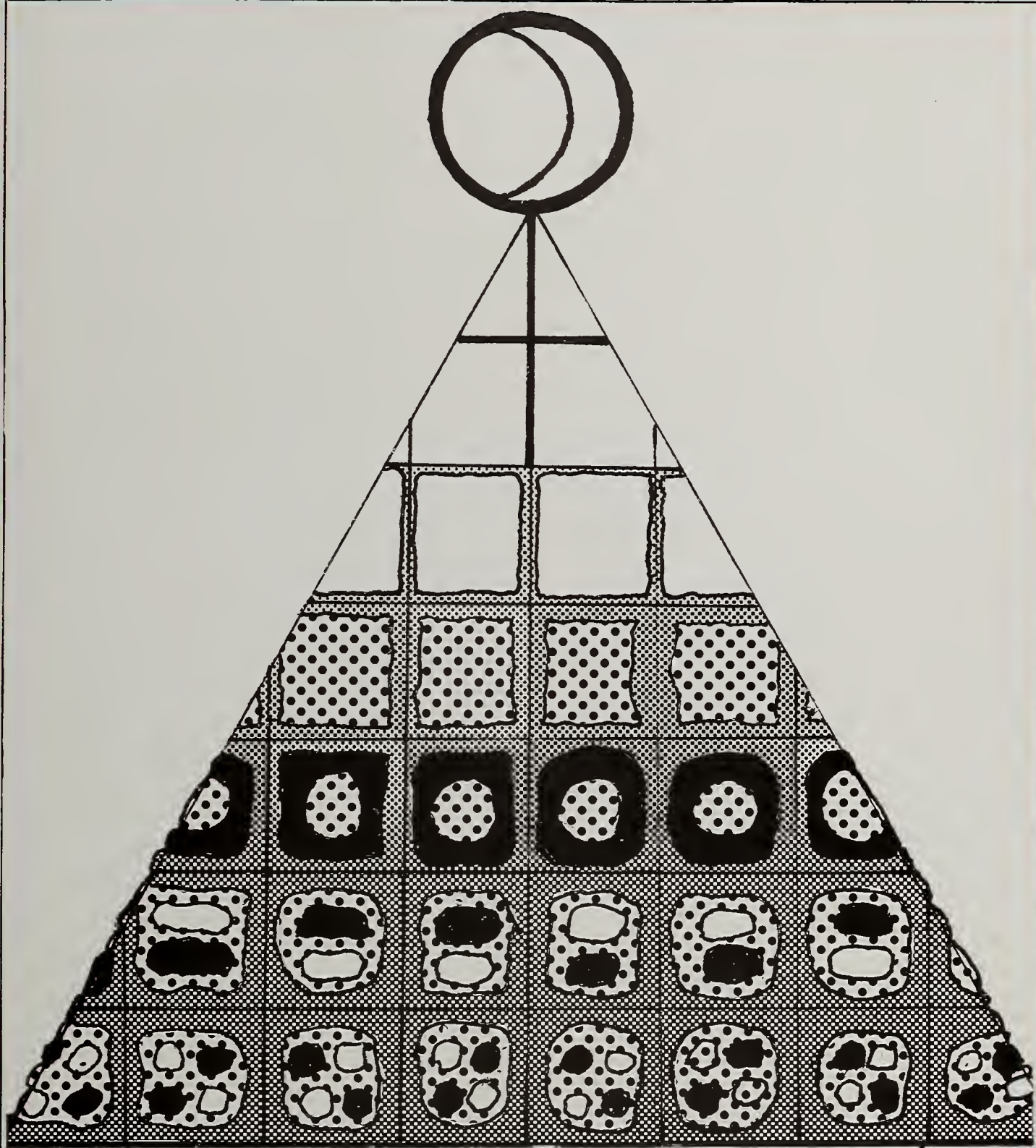




If then, there are displeasures of an education, there are also pleasures of an education. This is God lifting each one of us and making us His Children, to d His will on His earth. May God bless each of you as you take your degrees. I beg of you, due to your education, due to your sensitivity, due to displeasures that it hasbrought you and the hopefulness that is built into an education, build a life, build a world, for, who else shall do it, - but you?







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QOPH







It is obviously impossible to explain in detail how Karel Weissman arrived at his 'philosophy of history'.\* It was the result of a lifetime of work. But I can at least outline the conclusions he reached in his *Historical Reflections*.

The most remarkable faculty of mankind, says Weissman, is its power of self-renewal, or of creation. The simplest example is the kind of renewal that occurs when a man sleeps. A tired man is a man already in the grip of death and insanity. One of Weissman's most striking theories is his identification of insanity with sleep. A sane man is a man who is fully awake. As he grows tired, he loses his ability to rise above dreams and delusions, and life becomes steadily more chaotic.

Now Karel Weissman was a psychologist, not a historian. And the field in which he made a living was in industrial psychology. In the *Historical Reflections*, he writes:

Now Weissman argues that this faculty of creation or self-renewal is abundantly obvious in European man from the Renaissance to the eighteenth century. In this period, human history is full of cruelty and horror, and yet man can throw it off as easily as a tired child can sleep off its fatigue. The English Elizabethan period is usually cited as a golden age because of its creativity; but anyone who studies it closely is horrified by its callousness and brutality. Men are tortured and burnt alive; Jews have their ears cut off; children are beaten to death or allowed to die in incredibly filthy slums. Yet so enormous is man's optimism and power of self-renewal that the chaos only stimulates him to new efforts. Great age follows great age: the age of Leonardo, the age of Rabelais, the age of Chaucer, the age of Shakespeare, the age of Newton, the age of Johnson, the age of Mozart . . . Nothing is more obvious than that man is a god who will overcome every obstacle.

And then a strange change comes over the human race. It happens towards the end of the eighteenth century. The tremendous, bubbling creativity of Mozart is counterbalanced by the nightmare cruelty of De Sade. And suddenly, we are in an age of darkness, an age where men of genius no longer create like gods. Instead, they struggle as if in the grip of an invisible octopus. The century of suicide begins. In fact, modern history begins, the age of defeat and neurosis.

But why did it all happen so suddenly? The industrial revolution? But the industrial revolution did not happen overnight, and neither did it affect a large area of Europe. Europe remained a land of woods and farms. How, asked Weissman, can we explain the immense difference between the genius of the eighteenth century and that of the nineteenth, except by surmising that some invisible yet cataclysmic change came over the human race in about the year 1800? How can the industrial revolution explain the total dissimilarity between Mozart and Beethoven -- the latter a mere fourteen years Mozart's junior? Why do we enter a century in which half the men of genius committed suicide or died of tuberculosis? Spengler says that civilizations grow old like plants, but this is a sudden leap from youth to old age. An immense pessimism descends on the human race, which is reflected in its art, its music, its literature. It is not enough to say that man has suddenly grown up. What is far more important is that he seems to have lost his power of self-renewal. Can we think of a single great man of the eighteenth century who committed suicide? And yet their lives were just as hard as those of the nineteenth century. The new man has lost faith in life, he has lost faith in knowledge. Modern man agrees with Faust: that when all is said and done, we can know nothing.

It was in 1990 that I entered the field of industrial psychology as the assistant of Professor Ames at Trans-world Cosmetics. I immediately discovered a curious and nightmarish situation. I knew, of course, that 'industrial neurosis' had become a serious matter -- so much so that special industrial courts had been set up to deal with offenders who sabotaged machinery or killed or injured workmates. But only a few people were aware of the sheer size of the problem. The murder rate in large factories and similar concerns had increased to twice that of the rest of the population. In one cigarette factory in America, eight foremen and two high executives were killed in the course of a single year; in seven of these cases, the murderer committed suicide immediately after the attack.

The Industrial Plastics Corporation of Iceland had decided to try the experiment of an 'open air' factory, spread over many acres, so that the workers had no sense of overcrowding or confinement; energy fields were used instead of walls. At first, the experiment was highly successful; but within two years, the factory's rate of industrial crime and neurosis had risen to equal the national average.

These figures never reached the national press. Psychologists reasoned -- correctly -- that to publicize them would make things worse. They reasoned that it would be best to treat each case as one would an outbreak of fire that must be isolated.

The more I considered this problem, the more I felt that we had no real idea of its cause. My colleagues were frankly defeated by it, as Dr. Ames admitted to me during my first week at Trans-world Cosmetics. He said that it was difficult to get to the root of the problem, because it seemed to have so many roots -- the population explosion, overcrowding in cities, the individual's feeling of insignificance and increasing sense of living in a vacuum, the lack of adventure in modern life, collapse of religion . . . and so on. He said he wasn't sure that industry wasn't treating the problem in entirely the wrong way. It was spending more money on psychiatrists, on improving working conditions -- in short, in making the workers feel like patients. But since our living depended on this mistake, it was hardly up to us to suggest a change.

And so I turned to history to find my answers. And the answers, when I found them, made me feel like suicide. For, according to history, all this was completely inevitable. Civilization was getting top heavy; it was bound to fall over. Yet the one thing this conclusion failed to take into account was the human power of self-renewal. By the same reasoning, Mozart was bound to commit suicide because his life was so miserable. But he didn't.

What was destroying the human power of self-renewal?

I cannot explain quite how I came to believe that there might be a single cause. It was something dawned on me slowly, over many years. It was simply that I came to feel increasingly strongly that the figures for industrial crime were out of all proportion to the so-called 'historical causes'. It was as if I were the head of a firm who begins to feel instinctively that his accountant is cooking the books, although he has no idea how it is being done.

And then, one day, I began to suspect the existence of the mind vampires. And from then on, everything confirmed my guess.

It happened first when I was considering the use of mescaline and lysergic acid for curing industrial neurosis. Fundamentally, of course, the effect of these drugs is no different from that of alcohol or tobacco: they have the effect of unwinding us. A man who is overworked has got himself into a habit of tension, and he cannot break the habit by merely willing. A glass of whisky or a cigarette will reach down into his motor levels and release the tension.

\*A detailed examination will be found in the three volumes of Max Viebig's *Philosophy of Karel Weissman*. Northwestern University, 2015.



But man has far deeper habits than overwork. Through millions of years of evolution, he has developed all kinds of habits for survival. If any of these habits get out of control, the result is mental illness. For example, man has a habit of being prepared for enemies; but if he allows it to dominate his life, he becomes a paranoiac.

One of man's deepest habits is keeping alert for dangers and difficulties, refusing to allow himself to explore his own mind because he doesn't take his eyes off the world around him. Another one, with the same cause,

One of man's deepest habits is keeping alert for dangers and difficulties, refusing to allow himself to explore his own mind because he doesn't take his eyes off the world around him. Another one, with the same cause, is his refusal to notice beauty, because he prefers to concentrate on practical problems. These habits are so deeply ingrained that alcohol and tobacco cannot reach them. But mescaline can. It can reach down to man's most atavistic levels, and release the automatic tensions that make him a slave to his own boredom and to the world around him.

Now I must confess that I was inclined to blame these atavistic habits for the problem of the world suicide rate and the industrial crime rate. Man has to learn to relax, or he becomes overwrought and dangerous. He must learn to contact his own deepest levels in order to re-energize his consciousness. So it seemed to me that drugs of the mescaline group might provide the answer.

So far, the use of these drugs had been avoided in industrial psychology, for an obvious reason: mescaline relaxes a man to a point where work becomes impossible. He wants to do nothing but contemplate the beauty of the world and the mysteries of his own mind.

Luckily, I was not working at the time; it would have been impossible. And about a week later, I found myself thinking: Well, what are you afraid of? You've come to no harm. I immediately began to feel more cheerful. It was only a few days after this that Standard Motors and Engineering offered me the post of their chief medical officer. I accepted it, and plunged into the work of an enormous and complex organization. For a long time it left me no time for brooding or devising new experiments. And whenever my thoughts turned back to my mescaline experiments, I felt such a powerful revulsion that I always found some excuse for putting it off.

Six months ago, I finally returned to the problem, this time from a slightly different angle. My friend Rupert Haddon of Princeton told me of his highly successful experiments in rehabilitating sexual criminals with the use of L.S.D. In explaining his theories, he used a great deal of the terminology of the philosopher Husserl. It immediately became obvious to me that phenomenology is only another name for the kind of self-observation I had tried to carry out under mescaline; and that when Husserl talks about 'uncovering' the structure of consciousness' he only means descending into these realms of mental habit of which I have spoken. Husserl had realized that while we have Ordnance Survey maps that cover every inch of our earth, we have no atlas of our mental world.

Reading Husserl renewed my courage. The idea of trying mescaline again terrified me; but phenomenology starts from ordinary consciousness. So I again began making notes about the problems of man's inner world, and the geography of consciousness.



I felt that there was no reason to reach this limit. A tiny quantity of mescaline, administered in the right way, might release a man's creative forces without plunging him into a stupor. After all, man's ancestors of two thousand years ago were almost colour-blind because they were in a subconscious habit of ignoring colour. Life was so difficult and dangerous that they couldn't afford to notice it. Yet modern man has succeeded in losing this old habit of colour-blindness without losing any of his drive and vitality. It is all a matter of balance.

And so I inaugurated a series of experiments with drugs of the mescaline group. And my first results were so alarming that my engagement with Trans-world Cosmetics was terminated abruptly. Five out of my ten subjects committed suicide within days. Another two had a total mental collapse that drove them into a madhouse.

I was baffled. I had experimented with mescaline on myself in my university days, but I found the results uninteresting. A mescaline holiday is all very pleasant, but it all depends whether you enjoy holidays. I do not; I find work too interesting.

But my results made me decide to try it again. I took half a gram. The result was so horrifying that I still perspire when I think about it.

At first, there were the usual pleasant effects -- areas of light swelling gently and revolving. Then an immense sense of peace and calm, a glimpse of the Buddhist nirvana, a beautiful and gentle contemplation of the universe that was at once detached and infinitely involved. After about an hour of this, I roused myself from it; I was obviously not discovering what had caused the suicides. Now I attempted to turn my attention inward, to observe the exact state of my perceptions and emotions. The result was baffling. It was as if I was trying to look through a telescope, and someone was deliberately placing his hand over the other end of it. Every attempt at self-observation failed. And then with a kind of violent effort, I tried to batter through this wall of darkness. And suddenly, I had a distinct feeling of something living and alien hurrying out of my sight. I am not, of course, speaking of physical sight. This was entirely a 'feeling'. But it had such an imprint of reality that for a moment I became almost insane with terror. One can run away from an obvious physical menace, but there was no running away from this, because it was inside me.

For nearly a week afterwards, I was in a state of the most abject terror, and closer to insanity than I have ever been in my life. For although I was now back in the ordinary physical world, I had no feeling of safety. I felt that, in returning to everyday consciousness, I was like an ostrich burying its head in the sand. It only meant that I was unaware of the menace.

Almost at once, I became aware that certain inner-forces were resisting my researches. As soon as I began to brood on these problems, I began to experience sick headaches and feelings of nausea. Every morning, I woke up with a feeling of profound depression. I have always been a student of mathematics in an amateurish way, as well as a good chess player. I soon discovered that I felt better the moment I turned my attention to mathematics or chess. But the moment I began to think about the mind, the same depression would settle on me.

My own weakness began to infuriate me. I determined that I would overcome it at all costs. So I begged two months' leave of absence from my employers. I warned my wife that I was going to be very ill. And I deliberately turned my mind to these problems of phenomenology. The result was exactly as I predicted. For a few days I felt tired and depressed. Then I began to experience headaches and nerve pains. Then I vomited up everything I ate. I took to my bed, and tried to use my mind to probe my own sickness, using the methods of analysis laid down by Husserl. My wife had no idea of what was wrong with me, and her anxiety made it twice as bad. It is lucky that we have no children; otherwise, I would certainly have been forced to surrender.

After a fortnight, I was so exhausted that I could barely swallow a teaspoonful of milk. I made an immense effort to rally my forces, reaching down to my deepest instinctive levels. In that moment, I became aware of my enemies. It was like swimming down to the bottom of the sea and suddenly noticing that you are surrounded by sharks. I could not, of course, 'see' them in the ordinary sense, but I could feel their presence as clearly as one can feel a toothache. They were down there, at a level of my being where my consciousness never penetrates.

And as I tried to prevent myself from screaming with terror, the fear of a man facing inevitable destruction, I suddenly realized that I had beaten them. My own deepest life forces were rallying against them. An immense strength, that I had never known I possessed, reared up like a giant. It was far stronger than they were, and they had to retreat from it. I suddenly became aware of more of them, thousands of them; and yet I knew that they could do nothing against me.

And then the realization came to me with such searing force that I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. Everything was clear; I knew everything. I knew why it was so important to them that no one should suspect their existence. Man possesses more than enough power to destroy them all. But so long as he is unaware of them, they can feed on him, like vampires, sucking away his energy.





My wife came into the bedroom and was astounded to find me laughing like a madman. For a moment, she thought my mind had collapsed. Then she realized that it was the laughter of sanity.

I told her to go and bring me soup. And within forty-eight hours, I was back on my feet again, as healthy as ever -- in fact, healthier than I had ever been in my life. At first, I felt such an immense euphoria at my discovery that I forgot about those vampires of the mind. Then I realized that this in itself was stupid. They had an immense advantage over me; they knew my own mind far better than I did. Unless I was very careful, they could still destroy me.

But for the moment, I was safe. When, later in the day, I felt the persistent, nagging attacks of depression, I turned again to that deep source of inner power, and to my optimism about the human future. Immediately the attacks ceased, and I began to roar with laughter again. It was many weeks before I could control this laughter mechanism whenever I had a skirmish with the parasites.

What I had discovered was, of course, so fantastic that it could not be grasped by the unprepared mind. In fact, it was extraordinary good luck that I had not made the discovery six years earlier, when I was working for Trans-world. In the meantime, my mind had made slow and unconscious preparation for it. In the past few months, I have become steadily more convinced that it was not entirely a matter of luck. I have a feeling that there are powerful forces working on the side of humanity, although I have no idea of their nature.

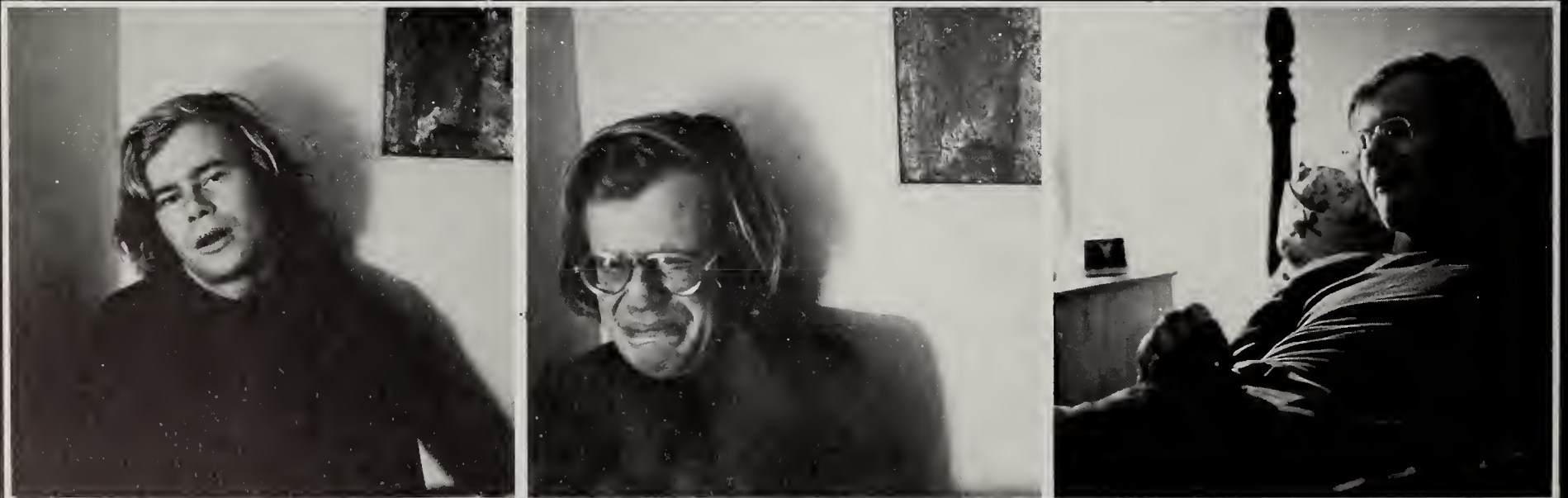
(I made a special note of this sentence. It was something I had always felt instinctively).

What it amounts to is this. For more than two centuries now, the human mind has been constantly a prey to these energy vampires. In a few cases, the vampires have been able completely to take over a human mind and use it for their own purposes. For example, I am almost certain that De Sade was one of these 'zombis' whose brain was entirely in the control of the vampires. The blasphemy and stupidity of his work are not, as in many cases, evidence of demonic vitality, and the proof of it is that De Sade never matured in any way, although he lived to be 74. The sole purpose of his life work is to add to the mental confusion of the human race, deliberately to distort and pervert the truth about sex.

As soon as I understood about the mind vampires, the history of the past two hundred years became absurdly clear. Until about 1780 (which is roughly the date when the first full-scale invasion of mind vampires landed on earth), most art tended to be life-enhancing, like the music of Haydn and Mozart. After the invasion of the mind vampires, this sunny optimism became almost impossible to the artist. The mind vampires always chose the most intelligent men as their instruments, because it is ultimately the intelligent men who have the greatest influence on the human race. Very few artists have been powerful enough to hurl them off, and such men have gained a new strength in doing so -- Beethoven is clearly an example; Goethe another.

And this explains precisely why it is so important for the mind vampires to keep their presence unknown, to drain man's lifeblood without his being aware of it. A man who defeats the mind vampires becomes doubly dangerous to them, for his forces of self-renewal have conquered. In such cases, the vampires probably attempt to destroy him in another way -- by trying to influence other people against him. We should remember that Beethoven's death came about because he left his sister's house after a rather curious quarrel, and drove several miles in an open cart in the rain. At all events, we notice that it is in the nineteenth century that the great artists first begin to complain that 'the world is against them'; Haydn and Mozart were well understood and appreciated by their own time. As soon as the artist dies, this neglect disappears -- the mind vampires loosen their grip on people's minds. They have more important things to attend to.

In the history of art and literature since 1780, we see the results of the battle with the mind vampires. The artists who refused to preach a gospel of pessimism and life devaluation were destroyed. The life-slanderers often lived to a ripe old age. It is interesting, for example, to contrast the fate of the life-slanderer Schopenhauer with that of the life-affirmer Nietzsche, or that of the sexual degenerate De Sade with that of the sexual mystic Lawrence.







Apart from these obvious facts, I have not succeeded in learning a great deal about the mind vampires. I am inclined to suspect that, in small numbers, they have always been present on earth. Possibly the Christian idea of the devil arises from some obscure intuition of the part they had played in human history: how their role is to take over a man's mind, and to cause him to become an enemy of life and of the human race. But it would be a mistake to blame the vampires for all the misfortunes of the human race. Man is an animal who is trying to evolve into a god. Many of his problems are an inevitable result of this struggle.

I have a theory, which I will state here for the sake of completeness. I suspect that the universe is full of races like our own, struggling to evolve. In the early stages of its evolution, any race is mainly concerned to conquer its environment, to overcome enemies, to assure itself of food. But sooner or later, a point comes where the race has progressed beyond this stage, and can now turn its attention inward, to the pleasures of the mind. 'My mind to me a kingdom is', said Sir Edward Dyer. And when man realizes that his mind is a kingdom in the most literal sense, a great unexplored country, he has crossed the borderline that divides the animal from the god.

I suspect that these mind vampires specialize in finding races who have almost reached this point of evolution, who are on the brink of achieving a new power, and then feeding on them until they have destroyed them. It is not their actual intention to destroy -- because once they have done this, they are forced to seek another host. Their intention is to feed for as long as possible on the tremendous energies generated by the evolutionary struggle. Their purpose, therefore, is to prevent man from discovering the worlds inside himself, to keep his attention directed outwards. I think there can be no possible doubt that the wars of the twentieth century are a deliberate contrivance of these vampires. Hitler, like De Sade, was almost certainly another of their 'zombis'. A completely destructive world war would not serve their purposes, but continual minor skirmishes are admirable.

What would man be like if he could destroy these vampires, or drive them away? The first result would certainly be a tremendous sense of mental relief, a vanishing oppression, a surge of energy and optimism. In this first rush of energy, artistic masterpieces would be created by the dozen. Mankind would react like children who have been let out of school on the last day of term. Then man's energies would turn inward. He would take up the legacy of Husserl. (It is obviously significant that it was Hitler who was responsible for Husserl's death just as his work was on the brink of new achievements). He would suddenly realize that he possesses inner-powers that make the hydrogen bomb seem a mere candle. Aided, perhaps, by such drugs as mescaline, he would become, for the first time, an inhabitant of the world of mind, just as he is at present an inhabitant of earth. He would explore the countries of the mind as Livingstone and Stanley explored Africa. He would discover that he has many 'selves', and that his higher 'selves' are what his ancestors would have called gods.

I have another theory, which is so absurd that I hardly dare to mention it. This is that the mind vampires are, without intending it, the instruments of some higher force. They may, of course, succeed in destroying any race that becomes their host. But if, by any chance, the race should become aware of the danger, the result is bound to be the exact opposite of what is intended. One of the chief obstacles to human evolution is man's boredom and ignorance, his tendency to drift and allow tomorrow to take care of itself. In a certain sense, this is perhaps a greater danger to evolution -- or at least, a hindrance -- than the vampires themselves. Once a race becomes aware of these vampires, the battle is already half won. Once man has a purpose and a belief, he is almost invincible. The vampires might serve, therefore, to inoculate man against his own indifference and laziness. However, this is no more than a casual speculation . . .



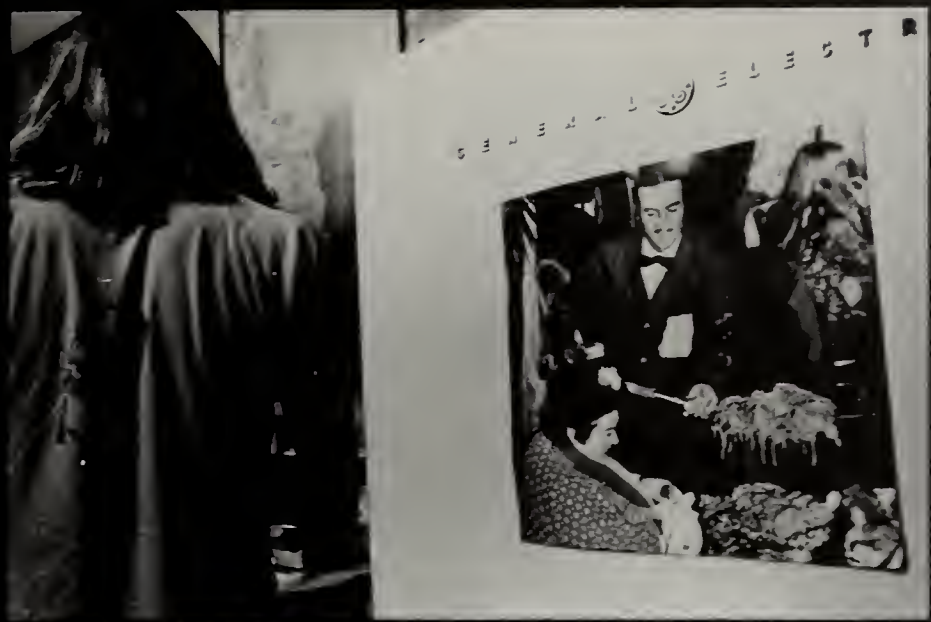


The next problem is more important than all this speculation: How is it possible to get rid of them? It is no answer simply to publish 'the facts'. The historical facts mean nothing at all; they would be ignored. In some way, the human race has to be made aware of its danger. If I did what would be so easy -- arranged to be interviewed on television, or wrote a series of newspaper articles on the subject -- I might be listened to, but I think it more probable that people would simply dismiss me as insane. Yes, indeed, this is a tremendous problem. For short of persuading everyone to try a dose of mescaline, I can think of

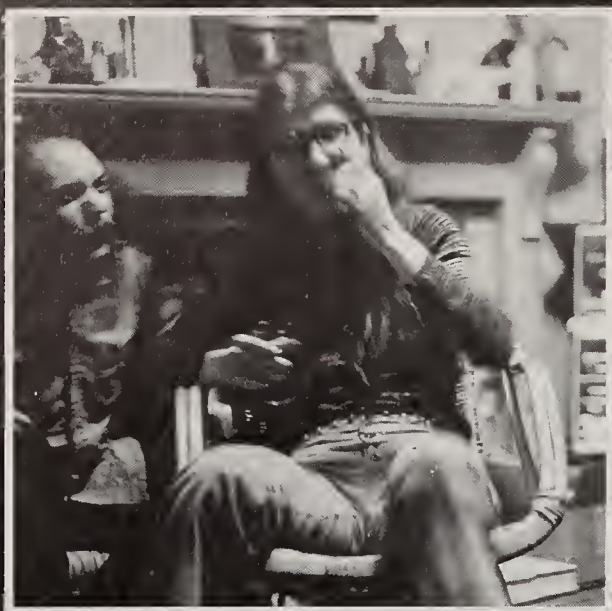
no way of convincing people. And then, there is no guarantee that mescaline would bring about the desired result -- otherwise, I might risk dumping a large quantity of it in some city's water supply. No, such an idea is unthinkable. With the mind vampires massed for attack, sanity is too fragile a thing to risk. I now understand why my experiment at Trans-world ended so disastrously. The vampires deliberately destroyed those people, as a kind of warning to me. The average person lacks the mental discipline to resist them. This is why the suicide rate is so high.











I must learn more about these creatures. While my ignorance is so complete, they could destroy me. When I know something about them, perhaps I shall also know how to make the human race aware of them.

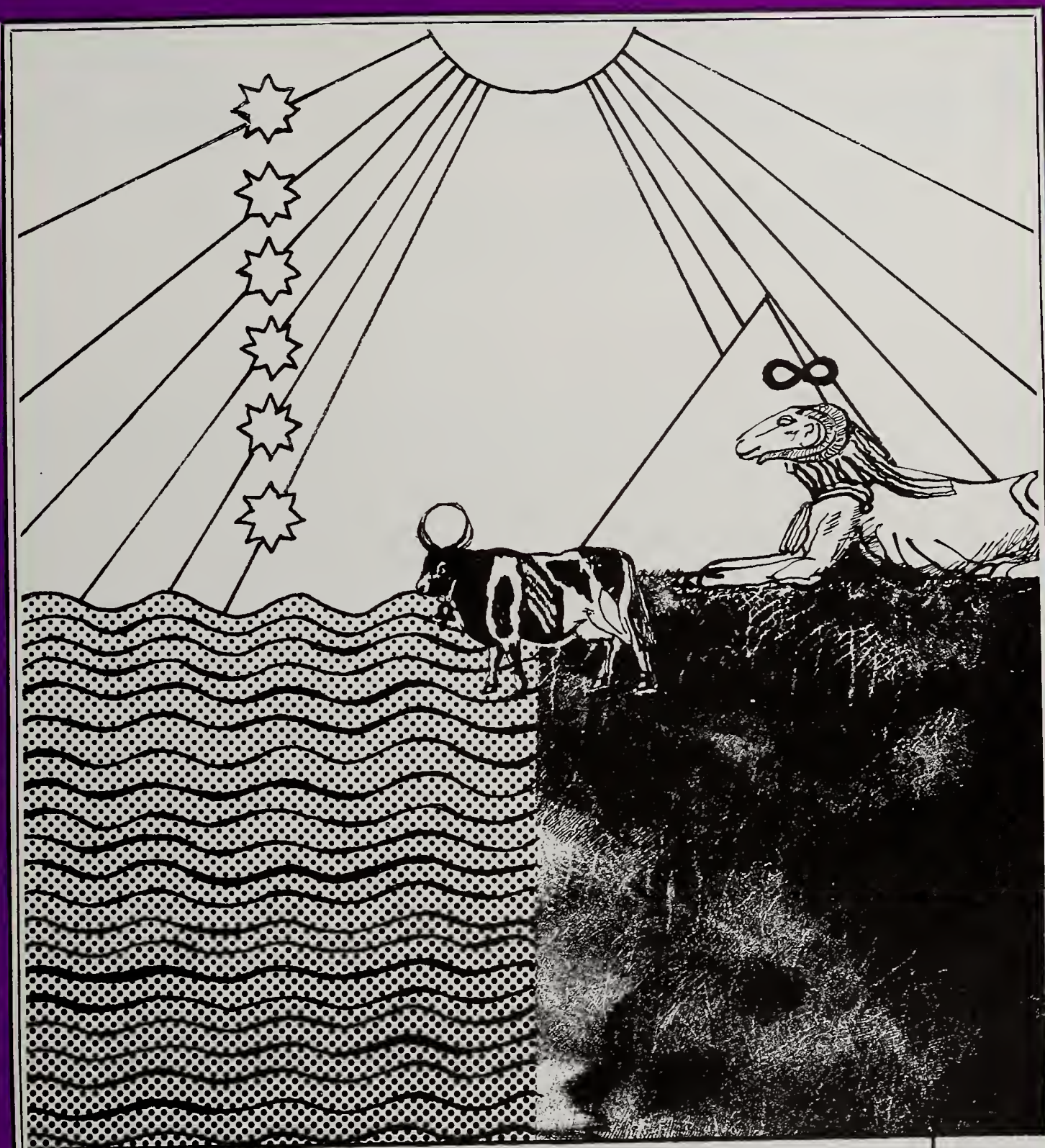
The part of the statement I have quoted was not, of course, where I began; I have selected its central passage. The Historical Reflections were actually lengthy reflections on the nature of these mind parasites and on their part in human history. The work is in the form of a diary, a diary of ideas. Inevitably, it is extremely repetitive. He is a man who is trying to hold tight on to some central insight, and who keeps on losing it.

I was struck by the fact that he was able to concentrate for such long periods. Under his circumstances, I would certainly have found it harder to suppress my nervousness. But I came to believe that this was because he felt that he was now relatively safe from them. He had beaten them in the first battle, and he had the elation of victory. His main problem, as he said, was to get other people to believe him. Apparently, he did not consider this as too urgent. He knew that if he published his findings as they stood, he would be regarded as a madman. In any case, as a scientist, he had the habit of trying to verify his facts and to enlarge them as far as possible before announcing them. What puzzled me -- and continues to puzzle me -- is that he did not try to confide in anybody, not even in his wife. This in itself shows a peculiar state of mind. Was he so absolutely certain that he was now in no danger that he felt time no longer mattered? Or was this euphoria another trick of the parasites? Whatever happened, he went on working at his notes, convinced that he was fighting a winning battle -- until the day they drove him to suicide.

Colin Wilson THE MIND PARASITES







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# God Bless You!

It is imperative to state at the outset of this talk this evening that the remarks which are to follow express only my own opinions, insights, and evaluations, for whatever they are worth. And in the marketplace of this forum only you can judge what that worth is. But the thoughts which I will utter, the recommendations I will make and the goals which I will suggest are not intended to represent for you what should be your thoughts, nor the recommendations you should make, or the goals that you should buy. I make no pretensions that the views which I hold will, or should necessarily harmonize with yours, indeed they may even offend or possibly anger you.

However, I speak as one who for the past six years has been intensely involved in the human fabric of this University, tried and tested, at times, almost beyond endurance, in the crucible of its troubled conditions. And no less than any of you, I have a deep and abiding love for SMU, a commitment to its future and a desire to see it grow greater -- grow greater in terms of its educational function and purpose in its institutional character and moral force, and in its influence for good upon all those whom it seeks to serve. It is my hope that what we say will serve as a stimulus to your own thinking that as we come together this weekend in an attempt to discuss and to probe our understandings, to analyze the problems which beset our university and to treat her needs with tender diligence, we will also experience through this group process at least an occasional rendezvous with truth. It matters not whether that truth is as profound as a discovery of one's own inner resources or as prosaic as the mere clarification of a concept heretofore.

Equally, it is hoped that out of the haze of all the pomposities that will surely be offered here, and the thickets of our verbalizations, we will be able also to produce a kind of unrehearsed, real life theatre of ideas -- ideas that will have about them the substance, the vitality and imagination sufficient to inspire not only us to effort and action, but also those to whom we take the message as well.

To a number of you it may be unclear as to just why you are here, and for what purpose this Leadership Conference has been convened. A brief background might be in order. Shortly after last July's decision by the Board of Trustees to place Dr. Driscoll on a forced leave of absence, I approached Paul Vasconcellos, Student Senate President and other student leaders with certain concerns that I held relative to the direction in which SMU seemed headed.

Four long years of rocking from one crisis to another, the turmoil and confusion created by the firing of faculty, the charges and counter charges which filled the air, the strikes and boycotts, rallies and marches, the disintegration of human community, all these had taken their toll -- an immense one at that -- not only on the energies, but more importantly the spirit of this University. And now that the Trustees had seen fit to remove the central figure in this pathetic drama, it was obvious that the symptoms of anomie which had already set in the previous year were even more in evidence.

A pall settled over the campus. The attitudes of nearly everyone -- students, faculty, and administrators had a turned-in, sullen quality about it, suspicious and embittered. The once strong walls of mutual respect, if not always mutual agreement, and of human friendship so necessary to the viability of a community were badly fractured. And we could catch a glimpse between the crevices and cracks caused by that fracturing something of the darker side of man's nature -- his capacity for venomous hatred, contempt and malice. The battles which once fired the adrenalin no longer flared. The emotions, which once united the oddest collection of compatriots in alliances either for or against Driscoll, were spent. The man who was the focus of all these feelings, with whom his enemies had almost a symbiotic relationship was taking his exit. In his place there was nothing to unite anyone either positively or negatively. There was nothing but the emptiness of shattered dreams, of broken hopes, of disillusioned young people particularly who saw in the tangled web of human failure at SMU the surest confirmation of their contention that society itself is rotten, its system corrupt.

This kind of stream-of-conscious description sounds much like the diagnosis of a soon to expire institutional patient. Yes it does! I suspect that there are even those amongst us who are pessimistic enough to believe that if the patient does survive the prognosis for its full recovery is only slightly more encouraging than the diagnosis. One might carry the medical analogy still further in describing SMU as akin at this point to a very sick drug addict. Fed as we have been with a steady injection of chaos, we have been on one constant frenetic, hypertensive high. The trip has been a bummer, and now we are on a down, into a giant collective withdrawal, the signs of which we have already alluded to. But it was precisely this assessment of the situation that prompted some of us to urge the convening of a conference of this type -- a conference representing all the diverse elements of the SMU family that would bring together leaders around related problems which each has attempted to deal independently in the past. By so doing, we could make it possible for students, faculty and administrators to consider intensively the ways in which each segment of the University can be mutually supportive.

This problem solving approach, compressed as it is into a short period of time is expected to yield implementable plans and solutions and a high commitment to these by those who are responsible for their development. That is not to say that we should in any way attempt to impose these plans and solutions upon the larger SMU community for to do so would be to fall into the very hierarchical trap from which we have been attempting to extricate ourselves. Our approach is not an elitist one, though it may have the hallmarks of such. Rather, it is to be expected -- given of course that we leave here two days hence with that high degree of commitment -- to return to the campus ready to excite others to join with us in creating a new vision for our university. Whether that will be the case, indeed, whether we will achieve at this conference all we hope to accomplish will depend in large measure upon our own openness and receptivity. But let it be thoroughly understood that as an educational center where the rational and the intelligent supposedly prevail, we who are a part of that center can no longer afford to continue to live on the negative energies directed at events now gone by. We must take a different road in a different direction than the one we have been on. Tonight, hopefully we take the first step down that new road.

Having said that, and realizing that our mission here this weekend is to try to refocus our sights and redirect our creative skills toward finding some of the answers to the overriding question of what should be the future of SMU, we must remind ourselves that in that quest we cannot ignore the realities of SMU's past. As individuals, we are in a very real sense the sum total of our past. The same holds true for institutions. The impact of personalities, circumstances, conditions, decisions, and actions of the past all have profound repercussions upon the course of the future, for institutions as well as for individuals. Thus the experience of the past is what enables both people and institutions to continue growth, development and increased effectiveness, to go on from that knowledge of the past, whatever it is, into a future -- whatever will be made of it. But by the same token those very same circumstances, conditions, decisions and actions can disable and hobble the future when the lessons which they teach are not wisely learned. The dusty corridors of time are strewn with the wreckage of human individuals, institutions, and nations that failed to appreciate that fact.

The first Henry Ford was fond of saying "history is bunk." But a wiser man than Henry Ford, George Santayana once said that "those who spurn the errors of history are doomed to repeat them." In keeping with that truth it might be worth our while to spend a bit of time reviewing again certain aspects of the historical past of SMU and by so doing put into perspective its future.



However, it might be well to note that within our academic circle there are those who would very much prefer to forget, and who wish that others would forget the past at SMU. To these people history is the story of dead things, of issues no longer relevant, persons no longer present. "Let us bury the past as befits the dead," say these people, "and the hatchets and hurts of our old feuds along with it. What is done is done and can't be undone. So let us offer the peacepipe, make up and go arm in arm into the sunrise of a new day."

There is a second group who recoil at this approach to history, who see in such an attitude something that is false, pollyanish and shallow. These are the angry ones, whose critics accuse them of possessing almost a macabre fascination with the atrocities of the past. These are the ones who feel intensely about people, issues and principles. In defense of such they quickly join the fray, fight bravely for their cause, and do not take lightly their defeats. They nurse their hurts and harbor their hates and rarely if ever forgive those who have become the enemy.

There is still a third group who in mind and heart fall somewhere between the extremes of the other two. These are the pragmatists who know that sometimes the harsh realities of existence have a way of forcing you to come to terms with life not as you want it to be but as it is. What is more, they have come to know that feeding one's furies gets you nothing in return but a barren soul. Yet the depth and sensitivity of these types do not allow them to disregard human values. Like those of the second group, these of the third can also feel passionately about people, issues and principles. They too will stand with courage against wrong. But they also are more willing to resign themselves to the knowledge that to the courageous and the noble does not always go the victory; that in this world the triumph of good over evil rests on nothing so much as the strength of endurance.

I suppose if one were to take a look at institutions one would have to agree that institutions are actually no better or no worse than the humans who create them, who give them purpose for existence, and who energize their inanimate character, and who establish within their legal and physical boundaries the only viable dimension they could possibly possess -- the human one.

But institutions begin in the mind -- as an idea, sometimes in the heart -- as a hope. SMU began in just such a fashion. For years it was the dream of many in this area to someday see rise within their midst not only an institution built in mortar and brick, but also and more significantly, in the invisible sinews and muscle of the intellect. That institution did rise. It rose majestically and beautifully on the plains of Dartmouth. It is the place where you and I spend a good portion of our day. But the dream which became a reality was a reality brought into being by any number of people, each making his own singular kind of contribution. Some of those people, are here tonight. I think of Walter Cass and Dr. Samuel Stone for two who years ago at Bradford Durfee in Fall River organized and promoted the idea of a better institution of higher learning for the sons and daughters of Southeastern Massachusetts. And it was their energy and their intelligence and it was their zeal, and it was their vision that helped to bring it to pass. But one must also, I suppose cope with the question of whether or not it is true that an institution is the lengthened shadow of a man. There are those who would say that this is no longer true. But if it were true, I think one might have to concede that SMU in some respects at least was the lengthened shadow of a man named Joseph Leo Driscoll. And it is about Joseph Leo Driscoll that I now want to address you.







Joseph Leo Driscoll, regardless of whether we like to talk about the subject or not, has been, in the very realist sense, the central factor at SMU, and some would even say the central force, certainly the central figure in all of the crumbling saga of these last four to five years. I came here to SMU six years ago. I came at a time in my life that was fraught with a measure of real personal struggle, of having lost the last of my family, of being alone and vulnerable. I was on a West coast camping trip, a tour of the country, and it was from Yellowstone National Park that Joe Driscoll hired me as SMU's first Dean of Men. I thought that was a pretty cool thing to do. A man who didn't know me, who had never seen me, who only knew me from what my dossier from Columbia University told him, and from what my previous employers had to say was willing to hire me. I came to SMU! I can remember so well asking where on earth Dartmouth, Massachusetts was. I'd lived in this great Bay State most of my life. I thought it was out in the western part of the state, but when I was told that it was down between the cities of Fall River and New Bedford I nearly died. I said, "Oh, that's the last place in the world I want to go." But, you know, it wasn't long before I fell in love with Dartmouth and Fall River and New Bedford and the environs. I fell in love with SMU, and above all I fell in love with the students, the faculty and my colleagues in the administration. I have never been in any place where I have known finer people than I have known as colleagues in this university. I have been on four university campuses and I know very few students who can equal the basic goodness and decency of humanity that the students of SMU have. That's not said in any way to flatter, it's offered sincerely.

Joe Driscoll was a man that I quickly harkened to, I liked him. He was my kind of Irishman, I guess. He had a kind of charm about him. There was a gutsy quality about him, a bumptious love of life. I admired his courage in being able to stand up to the politicians and to get what he wanted for SMU. I rather liked his style, not only in clothes, but in just his manner. He and I got along fine in those first years together. Then something happened! What I don't know! Maybe only the God who I happen to believe exists and whom I hold as creator of the universe and of me, maybe He knows. I wouldn't say "maybe", I'm sure He does. But something went wrong! The Joe Driscoll that I knew, the good man, became bad. A situation that was sweet with the promise of high expectations grew sour. And, of course, I think that we all know that there was a point at which some of this could certainly be traced. It could be traced to the issues of faculty challenge, of faculty questioning of the President's authority. I saw a man who I thought was given over to really fine human principles become a man who could not afford to be found wrong, who found change inconvenient and the democratic process threatening. I found a man who saw it hard to accept the right of others to doubt his judgment, or disagree with it. He had a need to dominate and control other people. His ego became insatiable.

I can remember the last time that he and I had a long conversation, and my relationship with him at that time was a close one, as close as one, I suppose, could ever get to Joe Driscoll. I told him very frankly, "Joe, you're on a wrong path." "This path that you're taking is going to lead not only this university, but it's also going to lead you to sure and certain disaster." He said he recognized that great danger, that risk. I told him quite frankly that while I did not always harbor the political views and opinions, ideas and attitudes of the professors with whom he was contesting, -- I made no secret of the fact that I was a registered Republican in those days and held a pretty conservative position -- I could not side with him on this issue. At the same time, I told him I have a towering respect for the individual freedom of man to think and to make judgments as he sees fit without any threat by either subtle or overt coercion. Furthermore, I told him that I could not stand with him, so long as he chose that course of action.



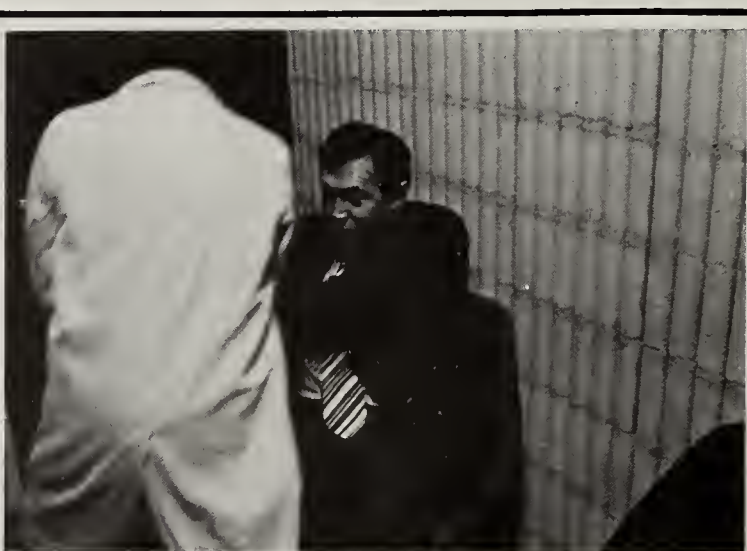
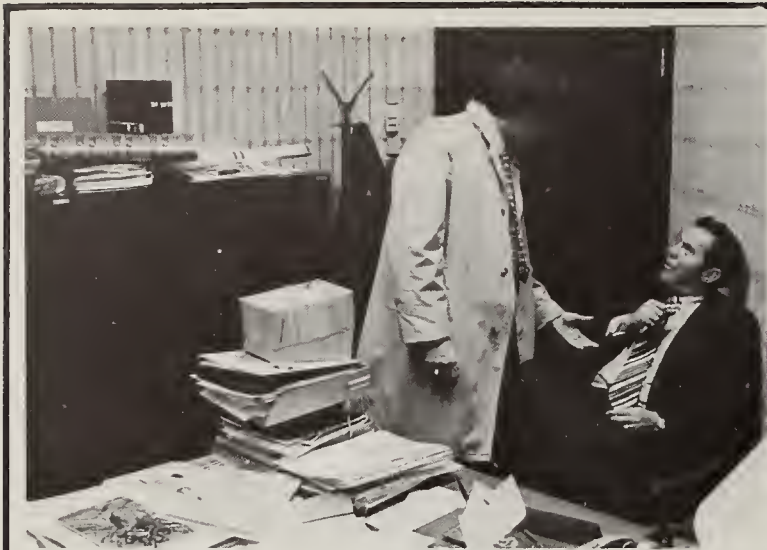




Well that was the end! Over the next year for me, as the battle lines were drawn and the troubles increased, there was a very real agonizing appraisal of what my responsibility should be to a man who was my professional superior. And because I'm Irish, I felt that very Celtic spirit, the same spirit that forges deep in the Celtic mind and heart -- a sense of loyalty. I felt that for Joe Driscoll, and it was a hard, hard thing for me to have to decide eventually that my loyalty was much to be questioned if it was only to an individual. It had to be higher loyalty than that. It had to be a principle, to convictions, and more importantly it seemed to me to the people of a university. So I broke with Joe Driscoll! And it is no secret as to how I have felt about Dr. Driscoll since. There grew in me over these years a strong, deep feeling of actual loathing for this man. I loathed him for the fact that I felt that the lust of office had indeed surely killed him, and that the spoils of that office had indeed surely bought him, and that the Actonian dictum-power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely, had indeed gotten to its target. So last night as I sat down to try and write these thoughts on paper, I ran into a psychological block. I found myself in the weirdest of situations. I just simply could not put on paper what I wanted to say. I found myself torn apart inside. Because that very process of writing, that very process of ventilating brought out in me all of this disturbing, deep-seated struggle of these years past. He had become my obsession, not a magnificent one at that, but my obsession -- nonetheless. And so I bare my soul to you tonight in that personal kind of way because for most of you as students and faculty and some of you as administrators, Joe Driscoll has also become an obsession.













We have spent our years -- these past four -- in making a man the focus point of our obsessions, our hangups, our hatreds, and that has not been good. It has not been good for us as individuals. It has not been good for us as an institution. And now that he has gone, we have nothing to unite us. That is even worse. So tonight I'm suggesting that maybe it is time for all of us to search ourselves and to decide that the day is over with, the long night also is gone, and that we are starting, as I said earlier, down a new road hopefully. Joe Driscoll has left us. I'm not saying that any of us who have suffered from this man should ever be indiscriminately kind to those who we feel have been knowingly a part of the system and of the set-up that Joe Driscoll produced which allowed the travesties of justice and fair play that prevailed in our institution. But at the same time I see nothing of and real constructive force coming out of a continuation of this type of negative feeling. I would suggest, therefore, that we look to the future and try as best we can to lay to rest that past, and do all within our power to make sure that it will never again be repeated at SMU.

That is essentially what we are here for this weekend. We are here to take up some considerations of what our university should be dedicating itself to. I've been asked to simply list for you, and that is all I'll do, some of the ideas I have come up with -- that as I said earlier need not be your goals. But this is what I suggest and they are in the order of what I consider to be of importance. They are the priorities I think we ought to have.

It seems to me in refocusing our energies and our creative thinking on the great tasks facing the University, both present and future, that first and foremost we should raise the question of what is to be our role and function as a university in relation to and with the regional communities that surround us, and support us, and who we are supposed to serve. We should ask ourselves who and what are we to serve? I'm not going to go into these in any detail, I'm simply raising them as questions and as goals.

Secondly, I believe that we should concentrate on ways by which we can make our university a more humane and a more humanized institution. It has not been that and it won't be in the future unless, somehow, all of us can come to terms with our own nature and decide that we are going to put human values before anything else. Then it seems to me, that if there is anything that the errors of the past teach us; if there is anything that Joseph Leo Driscoll has taught us, it's this -- the need for the democratization of the university's governance structure. That sounds like a typical, fuzzy-minded, liberal's phrase, "democratization of the university", but it isn't. You think about it! We need to, we must.

Then there is the question of curriculum reform, and it seems to me that in link with that is also the question of faculty evaluation. It is only right that faculty should be evaluated, (as far as I'm concerned I think that administrators should be too, and maybe that's something that you could add to your list). But I think that the faculty evaluation must be one which is as scrupulously fair as we can make it -- one that will not be used by those in administrative ranks or departmental ranks as weapons with which to abuse members of the teaching staff.

Then, of course, there should be an improvement in intra-university communication. It has got to come soon if we're to function as a community.

lastly, the involvement of students. I'm not now talking necessarily about democratization of governance, they would be a part of that, most surely. But student involvement, as it's represented by agencies of student government, student publications and so forth. we've got to make these more effective, more able to work, more sensitive to what students themselves wish. In that respect, as I've said to Paul

Vasconcellos on a number of occasions, it seems to me that one of the most important projects that lies ahead for students is the question of studying a new form of student government, be it unicameral or some other type.

These are what I would suggest as goals for us to consider this weekend.

You know there was frankly very little of the radical student revolution which swept over campuses just a few short years ago that I could accept. Somehow my pragmatic, conservative instincts were offended by the cater wailed inanities and insanities that were put forth at that time as some kind of high wisdom. But if I read correctly the message of that movement and of that day it was this -- that young people want control of their lives. And that is a goal that I, for one, can buy. I say, more power to them! They are the first generation to come along who probably has insisted that they are point to rule their own lives. Would that those of us who preceeded you had that kind of courage, guts and determination. However, it also means that for those of us in the university such a determination will face us with the reality that students are going to insist and obtain the right to have a hand in controlling most phases of university affairs. Note that I did not say a controlling hand. I said merely a hand in controlling. I think this is, frankly, all that students really want -- to have a shared responsibility in that very major endeavor. These are the central issues, it seems to me, that we must come to grips with this weekend.

But in closing, I want to also suggest what might be called an extra recommendation, one that bears some merit. As you know, the University is in the process of trying to find a new President. It seems to me that this is the time that would be appropriate to create some kind of a special Study Commission, call it what you will -- a Study of Educational Policies and Programs. A Commission that would be so designed as to incorporate the whole SMU community in helping to clarify goals and shape future programs. This study should not be conducted by a single committee but it should involve a series of panels with the guidance, possibly of outside consultants, who would identify and analyze options and opportunities. The purpose of this study would be to help a new President as he comes to the helm to formulate firm and sound policy suggestions. I know that we already have at work certain task forces -- there is the Mission of the University group, there are any number of others. It may be that such groups could be in some way incorporated into such a Study Commission. This would be one very dramatic way to taking a good hard look at exactly where we've come and where we're going.

The goals which we set for ourselves in life sometimes are not reached. Nevertheless it is necessary that we have goals. It is necessary that we give to ourselves direction. Tonight in closing I want to share these brief lines from John Kennedy who said in one of the earlier addresses of his administration these words.

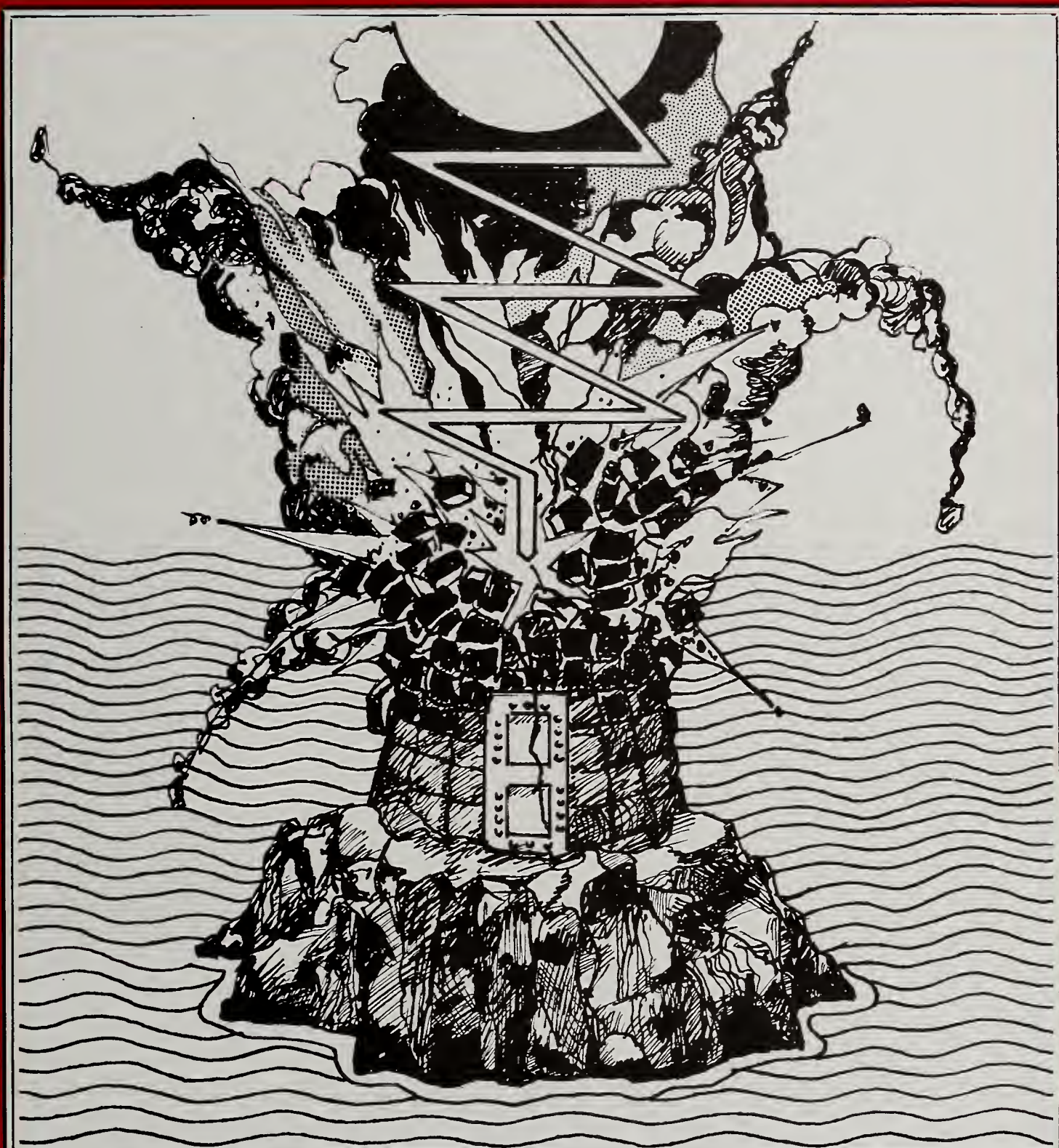
We will not reach that goal today or tomorrow. Perhaps we will not reach it until the end of our life. But seeking it is the greatest adventure of our age. We may be impatient at times with the weight of our obligations, the complexity of decision, the agony of choice. But for us, there is no comfort or serenity in evasion. No solution in abdication and no release in irresponsibility.

Those words apply to us as individuals and collectively as a university.

I know that for you, especially those of you who are young, those of you who are our most precious commodity, the most precious single force that any institution of learning has -- its students -- tomorrow and the creation of the communities of hope and reason, and justice and peace are far more important than the conferences of yesterday.







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PEH





THIS STORY  
IS  
ABOUT  
THE END  
OF  
THE WORLD

*by Ross Gelbspan*







# THE END

will come within the next 100 years, under the weight of population and industrial overgrowth, according to a team of MIT scientists, unless we stop all growth within the next few years. Otherwise civilization will collapse sometime in the 21st century and the majority of us and our children will die of hunger, pollution, disease and perhaps 100 other grotesque and terrifying catastrophes that accompany the collapse of civilization.



The team, headed by Professor Dennis Meadows, presented the findings of an 18-month study on the predicament of mankind at the Smithsonian Institution Thursday. Having studied the report and digested the concepts, without having had time to investigate opposition from the scientific and business world, I must say that it seems very real to me.

The report is based on computer analyses and projections of five global factors: accelerating industrialization, rapid population growth, widespread malnutrition, the depletion of non-renewable resources, and the deterioration of the environment. Each of these is growing at an exponential rate—that is, a rate of geometric progression in which a thing increases by a constant percentage of the whole in constant time periods.

The concept of exponential growth is most important to understand. Imagine you had a penny on the first day of the month. On the second day you doubled it. On the third day, you doubled that. Sit down with a pencil and paper and figure out how much you would have in a month. An while you are calculating the increase, imagine that all around you people are being born, factories are increasing, resources are being extracted, pollutants being generated—all at the same rate of increase as your penny. The most important thing to understand about exponential growth is that its impact is felt all at once. It is not until the 25th or 26th day that the sum really begins to get out of hand.

In terms of the world model constructed by the MIT team, this means that after about 1985 it will be too late to reverse the final stage of exponential growth which will cause the collapse of natural and social life-support systems. But the actual impact will not be totally felt until the mid 21st century, when the price of food suddenly skyrockets out of reach, and masses of population begin to die from starvation and disease.

The model shows merely the gross over-trends, and while it requires a lot of refinements, the authors of the report say the basic behavior modes appear to be so fundamental that "We do not expect our broad conclusions to be substantially altered by further revisions."





What it all comes down to is, the planet earth is finite. It has only so much space, so many resources, and so much tolerance for diversifying the effects of industrialization. Man's activities - in terms of population (most of the Third World) and in terms of economic growth (Europe, American, Russia and Japan) - have accelerated exponentially into a pattern of infinite and self-perpetuating growth. And you cannot grow infinitely in a finite environment. Something has to give.

In 1850, there were half a billion people on earth. In 1970 there are 3.5 billion. In 2000 there will be seven billion and the rate of increase would go on from there except that much of the world's population will begin to die at that point. Capital output, which itself helps boost population as well as deplete resources and generate pollution, is increasing at a higher rate than population.

On a world basis, all the factors are inter-related - so that industrial output increases agricultural output which increases food which increases population which increases resource depletion, etc.

The scientists run various combinations of projections through the computer and the only one which worked - the only system under which humanity would achieve impact - is what they call a state of equilibrium in which the birth rate equals the death rate and the rate of capital growth equals the rate of capital depreciation.

Merely to control one or two of the factors - by, for example, pollution and birth control - would not alter the inherent process of exponential growth which is leading us very quickly to the point Steadman calls "doomsday and collapse."

All this is no way of a simplified explanation of the report. But if its results hold up, it means we must decide just on what kind of a society we want to have under an equilibrium state and how to attain it. A UN official working on economic development in Third World nations says any such equilibrium must include redistribution of the world's wealth. Otherwise, a state of equilibrium is totally unacceptable to the majority of the world's population for it would lock the poor of the world into a state of permanent poverty.







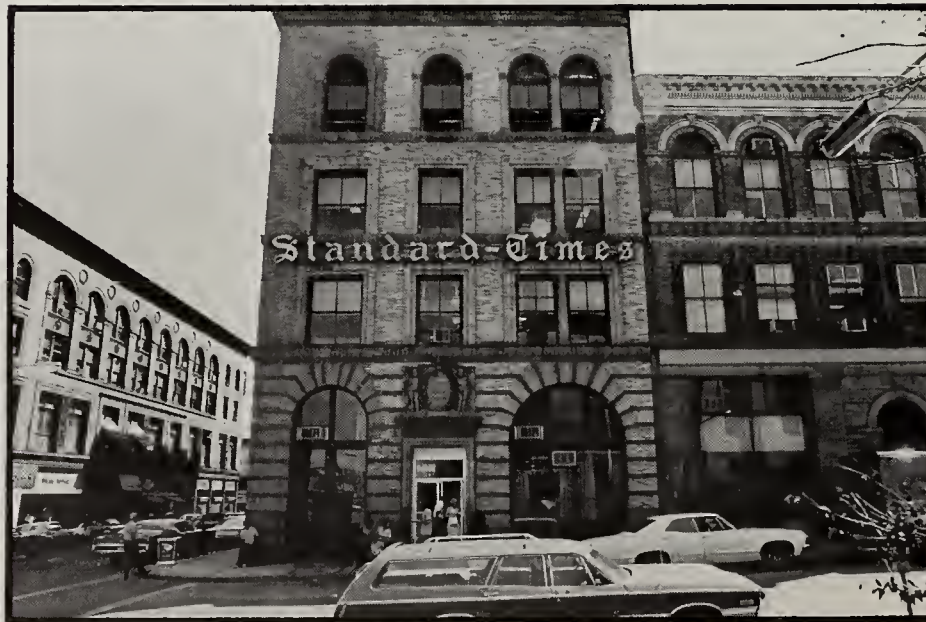
The equilibrium state goes against a fundamental American instinct- the drive for growth. The changes that will be required in our mentality are staggering. It means we must be willing to give away much of what we have. It means the whole world would be living at about the same standard of living - approximately that of middle-class Europeans - if we act quickly. It means that people will probably be working only a scant portion of the hours they now work. It means a tremendous shift of capital from material and industrial goods into service areas - education, health, the arts, sports, etc. - which do not yield increasing capital dividends. It means to end of the marketplace economy, the equalization of wealth throughout the world. It means a totally new global consciousness which is as remote from the mainstream of American thought as Copernicus' conception of the universe was the church-dominated mentality of his time. Only we have a very few years to make adjustment.

And 1975 is three years away.

Can America and the world be brought under control? I don't know. The first thing I would suggest to anyone who cares is to read 'The Limits to Growth,' a Potomac Associates Book which will be released in a few days. And keep track of your emotional reactions. It will help you to imagine what this country may be going through in the coming months.

Initially, I found myself torn between total apathy and hysteria. Instead of writing this story, I wandered around the apartment and began playing solitaire for the first time in 10 years. But then the shock wears off and there is nothing to do but follow through any way you can. The urgency is very great. But it is tempered by the fear of sounding fanatic. How do you react to someone screaming at you the world is going to end? So in this article - and in follow-up stories - I will try very hard not to scream.

I guess for me the ultimate image was of Dr. Donella Meadows, wife of the team leader, sitting on a platform with the other young scientists (average age 26) addressing the packed hall. Like her husband, she talked with warmth and calm clarity. And when she stood up we saw she was pregnant. To know what she knows - and to be pregnant. It seems the only way to do it.





## The Right Child

Dear Sir:

The subject of Ross Gelbspan's 'This Story Is About The End of the World' (Voice, March 9) has been at the back of my mind for a while. I happened to proofread Garrett Hardin's 'New Ethics for Survival,' which deals with the same material, and for some time now I have been going around telling people a story from Buber's 'Tales of the Hasidin' as I remembered it:

The rabbi stops a busy man and asks him, 'Why do you work so hard?'

'So I can have a son who will grow up and study Torah.' (This is a traditional Jewish story and therefore male chauvinist.)

The rabbi goes on: 'And when the son grows up and I ask him, Why do you work so hard?' he will say, 'So I can have a son who will grow up and study Torah.' But when will we find the right child?"

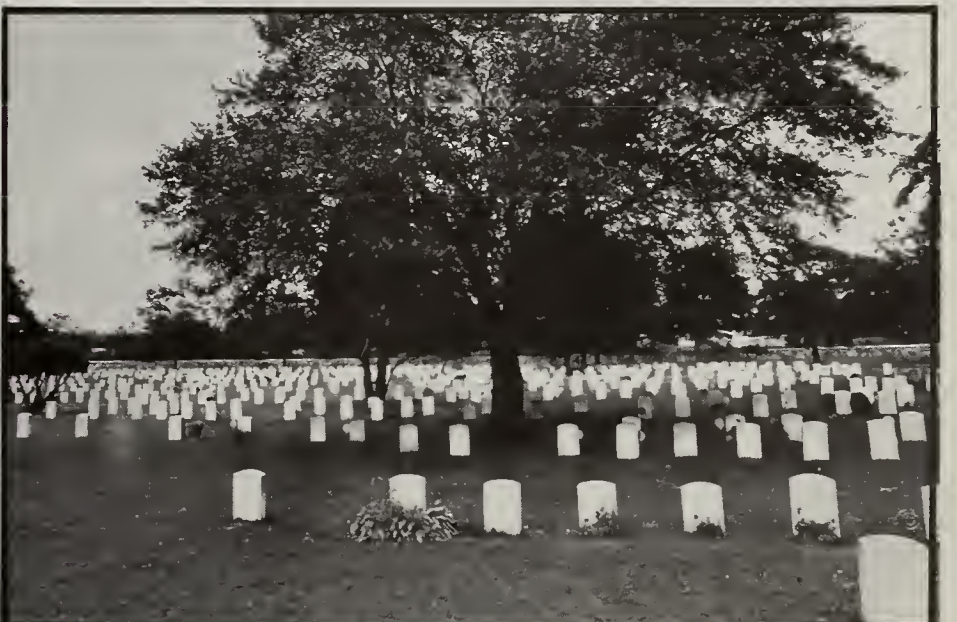
What has to happen is that enough people stop and say, 'I am the right child.'

I have just reread the story and found that it had changed in my mind since the last time I read it. In the book, the man answers, 'To bring up my son to study and serve God.' But as I have found myself telling the story, the man works in order to have the child who will study Torah - that is, become what the parent wanted to be.

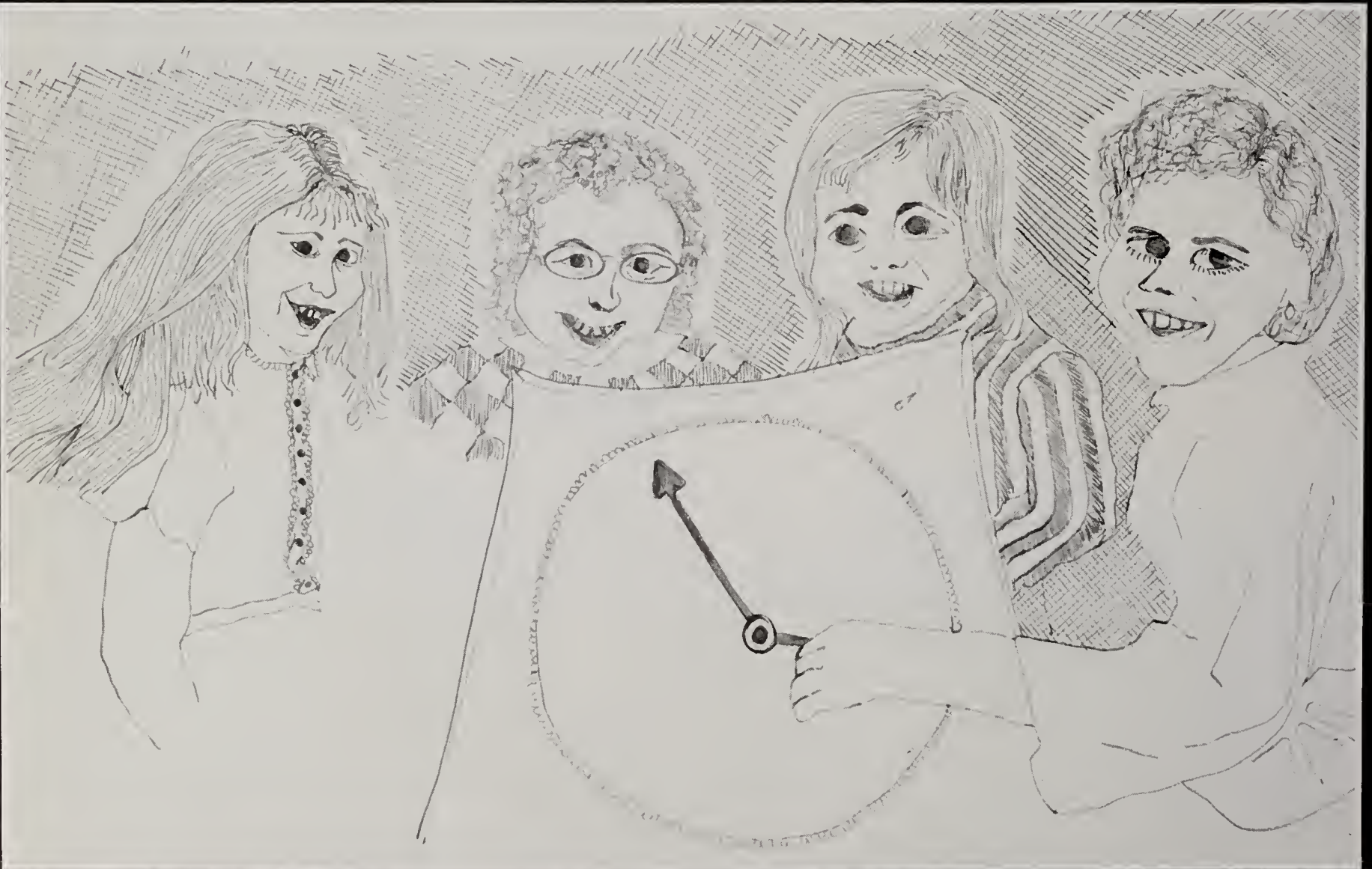
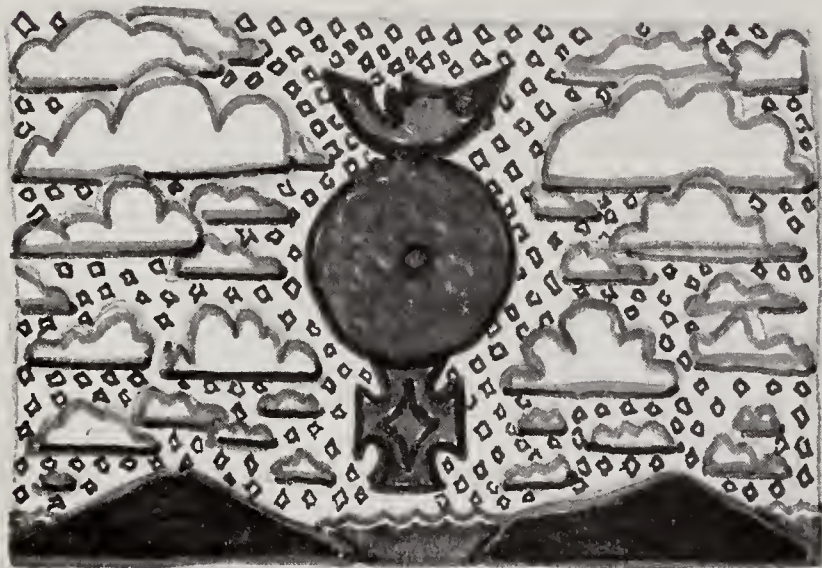
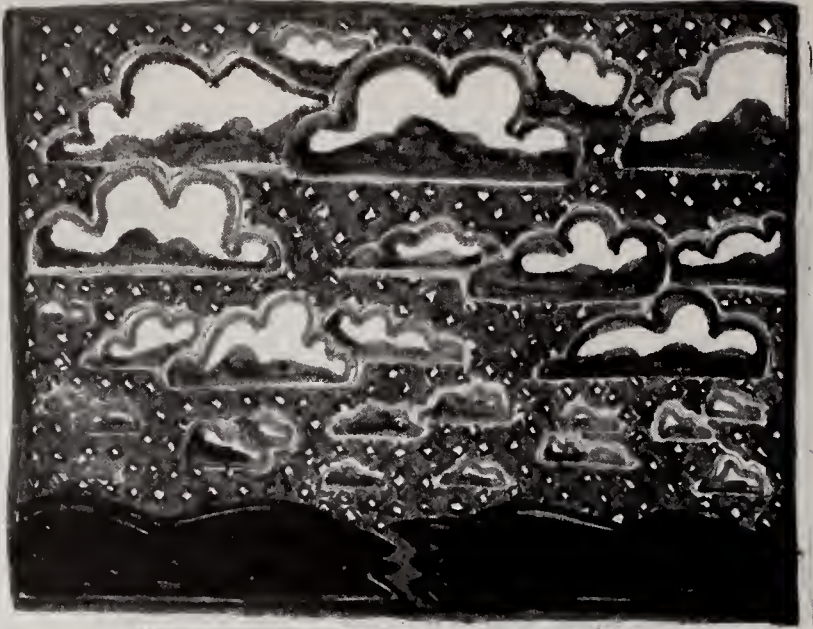
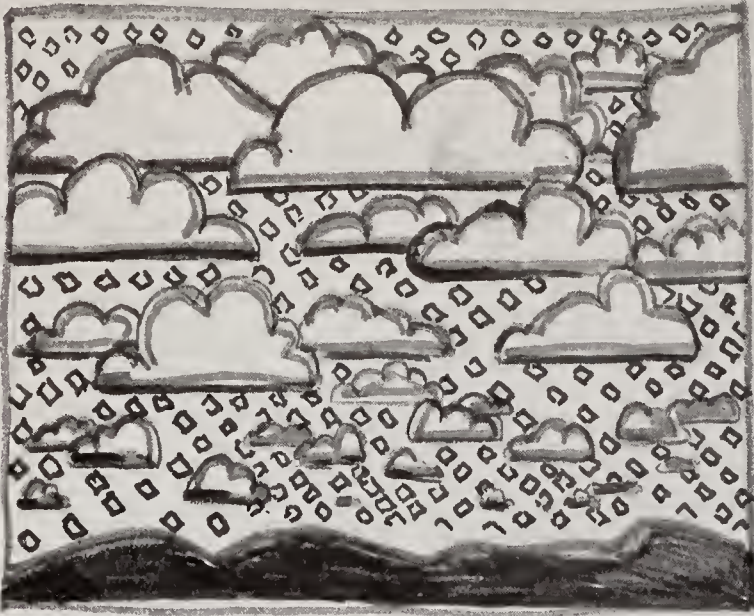
Sometimes I tell the story in discussions of population growth, a propos a common reason for having children: the need for extensions of oneself. I also tell it to explain why I live: why I choose to work part time and little and spend most of what I earn on therapy and sensory awareness classes, and why I probably will not have children. My energy is directed toward intergrating myself and is not available for bringing up a child. I want to become the right child, not have it. The people I feel closest to are making similar choices, in their own way. I suspect others are, quietly.

It may seem that I am ignoring the broad social changes that will soon be necessary. But I feel that my life is preparing me for some of them - for example, changes in the necessary 'reappraisal of cultural values' will not take place unless enough people reappraise their personal values and become the right child. What bothers me most is the double time scale. The process by which one becomes the right child takes its own time, but the world has three years.

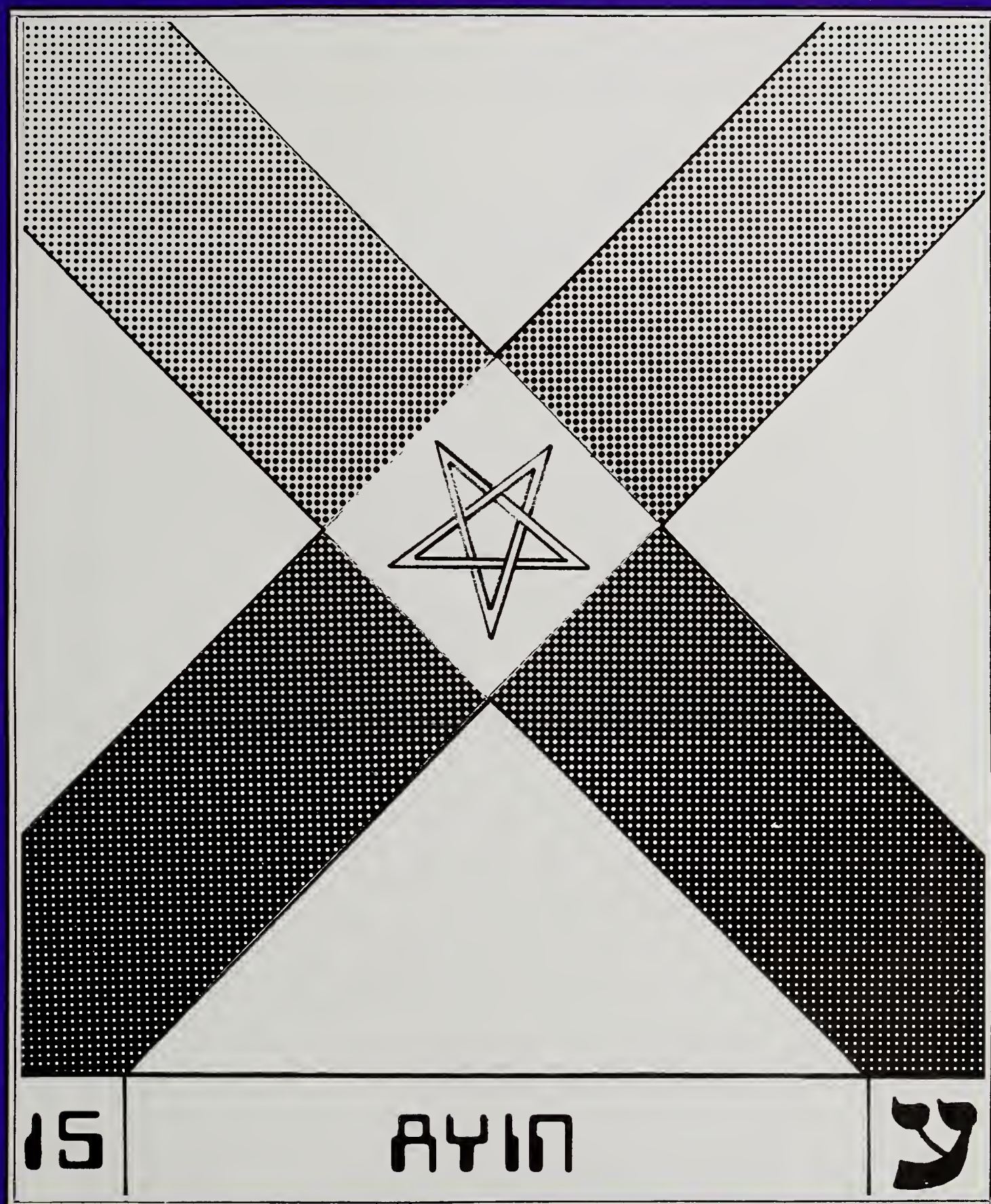
Leah Zahler  
West 17th Street













I'd love to change the world,  
but i don't know what to do,  
so i'm leaving it up to you!

TEN YEARS AFTER







If you, reader, will accept the fact that you are being redefined in the moment of reading this sentence, and that I am being redefined in the moment of writing it, we both will have come a hell of a way in escaping the stasis both acts imply. Speaking from his own bias, Mao called this principle "perpetual revolution." So did Julian Beck of the Living Theatre. So does Sid Karp of Philadelphia.

The point is that -- because of the post-McLuhan realities of what Gene Youngblood has called the "global intermedia network" (and a few other things) -- our time is being more and more compressed, our experiences are becoming more intense, and our general awareness more diffuse. Rock music is an example close to me, and probably the easiest to talk about.

Since the early Sixties, rock has undergone changes that took decades to happen to jazz. Chuck Berry's rhythm & blues (the most frequently cited) was introduced in England by the Beatles and Stones, sprinkled with a little English salt and deep-fried in the prole underground clubs of London and Liverpool, then reexported to America where it sold and was consumed like fish and chips. Once the last bit of r&b had been licked up, however, the music didn't atrophy the way it had in the hands of its creators. By 1965 and '66 the music had developed a social conscience and became aware of its own poetic potential. The hipper lyrics of those years reflected both factors. By 1967 the Beatles were doing rock opera, by the next year white blues bands were reexploring the country and folk roots of the whole thing and, in the last two years, horns have been added and jazz-rock has become more than an ad hype or a critic's pretension. Despite a fallow period in 1969-70, the future promises synthesis beyond imagination, and all of this happened in seven years. (So what if some of the experiments were manic junk?)

At this writing, the "movement" has exhausted both the clichés of flower and bomb power and is temporarily (?) reeling in its tracks, straddling some flattened caps of Berkeley acid, some old FSM buttons, a few shards of Weatherman shrapnel. (Huey P. Newton, however, is free at last).

In Los Angeles, the *Free Press*, once the flagship of the underground journalism movement, spends itself defending aberrations -- the Manson "family," Bernardine Dohrn, Tim Leary -- and playing paranoia games: "they've got this super list with *everyone's name and measurements*."

And there is an undeniable sense of paranoia in the land. What's left of the hippie culture has spread to rural areas in California, Oregon, Colorado, New Mexico, Vermont and New Hampshire, and is closing itself off -- unwilling to allow new arrivals. The sanest members of SDS got out after the final convention in Chicago, 1969, and before the September "Days of Rage." Those left seem to be bug-eyed stereotypes with fuses under their trench coats. Hoffman and Rubin, the song-and-dance team, are no longer funny (it was reliably reported that Rubin was crying in the Chicago courtroom after his sentencing at the Conspiracy trial), and Tim Leary is in revolutionary drag, having jettisoned his self-proclaimed pacifism with his prison uniform after breaking out of the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo. Leary, if he is to be believed, is now carrying a gun and is prepared to use it on whatever "short-haired robot" threatens his life and freedom. The war hasn't stopped, the racial situation is still black, the ecology is still presumably lousy, traditional politics is worse than ever, even the music scene is in a lull.

The time-compression syndrome and its attendant ills have added to the paranoia -- man's brain is still subject to all kinds of flutterings and breakdowns from the darkness of its own history -- and yet, it is possible that the general acceleration may outdistance the paranoia, may transcend temporary lulls and sidetrips of all kinds. Drugs have certainly done their thing; bizarre politics and other forms of religion seem to have destroyed their own credibility; a grudging acceptance of "difference" seems to be growing -- even hard-core street people now acknowledge that *Easy Rider* might have been fun to watch but was a regional indictment at best, and that only in a half-assed way. There are other alternatives now.

There is no sure way to prove this, but it seems to me that the best of the youth generation has not "sold out" to either capitalism or what I call "purism." There may be no Woodstock Nation, but there is no Altamont Nation either. Buckminster Fuller may be overly optimistic, and so may Charles Reich, but the fact remains that "hip capitalism" does not always have to be a pejorative, and there is room for many kinds of communally run organizations -- business, political, artistic. There is hope for new kinds of education, new concepts in personal relations, a rapprochement with technology -- even new applications of old "political" techniques -- Saul Alinsky's tactics have never been utilized by the young in the *sustained* manner in which they were intended.









This is still the best educated generation in American history, and there are figures to prove it is the first not to be primarily interested in amassing great amounts of wealth as a life goal. American business has been foremost in the world for decades, while American government, arts and social institutions have been consistently inferior. With many kids *not* going into GM and the Rand Corporation anymore -- *Esquire* Magazine recently ran a feature on what the Harvard class of 1964 is doing with itself (psychology grad teaching yoga; anthropologist living in a commune; med school grad acting and writing; city planner farming) -- there is hope that the Best Minds of *this generation may at least balance the pattern.*

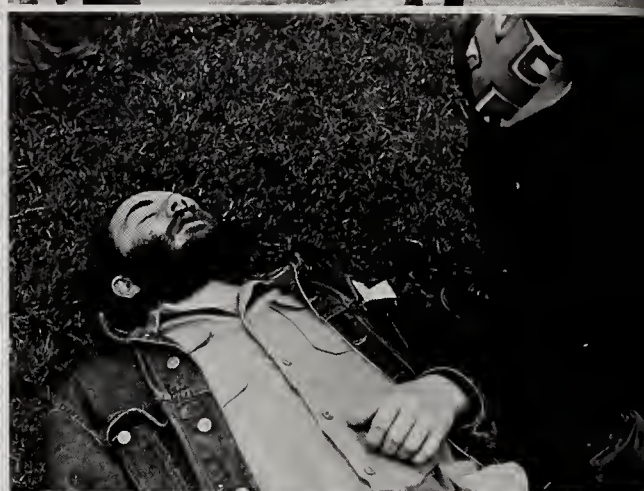
Taken separately, the best of them project the attitudes of the people being written about; taken as a collection, they begin to form a pattern for an Age.

Many newspapers have now disappeared, and most of those remaining have altered direction. The *Washington* (D'C') *Free Press*, *Open City* (Los Angeles), *Old Mole* (Boston), *Orpheus* (Phoenix) and many other ultra "underground" publications are dead.

Hard political and freak papers like the *Berkeley Barb*, *Berkeley Tribe*, *Good Times*, *East Village Other* and *Rat* are foundering. (The *Barb's* circulation is reportedly down to 35,000 from a high of 75,000 two years ago.) EVO's financial situation, always tenuous, is now grave; *Rat*, in New York City, has been taken over by radical feminists and presently reads like an Old Left propaganda sheet; only the vocabulary of the rhetoric has changed. The Underground Press Syndicate, conceived as a means for the national underground press movement to work together, trade stories and (hopefully) pool resources to improve distribution and advertising, is nonfunctional. Liberation News Service, once the "wire service" of the underground, split into two factions shortly after it was formed. After the departure of its founders, Marshall Bloom and Ray Mungo, the "revolutionary" faction of LNS (known as the "New York" LNS) also regressed to rhetoric. (Bloom continued to put out his version of LNS from a communal farm in Massachusetts for a time; then it gradually died. Bloom committed suicide in 1969. Mungo has authored two fairly successful books about his experiences since then, and he was in Scotland when last heard from).







The most readily discernible effect on standard newspapers and magazines has been in layout and format. Looser and more imaginative handling of pictures and illustrations and the development of the collage as multi-statement has deformed graphics all over the country. The number of "psychedelic" book jackets, album covers, matchbook covers, etc., is testament to the impact of the underground at large. Subject matter and attitude in stories have likewise been broadened. Because underground editors smoked dope and dropped acid, their attitudes toward drugs and the laws that made them illegal were reflected in their papers; new examinations of some of the more arcane beliefs regarding drugs began to appear by 1968-69 in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Newsweek*, *Time* and even *The Wall Street Journal*. Ramsey Clark, the attorney general of the United States at the time of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, 1968, offered the opinion by November 1970 that marijuana smoking should be legalized. (Unfortunately, he was no longer attorney general).

Why the underground press at first succeeded and later failed is largely a human matter, only partly subject to conspiracies and persecution fantasized by too many of its members (and readership), or to purely economic factors. As Don DeMaio, himself an underground editor, wrote in a report on the Underground Press Convention at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in July 1969:

*After a few minutes a messenger arrived with the news that an establishment reporter from the Detroit Free Press . . . was asking permission to cover the conference was later canceled when Abbie Hoffman suggested the press be barred until the final day when a press conference would be held. (The conference was later cancelled).*

Once the daily press had been disposed of, it was the Village Voice's turn. The group's attention turned to Voice pop columnist Richard Goldstein, who was standing quietly next to a pup tent. "We don't want you writing about this thing in the Village Voice," one delegate told Goldstein.







"I have no intention of writing this up for the Voice or any other newspaper," Goldstein said. "But I won't give my promise. I don't think that's necessary."

There was some muttering and Goldstein felt as if Ann Arbor might not be his thing. He left that night.

A final bit of paranoia came next when the presence of UPS cameras and tape recorders was questioned. The absurdity of the inquisition was brought to a climax when UPS head Tom Forcade suggested those who didn't want to be in the film could position themselves out of camera range. All that was left was for John Wilcock, himself a UPS founder, to question: "Aren't we overdoing the paranoia business? First, we bar the establishment press, and now we say we can't even cover the meeting ourselves." His statement was filmed.

DeMaio noted that a guard with a shotgun stood watch while the conference went on, in case of attack.

The underground press is dead, like the overground press (newspapers, at least) before it, killed in three short years by the same stasis that took sixty years to kill its forebears.

Long live underground television, radio, news writing!

It seems incredible that hair length and marijuana smoking caused the furor they did only three and four years ago; it seems equally incredible that campus rioting in 1968 and 1969 at Berkeley, Columbia, San Francisco State, Harvard and hundreds of other schools ended with as little bloodshed as there was. Michael Rossman, a student organizer, wrote in the April 5, 1969, issue of *Rolling Stone*: "America's 2,700 colleges form a great youth ghetto with seven million inhabitants." In the same issue, *Rolling Stone* Editor Jann Wenner wrote: "These new politics are about to become a part of our daily lives, and willingly or not, we are in it."

By May 1969, the images of police beating unarmed students and blacks at campus demonstrations, in urban riots, at the Chicago Democratic Convention had, like the nightly war and traffic casualty lists and the weather report, become a part of the national consciousness. People had been talking about guns and bombs for a long time -- had even gotten in a little sniping and bombing (Watts, Newark, the Bay Area





power-line explosions), yet when the news came that National Guardsmen at Kent State University in Ohio had shot and killed four students and that police had killed two more at Jackson State College in Mississippi (the total of twenty-two wounded in both incidents seemed somehow incidental, instant victims of time-compression), even the paranoids who'd been posturing with shotguns were stunned. It had finally come down. This was what both sides had been turning over for years, running fantasies of blood in the streets, revenge for ultimate insult (pig!) and ultimate condescension (kid!), the American Dream Meets the Wolfman. Weatherman had been knocked on his ass during the "Days of Rage" in Chicago, and the Trial of the New Culture had ended in a bizarre form of compromise – dismissal for some, "moderate" sentences for others, and endless appeals, red tape and finally freedom-by-bail. Only Bobby Seale was left in jail. What had been settled? Was this all?

Interestingly, Kent State and Jackson State were "second echelon" schools. Movements did not begin on their campuses. Mario Savio and Mark Rudds did not spring full-bloom from their lecture halls, cafeterias, off-campus bars. Was it that the custodians of the old order felt more justified, *safer* killing the children of their own class, or was it that revolt among the middle-middle and lower-middle young posed an even greater danger to the system? Did it presage the first real crack in the base of the statue? Were the very student-teachers and upwardly mobile blacks joining the intellectually elite Jews and born-to-the-manner WASPS of Harvard and Berkeley, of Columbia and Brandeis, the historically justified militants on every campus? If this was allowed, who would tend the schools, shuffle the papers, sweep up the offal dropping from the top and piling up from the bottom?

At the end of the Deathweek at Kent, the signs looked hopeful. The moderate, middle-level kid who attended the school was talking about regional organizing, serious boycotting, and he was clenching his jaw muscles in the way his older brother had when *he'd* gone off to stop the Yellow Peril in Korea nearly twenty years before. One thing about Americans – they still maintain the dream that they know how to get the job done once they've perceived what it is. Trashing swept Telegraph Avenue in the spring of 1970, but at Berkeley itself, the best hope for the future seemed to be a determination to close down the nation's most symbolic campus soon after it was scheduled to reopen in the fall. Nixon had cooled his Cambodian heels, but the nation's young were now ready to penetrate the layers of deceit enveloping the White House with something more serious than their green alienation.

Of course, nothing happened. Many schools allowed their students to work for peace and radical candidates during the elections of November 1970, and the Republicans did not achieve the national sweep they'd been prophesying. But the steam built up by the killings dissipated with the first real cold.

Those who'd hoped for more were left to ponder the future weather. Meanwhile, reprisals in the form of grand jury indictments against those who'd participated – or were supposed to have participated in the spring rebellion – were making new headlines in Kent, Ohio, and around the country.

The core of this country, as Norman Mailer alleges, may have gone mad. Hopefully despite too many drugs and a weakness for fantasy, the great number of the young have not (yet). To explore the possibilities, David Felton and David Dalton undertook a massive examination of the Charles Manson case.

Manson was seen as a victim of society. He had hippie trappings, charisma and an exotic acid rap. He'd gotten openly sympathetic coverage from the *Los Angeles Free Press* and, later support by the Weathermen. Bernardine Dohrn (before she disappeared) had begun singing his praises: "Offing those rich pigs, far out," she'd said. "The Weathermen dig Charlie Manson."

The possibility that the underground press was going to make a culture hero of Manson was alarming. After four months, Felton and Dalton had assembled enough material on the "family" to write the definitive article.

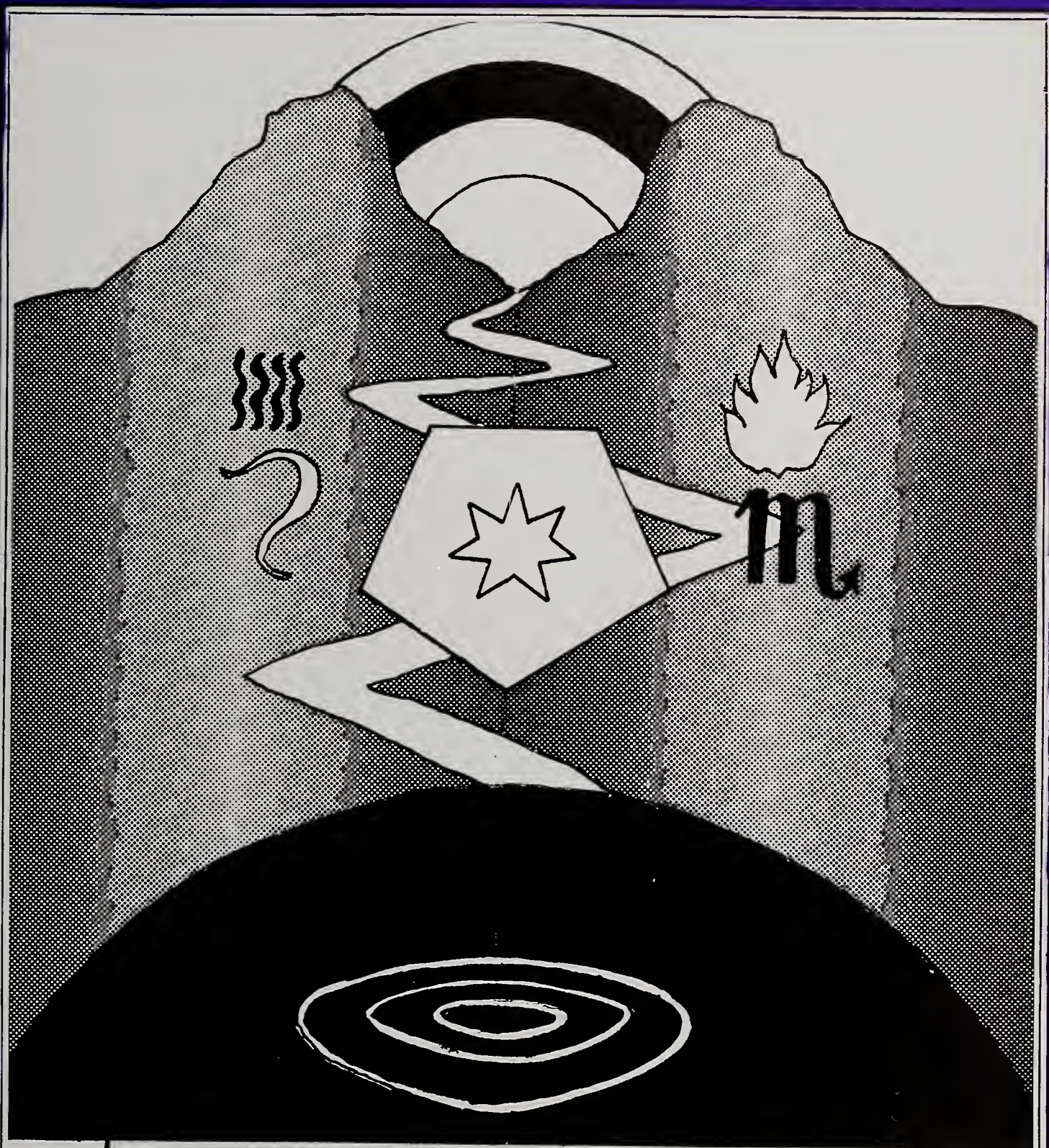
Happily, the apotheosis of Charlie Manson never happened. Via its ultimate means of expression – buying power – America rejected him. *The Manson Family Album*, recorded from tapes of Charlie singing and playing guitar, couldn't find sales outlets; "Free Charlie" buttons, appearing in headshops, stayed there; aside from the usual sensational stories appearing in the usual sensational places, and a disgusting instant film, marketed only weeks after the Sharon Tate multiple murders, Manson didn't really sell well. Even *Rolling Stone's* story, despite the excellence of its writing and the praise it received from editors on every level of publishing, was widely criticized by its own young (average age, 22) readers for "glorifying" what one letter writer called "an insane little man."

Hopefully, the reaction means more than simple rejection of an unpleasant reality; at best, it may signal the recognition of an "age of paranoia" in America, and a first step in its rejection.

– JOHN LOMBARDI  
AGE OF PARANOIA







19

SAMEKH





## Across the Universe

words are flowing out like endless rain into a paper cup  
they slither while, they pass, they slip away across the universe  
pools of sorrow waves of joy are drifting through my open mind  
possessing and caressing me

Jai Guru Deva Om

Nothing's gonna change my world

Images of broken light which dance before me like a million eyes  
they call me on and on across the universe

thoughts meander like a restless wind inside a letter box  
they tumble blindly as they make their way across the universe

Jai Guru Deva Om

Nothing's gonna change my world

sounds of laughter shades of life are ringing through my open ears  
Inviting and inciting me

limitless undying love which shines around me like a million suns  
it calls me on and on across the universe

Jai Guru Deva Om

Nothing's gonna change my world

Nothing's gonna change my world

Jai Guru Deva

- the Beatles



T.M.

T.M.





The purpose of education is to culture the mind of a man so that he can accomplish all his aims in life. Education, to justify itself, should enable a man to use the full potential of his body, mind and spirit. It should also develop in him the ability to make the best use of his personality, surroundings and circumstances so that he may accomplish the maximum in life for himself and for others. There are tremendous latent possibilities which are never unfolded by young people during their student life, the most precious time for laying the foundations of their careers.

When we turn our attention to the great educators of the Western World what we find in their works are two basic themes. First of all they sought to discover the underlying source of knowledge, the absolute field of existence. If such a source could be known then all the different objects of knowledge, they believed, would fall into proper order. Secondly, they wished to discover the highest goal of action, the summum bonum, as it has been called, and the incentive to achieve it so that men might be directed toward it and influenced by it. Once habituated to the highest good, right action, or virtue would become spontaneously lived by men.

Unfortunately, a strictly intellectual approach was taken toward the investigation of the source of knowledge and right action. These educators were bound by their exclusive reliance on the objective intellect which set the tide of western thought from its inception down to the present time.

We see that on the level of the intellect it is impossible to achieve a complete understanding of life by studying all the different fields of knowledge. How much of the world could be physically investigated and known through examination of phenomena? The universe is so vast and creation so unlimited that it is not possible to analyse and dissect everything in the entire creation. This is why the present system of education fails to quench the thirst for knowledge. It excites the thirst but does not have the means to satisfy it. Interdisciplinary studies must locate a common basis of all knowledge which will link together all different branches of learning. It is almost always true that as man studies in any field he finds a greater field of the unknown lying ahead. However, much is known about a subject, more advanced study can eventually only reveal to the student a far greater range of knowledge which is yet unknown and to which he has no access. Present systems of education help more to expose the ignorance of a subject than to provide knowledge of it. This will always remain the case so long as they are based only on information. Superficial knowledge of various subjects proves only to frustrate students rather than enlighten them.

It is possible to structure a fully developed man who will live the benefit of all knowledge, by locating

the home of all knowledge. The Science of Creative Intelligence shows that it is not necessary to master every field of knowledge in order to achieve the final goal of knowledge. KNOWLEDGE IS STRUCTURED IN CONSCIOUSNESS. If the knower brings his awareness to the source of the thinking process, to where faint impulses of the thoughts start, then he will achieve the fruit which our great educators have labored so long to find. The Science of Creative Intelligence enables one to locate the integrated value of all disciplines through the practice of Transcendental Meditation.

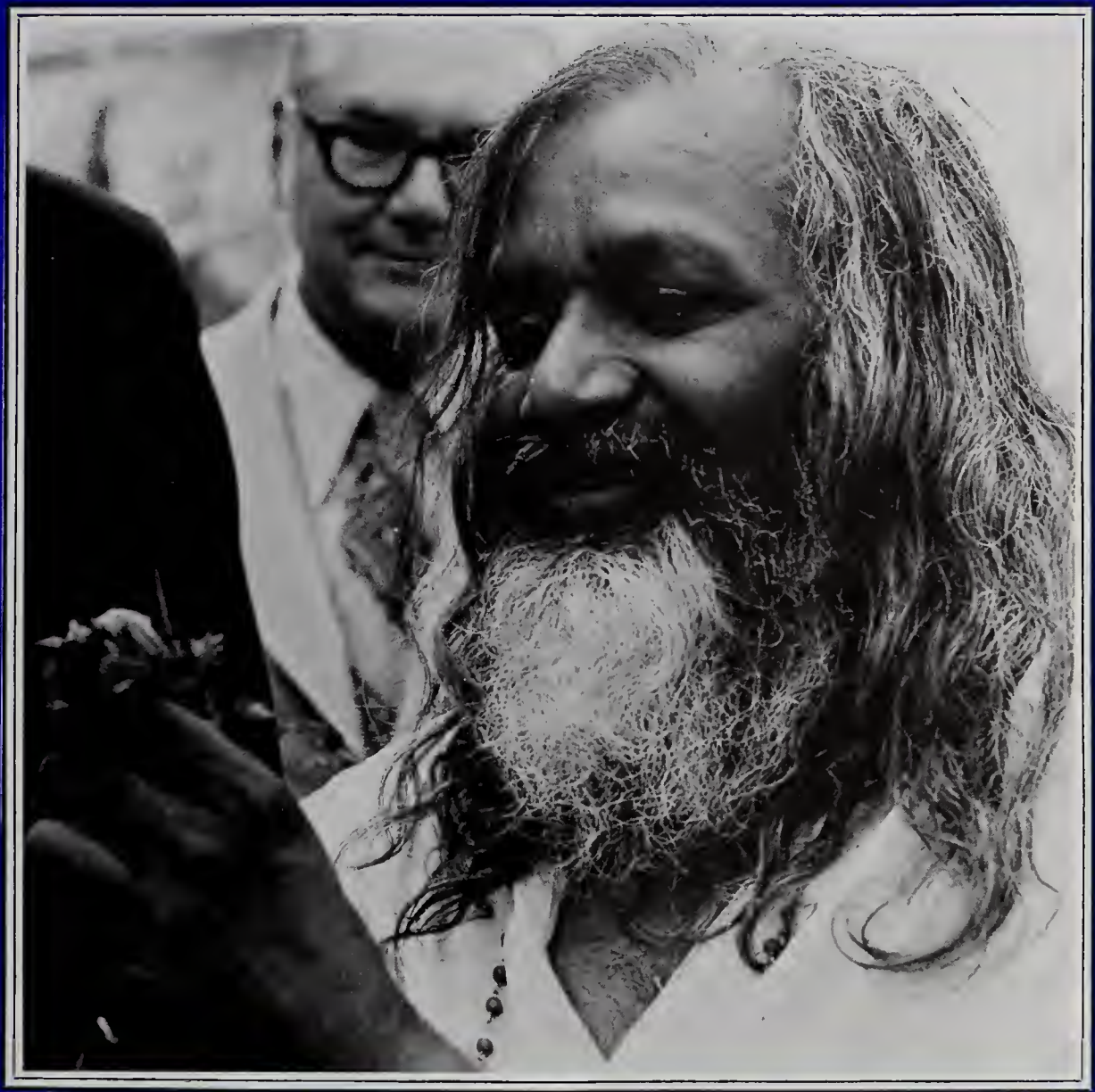
Transcendental Meditation allows the student to open his conscious awareness to the source of all knowledge and creation, pure Creative Intelligence.

Everyone is aware that the finer levels of the universe are intrinsically more fundamental and more powerful. The atomic level is more powerful and fundamental than the chemical level, which in turn is more powerful than the outer gross level. Likewise, the mind also functions at deeper, more fundamental and powerful levels of thought. Underneath the subtlest layer of all that exists in the relative field is the abstract, absolute field of pure Creative Intelligence which is unmanifested and transcendental. It is neither matter nor energy, it is the state of pure existence. This state of pure existence underlies all that exists. Everything is the expression of this field of Creative Intelligence which is the essential constituent of all relative life.

Every thought we think is an impulse that comes from deep within the mind. Ordinarily, however, this impulse is perceived as thought only during the later stages of its development. Scientists now confirm that the average individual only uses approximately 5-10% of his brain. In contrast to this usual experience of thinking at the surface level of the mind, Transcendental Meditation allows the conscious attention to be drawn automatically to the deepest and most refined level of thinking. When the mind transcends the subtlest thinking activity it is expanded to a state of pure awareness, its own unlimited reservoir of energy and creative intelligence.

Transcendental Meditation was introduced to this generation by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and is taught by an organization of instructors whom he personally qualifies. This technique does not require intense concentration or any form of rigorous mental or physical control, and it is easily learned in a short period of time. The training does not involve devotion to any specific beliefs or life style. It consists simply of two daily sessions of practice, each 15-20 minutes. Although Transcendental Meditation uses the natural thought process it is not an intellectual activity and therefore cannot be successfully taught by written explanation. Rather the correct personal experience, properly adjusted to characteristics of each individual must be transmitted by a trained teacher.









Transcendental Meditation may be defined as a technique of releasing stress and bringing deep rest to the meditator. We know from our daily experience how much better we feel and how much more efficient we are when we've had a good night's rest. Our tolerance and clarity of mind is noticeably low when we're tired and from this we can see how important rest is in our lives. Transcendental Meditation brings an even deeper rest to the nervous system than is experienced in deep sleep. When a person sleeps, the body is less active. As a result the body needs less fuel to burn. During sleep the body uses on an average of 2-5% less oxygen than during the waking state. A person who just sits with his eyes closed does not show an appreciable drop in oxygen consumption. But a person sitting with his eyes closed who is meditating shows a 15-20% decrease. The oxygen concentration remains normal and is readily available but because of the restful state of the body it needs and uses less.

Scientific evidence† has found that during the period of Transcendental Meditation carbon dioxide elimination; cardiac output, heart and respiratory rate also significantly decrease. The metabolic rate is reduced by an average of 20%.

This physiological evidence, together with measurements of skin resistance, blood chemistry and brain wave patterns, shows that an individual gains a profoundly deep state of rest while the mind remains awake and able to respond to stimuli. These natural

effects clearly distinguish Transcendental Meditation from all other techniques which involve effort, concentration, control, hypnosis or auto-suggestion. Scientists have described the period of Transcendental Meditation as a unique state of "restful alertness"† indicative of a fourth major state of consciousness as natural to man as the other three physiologically defined states: wakefulness, dreaming and deep sleep.

Through personal instruction anyone can learn the technique and begin to enjoy this contact with the source of thought, the inner field of pure Creative Intelligence. The benefits that come from the practice are automatic and cumulative, enriching all aspects of life.

There exists an intimate and inseparable connection between the individual and the universe; neither is independent. For example, if a stone is thrown into a pond, waves are produced that travel throughout the pond. Each wave produces some effect in every part of the pond. Similarly, the wave of individual life, through its activity, produces an influence in all parts of the universe. Physics has revealed that through everything we do we produce vibrations in the atmosphere. Our every thought, word and action produces an influence in the atmosphere, and the quality of that influence depends upon the quality of the vibrations emitted by us. Everything in the universe is constantly influencing every other thing. This shows how dependant and powerful is the life of the individual.





*Individuals who are restless, worried or troubled and who have no experience of real inner happiness continually produce unfavorable influences in their surroundings. When large numbers of people are unhappy, tense and unrighteous, the atmosphere of the world is saturated with these tense influences. When tensions in the atmosphere increase beyond a certain limit the atmosphere breaks into collective calamities. The problem of world peace can be solved only by solving the problem of the individual's peace, and the problem of the individuals' peace can only be solved by creating in him a state of happiness. We cannot have a peaceful world without having peaceful*

*individuals. It is now time that those interested in world peace should attend to the peace of the individual. To try to solve the problem of international conflicts while ignoring the problem of the individual is a wholly inadequate attempt to establish world peace.*

*If a crisis is created in Berlin the minds of all statesmen turn to that city. If something happens in Vietnam their whole attention switches to Vietnam. If there is fighting in the Himalayas all their attention is directed there. Trying to solve these problems individually is exactly like trying to make a leaf healthy by spraying it with water instead of watering the root. By now man should be wise enough to know that only by watering the root can the leaf be*

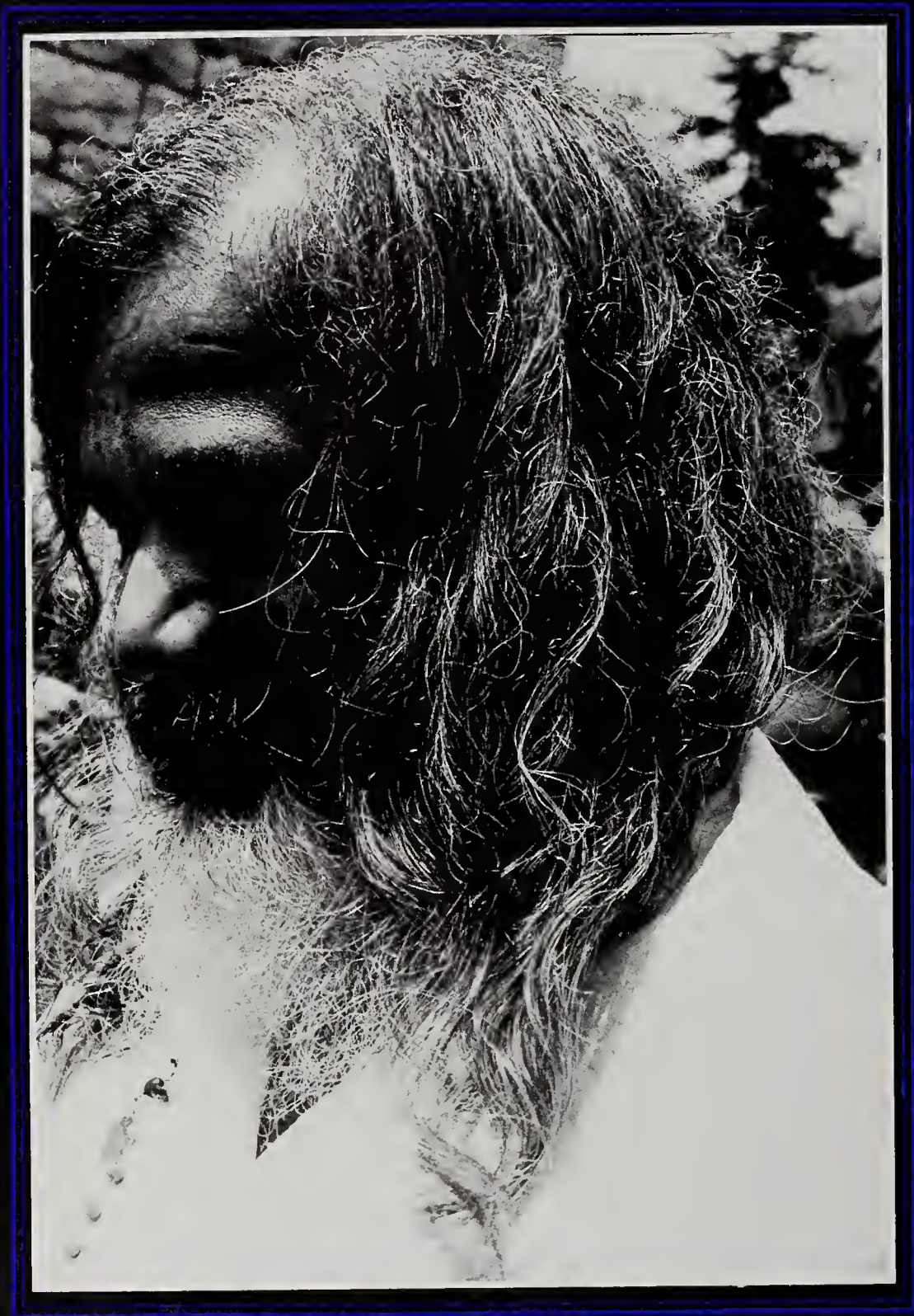
*really helped. History records the attempts of the statesmen to establish lasting world peace, but because all attempts are made on the surface of international life and not on the level of the life of the individual the problem of world peace continues to be a problem for every generation. This can be applied to all social problems. Until our attention is focused on the level of the individual, the root, rather than the level of the problem, poverty, prejudice, corruption, ignorance and unhappiness will continue to prevail.*

*After meditating, an individual naturally engages in activity more effectively, being less susceptible to stress and strain on the nervous system, which is the vehicle for experiencing in daily life. When this vehicle has stress, normal functioning is impaired and therefore full potential of the individual is not enjoyed. With expanded awareness, increased clarity of perception and more profound knowledge of life, he acts in a more loving and creatively intelligent manner. Transcendental Meditation unfolds the full potential of his mind and heart, making life a joy both for himself and others.*

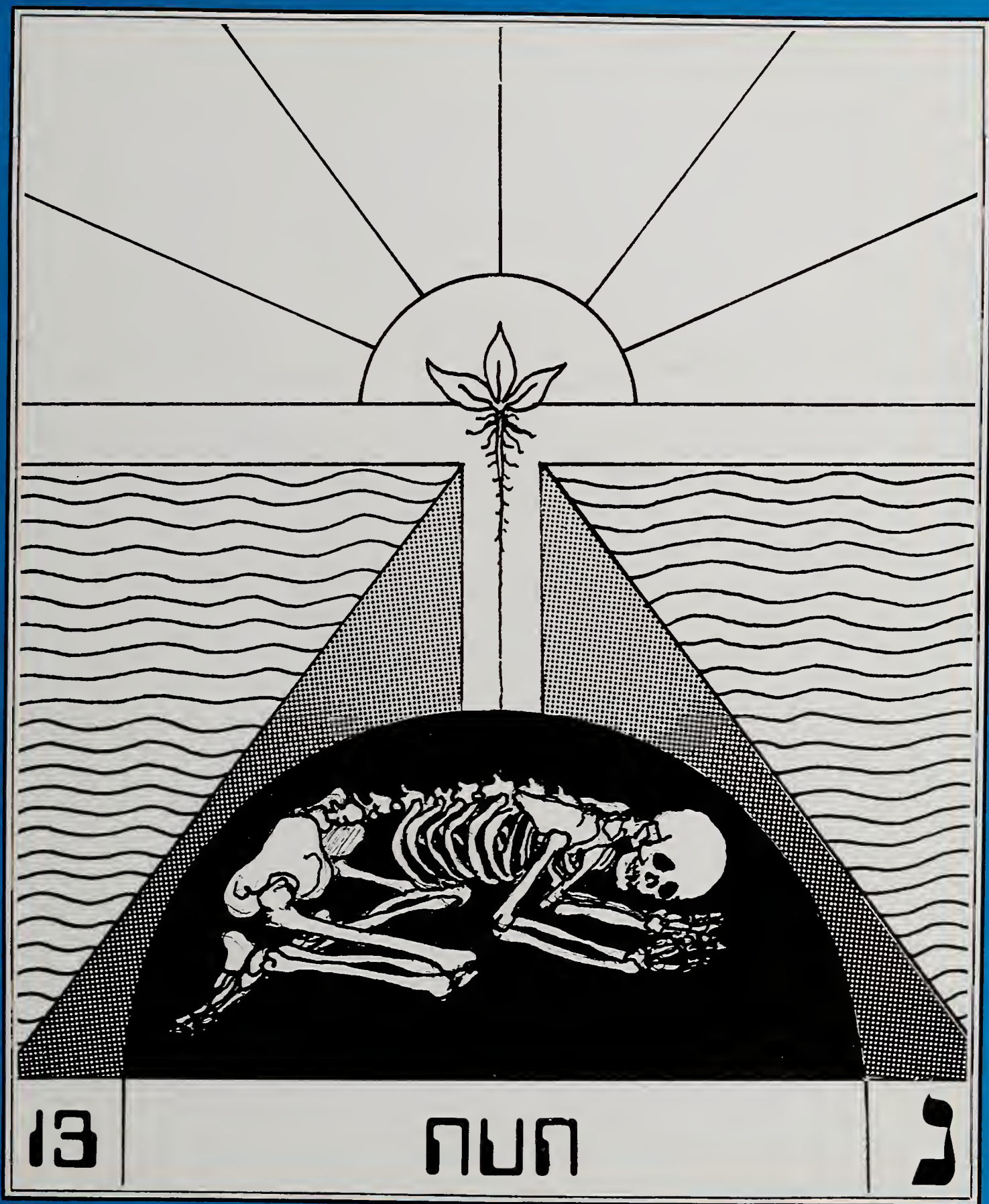
*Regular practice of Transcendental Meditation insures the harmonious and balanced development of life. There practical benefits of Transcendental Meditation enable one to enjoy living in the sustained freedom of increasing achievement and fulfillment.*

*† R.K. Wallace, H. Benson, Scientific American, Feb. 1972*









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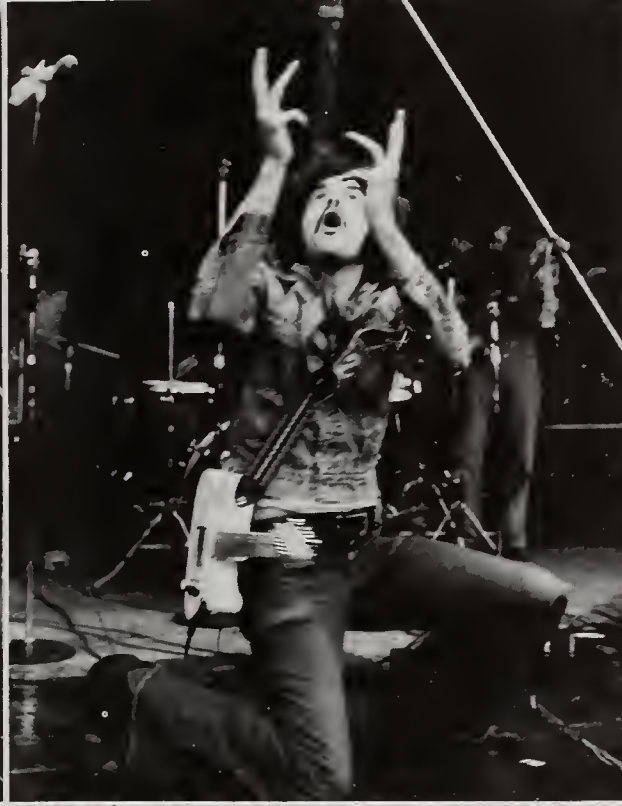
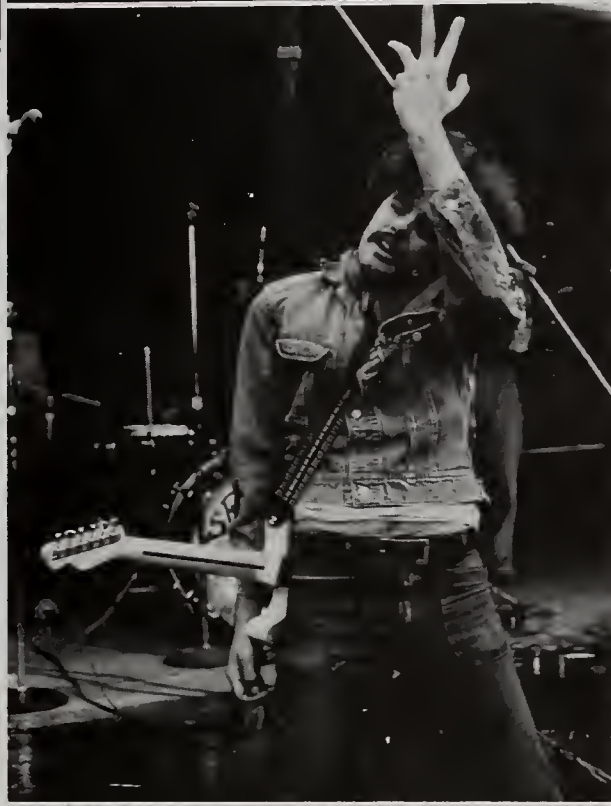
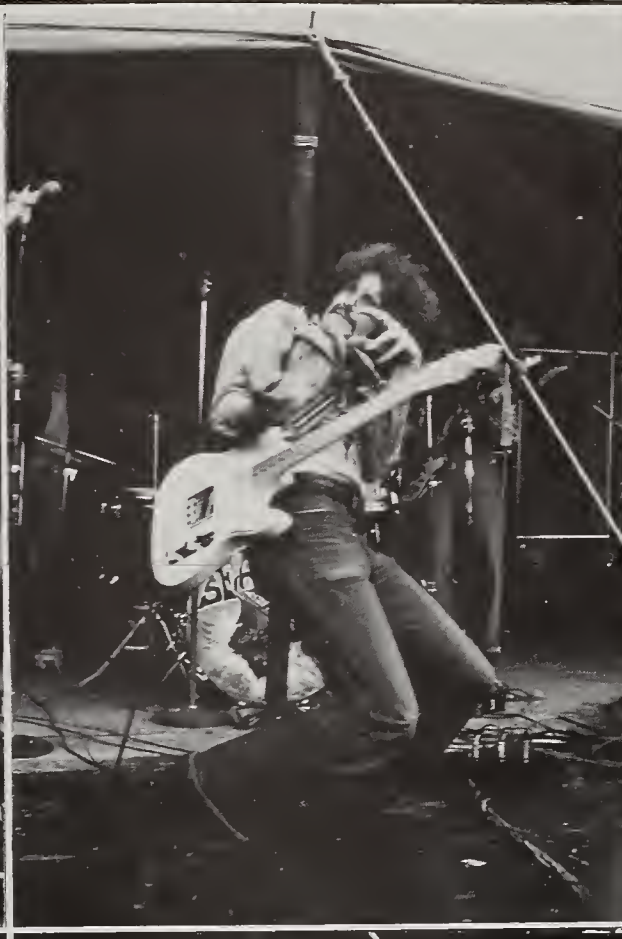
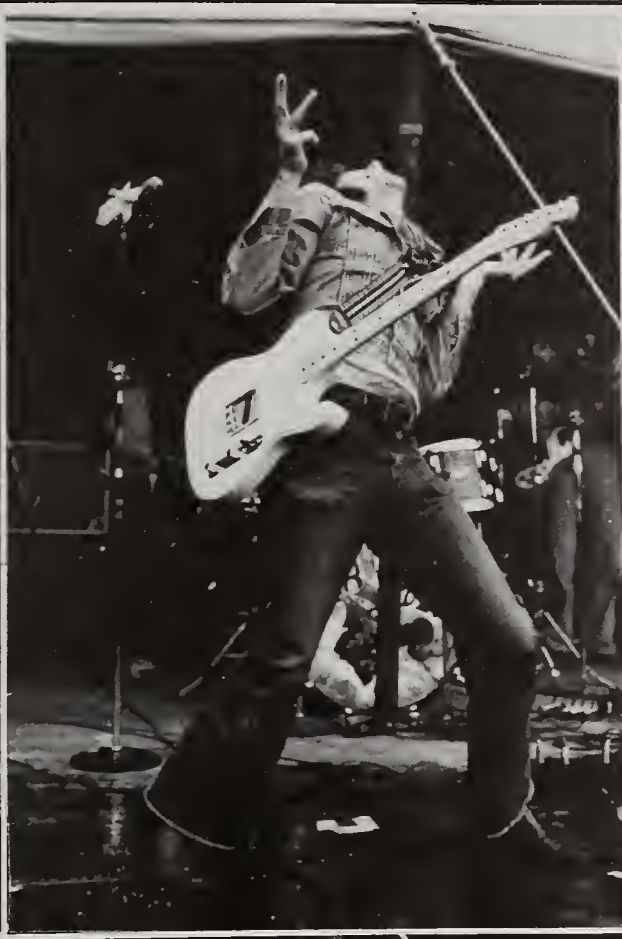
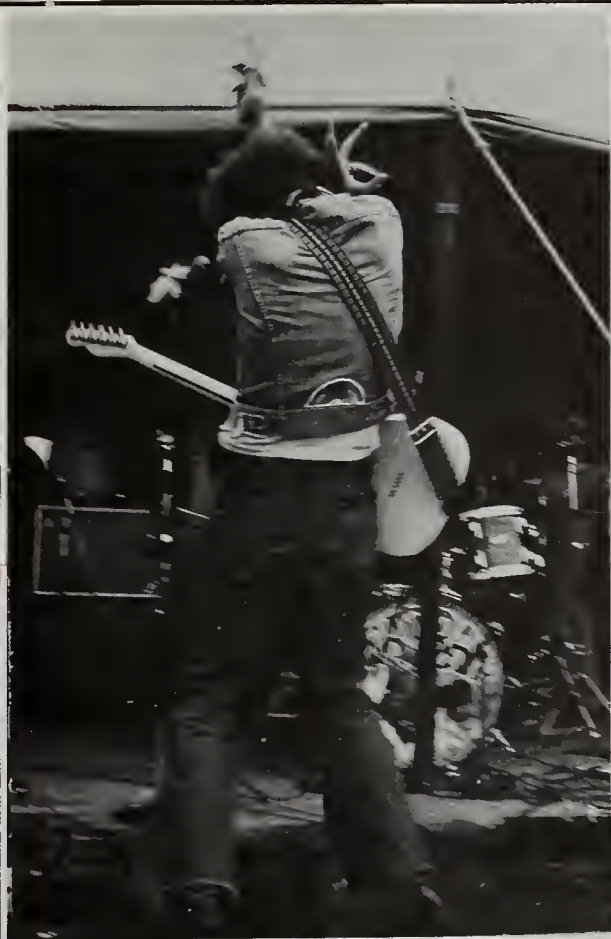
*I am frequently disturbed by the apathy of the Christian community and the lack of concern exhibited by church leaders regarding the influence of rock and roll music on teenage values and mores. During one of my crusades, on the night on which I gave the testimony of my conversion, I observed that there seemed to be few teenagers in the church. I discovered later that their parents had permitted them to attend a performance by the Beachboys ( a popular rock and roll group) in town that evening. I remember a young lady who insisted on taking issue with me on the dangers of rock and roll music after hearing me lecture on the subject. Later, I was told that she was a deacon's daughter and had recently driven 300 miles and paid seven dollars for a ticket to hear the Beatles. What a sad waste of money when finances are desperately needed to support the efforts of Christianity to promulgate the Gospel. Walk into most Christian homes with teenagers and you will find an ample supply of rock and roll records. Punch the buttons on their automobile radios and you can be sure to find that at least one is set to rock and roll station.*

*If you want to see a mass orgy in action, drop into a teenage rock and roll dance. Record hops are still popular in some sections of the country, and often as many as 2, 000 teenagers will pay a \$1 - \$2 admission fee to dance. The records are wilder than those you generally hear, and the dancing is much more erotic than one can imagine. These dances are really the modern version of the tribal dances, and dancing is body language...*

*Of course many of these dances...may be a way of wooing and courting, the foreplay to love making." Dr. Bernard Saible, a child guidance expert of the Washington State division of community services, stated in the Seattle Times, 'Normally recognizable girls behaved ( at a rock and roll concert) as if possessed by some demonic urge, defying in emotional ecstasy the restraint with authorities try to place on them.'" The Encyclopedia Britannica says, 'The therapeutic possession dances of Africa have spread to the new world...In these dances an African deity enters a devotee and produces a frenzied dance in the character of a god.'" Could any statement be plainer. Is the trend from less skillful maneuvering in dancing to more rhythmic forms significant of demonic influence?*

*Early American settlers followed the dancing examples set by Europeans. The innovations that were to come were derived from the Negro, who has had a greater creative influence on music and dancing than any other ethnic group. The origin of the Negro influence is, of course, Africa. These innovations were connected with heathen tribal and voodoo rites. The native dances to incessant, pulsating, syncopated rhythms until he enters a state of hypnotic monotony and loses active control over his conscious mind. The throb of the beat from the drums brings his mind to a state when the voodoo, which Christian missionaries know to be a demon can enter him. This power then takes control of the dancer, usually resulting in sexual atrocities. Is there a legitimate connection between these religious rites and today's modern dances?*









*Because of our technologically oriented society, universal determinism and inductive reasoning are very prevalent in the thought processes of people today. Our educational system is based upon accepting only those facts which can be observed and investigated. The twentieth century mind thinks in terms of scientific procedure and controlled experiments, and therefore has difficulty in accepting the existence of spiritual entities on an empirical basis. A study of demonology is usually relegated to the ranks of superstition; however, a recent resurgence of interest in clairvoyance and ESP has given credibility to the reality of supernatural factors and events in life. Taking this into account, it is my hope that the readers of the books will not reject the ensuing discussion without serious consideration.*



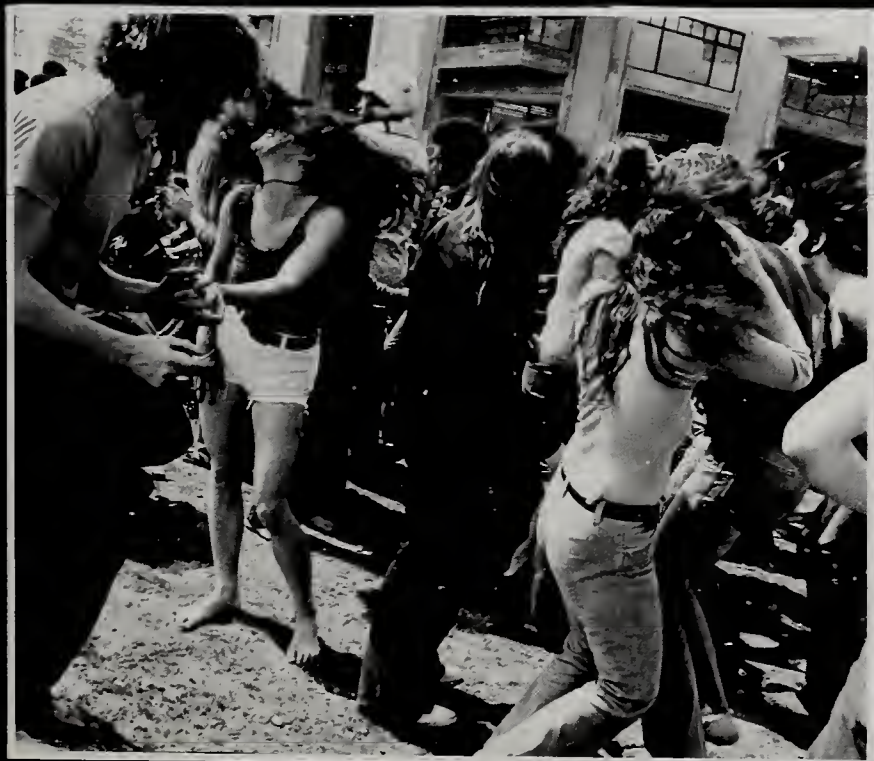
*Any intelligent discussion of the little-understood subject of demonology should begin with a definition of terms. A demon may be regarded as a spirit being not discernable through the five, physical senses. It is not necessary to argue for their existence as this is universally accepted in all religions. Pagan religions, which believe in the re-incarnation of spirits, are based on "mysteries and oracles" from the tower of Babel on down to the present. The Bible gives a broad outline of this subject, referring to it as "the mystery of iniquity." Lucifer's fall, as set forth in Isaiah, the fourteenth chapter, and Jeremiah, the fourth chapter, and Ezekiel, the twenty-eighth chapter marks the origin of evil in this universe. Since his fall, he is referred to in Holy Writ as "Satan, the old Devil, and the god of this world." One writer indicated that as many as one-third of the angels of heaven joined Lucifer in his initial rebellion. Man is the prey of these fallen creatures. They are regimented into legions swelling in regions of the deep and assail men for the possession of their faculties. Through men they find expression for their diabolical purpose of disposing him and discrediting God. Those who consort with spirits are known as witches, wizards, or warlocks. Their occult communication with these fallen creatures is established in elaborate rituals. An array of pagan gods stand on the ruins of history, shrouded in fear and superstition, still holding strange gravity even in this enlightened age.*



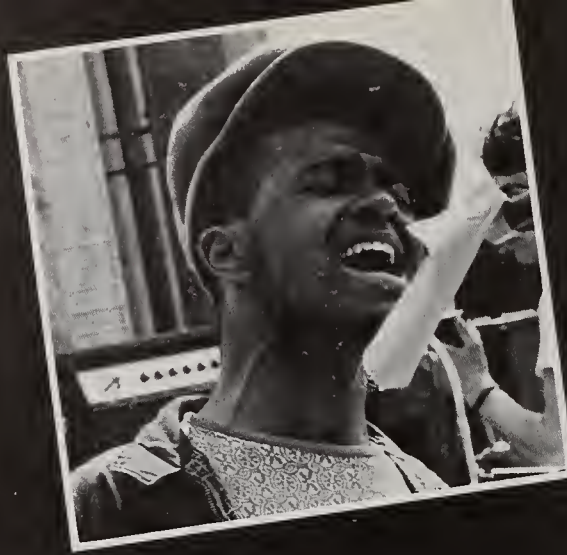


*Christ came to earth to deal with men's problems on a personal level. He revealed to men that demons of blindness, deafness, and spirits of infirmity were holding them prisoner. Satan had accomplished this by an infusion of his power into the very nature of men. The New Testament contains many instances in which Christ utilized exorcism. 'Cast out devils,' Jesus said to the seventy as He sent them out, in Matthew, the tenth chapter, and the Great Commission of Mark, the sixteenth chapter, contains the same commandment. There are also instances (such as in the fifth and ninth chapters of Mark) when demons spoke and uttered cries. During the revival at Samaria, under Phillip's ministry, it is stated that unclean spirits cried with loud voices and came out of many. Sacred scripture accounts for many strange emotional and physical actions as the tormented souls were set free from inner bondage. Once, the victim wallowed, foaming at the mouth while another was 'torn' and still others seemed to lie in a trance with their eyes glazed in a semi-conscious stupor. Either Christ was a superstitious liar and the Bible is a collection of fables, or we must accept the reality of the existence of demons and their capacity of possessing men.*

*Timothy 4:1 declares, 'The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times many shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons.' I was aware of the connection between demons and dancing even before my conversion. I speak from experience as to the effect rock and roll rhythms have on the mind. When you perform at a dance, the songs do not last two or three minutes as they might on a recording. Instead, you learn to control your crowd by the music that you play.*







*I have played one song continuously for as long as 15 to 20 minutes. There were times while playing rock and roll music, that I became so engrossed and my senses deadened, that I was hardly aware of what was going on about me. As a minister, I know what it is like to feel the function of the Spirit. As a former rock and roll musician, I know what it means to feel the counterfeit anointing of Satan. I know the experience of having had this evil force come upon me and transport me into another world, and I declare to you that it is a miracle that it was not necessary to use exorcism on me before I could accept Christ as my Saviour. It is only God's mercy that kept me from becoming possessed of demons during my years as a rock and roll musician.*

*There is no difference between the repetitive movements of witch doctors and tribal dancers and the dances of American teenagers. The same coarse bodily motions which lead African dancers into a state of uncontrolled frenzy are present in modern*

*dances. It is only logical, then, that there must also be a correlation in the potentiality of demons gaining possessive control of a person through the medium of the beat. This is not entirely my own theory, but it is the message that missionaries have urged me to bring to the American public. Many have told me of their disgust at being sent to foreign lands to save people from what is going on in America's teenage dances. I have walked Bourbon Street in New Orleans and the North Beach section of San Francisco where the topless nightclubs originated, and have heard the same music in all such places: rock and roll. What other sounds could give the incentive for a young lady, nearly nude, to go through the most erotic gestures conceivable for hour after hour. I have observed teenagers frantically gyrate for hours to primitive rhythms, until they nearly dropped from exhaustion. Such scenes bear such a singular resemblance to heathendom that they cannot be dismissed without pondering the social and religious implications*







*I realize that what I shall state in this paragraph is theoretical and very controversial, but I am firmly convinced of its veracity. The day is approaching when one-half of America's population will be under 25 years of age. Satan knows that if he is to be effective in these last days before the imminent return of Christ, he must gain control of youth. Rock and roll is the agency which Satan is using to demon-possess this generation en masse. I have seen with my own eyes, teenagers become demon-possessed while dancing to rock and roll music. It was particularly noticeable with girls. One might expect a young lady to maintain some decency while dancing, but I have seen teenage girls go through contortions that could only be the manifestation of demonactivity. It used to strike fear in my heart when I would see these things happen as they danced to my music. A demon does not have to stay in a person if he does not find that one permanently advantageous to his purposes; however, as that person gives himself over to the rhythms of rock and roll, the demon may momentarily enter, do moral and spiritual devastation, and then leave again. On Friday and Saturday nights across America, the devil is gaining demonic control over thousands of teenage lives. It is possible that any person who has danced for substantial lengths of time to rock and roll music may have come under the oppressive, obsessive, or possessive influence of demons. Knowing this, churches and clergymen need to shed their cloak of compromise and firmly denounce rock and roll dances. Dancing is no longer an artistic form of expression ( if it ever was) but a subtle instrument of Satan to morally and spiritually destroy youth.*

*Author Unknown*





# Or Sympathy for the Devil?



*Please allow me to introduce myself  
I'm a man of wealth and taste  
I've been around for long, long years  
stolen many a man's soul and faith*

*I was around when Jesus Christ  
had his moment of doubt and faith  
I made damn sure that Pilate  
washed his hands and sealed his fate*

*I stuck around St. Petersburg  
when I saw it was time for a change  
I killed the czar and his ministers  
Anastasia screamed in vain*

*I rode a tank held a general's rank  
when the blitzkrieg raged and the bodies stank  
and I lay traps for troubadours  
who get killed before they reach Bombay*

*Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name  
But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game*

*Just as every cop is criminal  
and all the sinners Saints  
as heads is tails just call me Lucifer  
'cause I'm in need of some restraint*

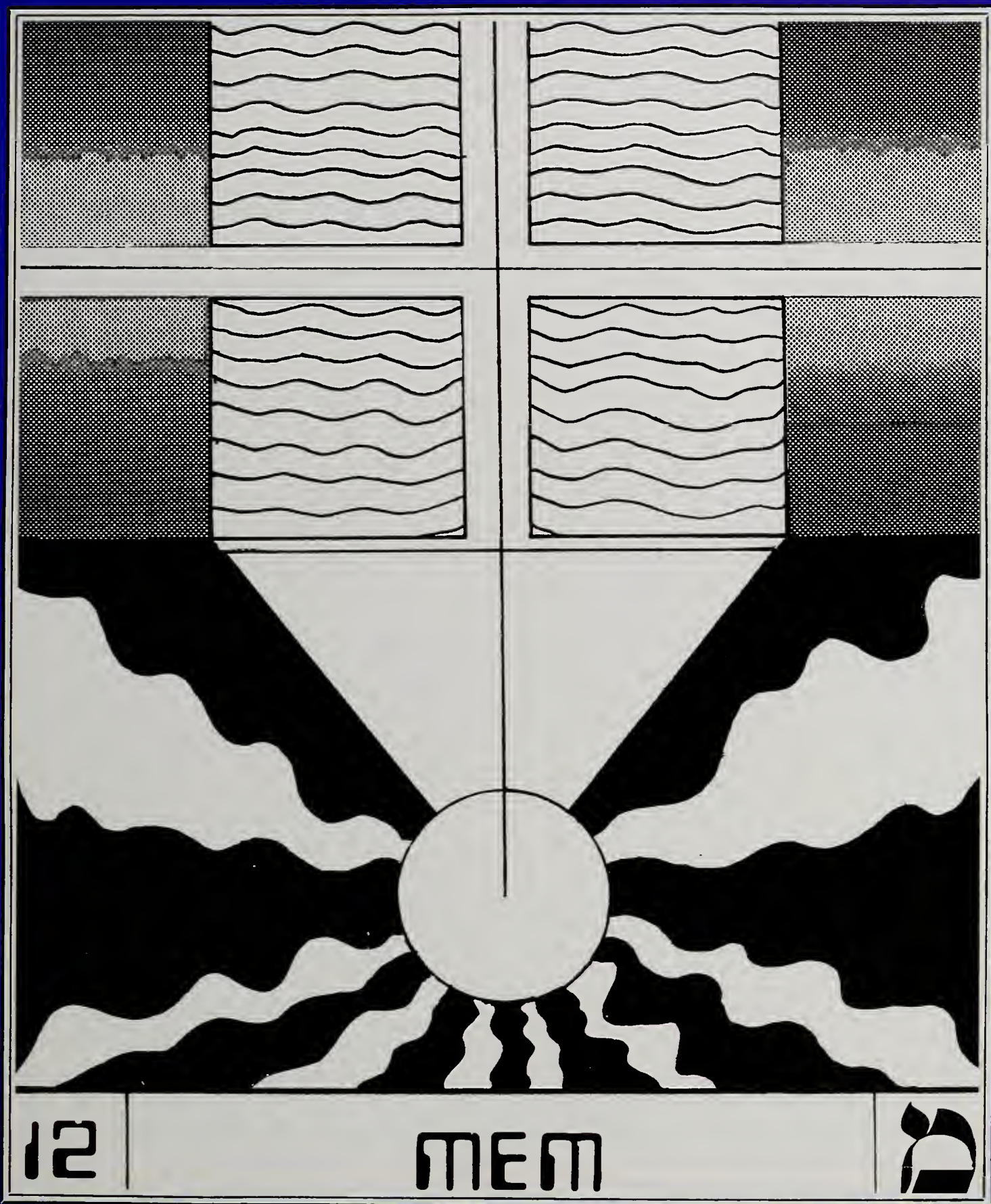
*So if you meet me have some courtesy  
have some sympathy and taste  
use all your well learned politesse  
or I'll lay your soul to waste*

*I watched with glee while your kings and queens  
fought for ten decades for the gods they made  
I shouted out, "Who killed the Kennedy's?"  
when after all it was you and me*

*So please allow me to introduce myself  
I am a man of wealth and taste  
and I lay traps for troubadours  
who get killed before they reach Bombay*

*Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name  
but what's puzzling you is the nature of my game.*





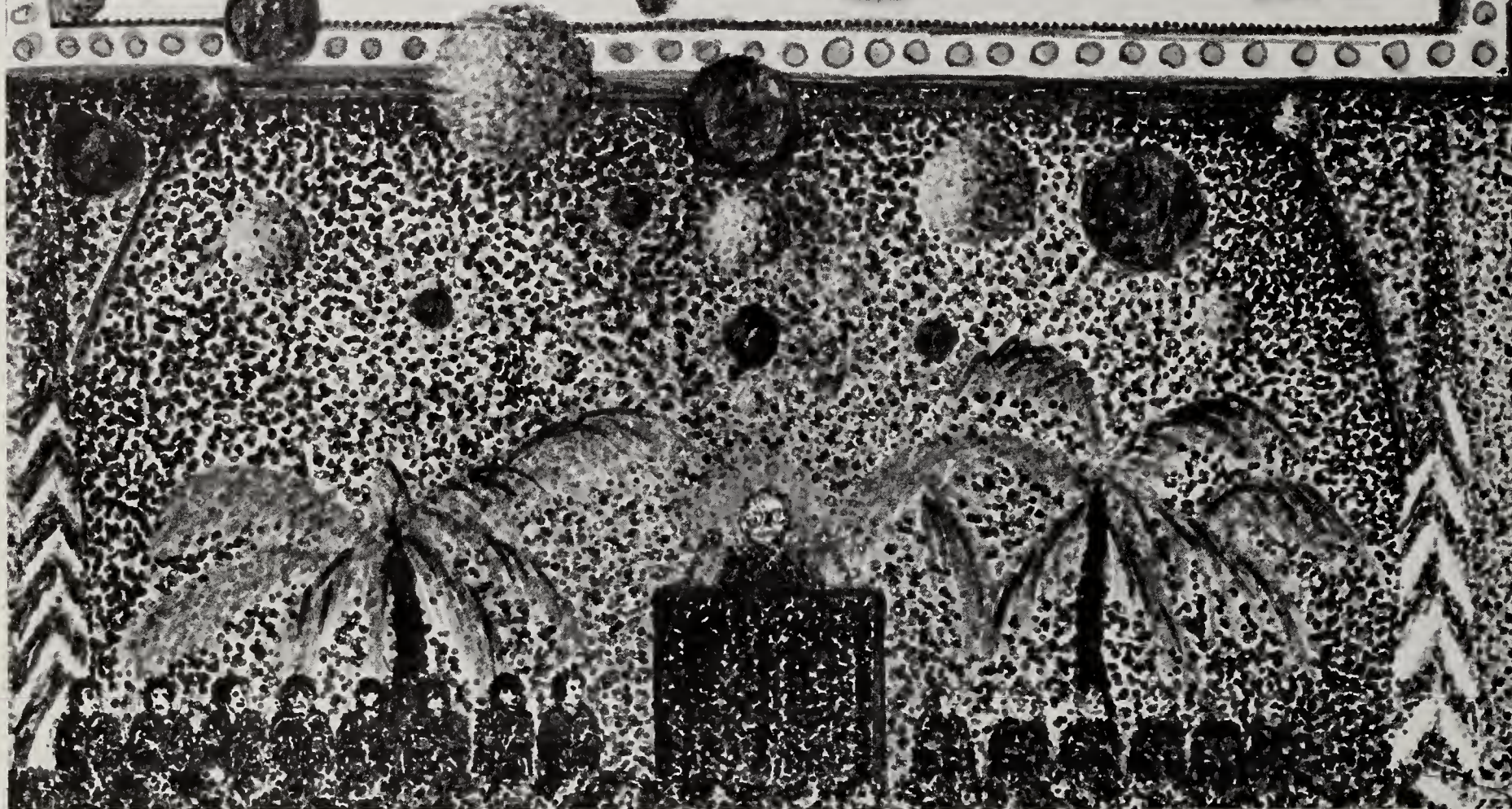
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MEM





# Lincoln Park



Southeastern Massachusetts University is a cultural phenomenon. Physically it looks like a cast-off set that Stanley Kubrick forgot to use in 2001. Morally the people who function in it seem like snaggle-toothed extras from *A Clockwork Orange*. It is an institution that operates merrily in a blind vacuum. The 'Troubles' of 1969, 1970 and 1971 in retrospect were not the result of any great solidarity with impassioned strikers on other campuses. Instead they were a series of banal chess games played by inept players.

In 1969 students, faculty and administrators discovered each other. Students are always fascinated by sex of course. They have three great topics of concern and conversation: a) who is sleeping with who at the moment, b) dope and c) if there's no dope available, liquor. Faculty and administrators are basically in love with the same things but they tend to substitute money for dope. (Witness the recent noble AFT scramble for free state goodies).

SMU's 'revolutions' happened because early in 1969 administrators found out that certain young

faculty members had more than the expected faculty-student relationships going with their prettier students. This information had been freely known by everyone else on campus for months but it takes longer for stuff to reach middle aged ears. Mornings in the cafe there was almost a ratings system going: 1 point if you slept with a student, 5 points if you were living with a faculty member preferably some one in sociology and a big 10 if you were making it with a dean.

If Joseph Leo Driscoll had not tried so hard to avert an open scandal, he would probably have saved himself. By mixing politics with moral intrigue he ended up wrecking himself.

The original group of straying faculty were extremely bright people. They were unhappy with their jobs. They were young and stupidly naive about academic procedure. Stuck in a provincial university they could be terribly articulate about politics and poverty. Attracted to the idea of marching bravely to the barricades they naturally used students to get them there.



At SMU these faculty had a group of insecure, lower-middle class students to play with. It was a perfect chance to indulge in Messiah fantasies. "You poor, inadequate, intellectual cast-offs are in need of help. Come and we will lead you. Together we will build a free world." It worked beautifully. By the time Driscoll took his first action against the faculty, there were students ready to go down in flames.

The SMU strikes were not a noble series of children's crusades against a new Irish Hitler. They were instead a badly written farce that became more and more convoluted as months stretched out. Human beings were damaged. There were groups of students at SMU who hadn't been near a classroom

since they enrooled. Several students weren't able to graduate in four years and needed a fifth year to finish.

Now SMU has supposedly grown up. Back to business as usual. This stability has lasted about a year and a half. A new passion has crept into SMU. Students, faculty and administrators have again found something to love -- politics. SMU has caught up with the issues that excited other campuses in the sixties. People now rush around the hall with gleams of lust in their eyes. POWER something to be sought and grabbed at. Anyone who isn't bored to death is playing an angle. From sex to power, SMU takes off.

By Peggi Medeiros







THEY ARE PLAYING A GAME. THEY ARE PLAYING AT NOT  
PLAYING A GAME. IF I SHOW THEM I SEE THEY ARE, I  
SHALL BREAK THE RULES AND THEY WILL PUNISH ME.  
I MUST PLAY THEIR GAME, OF NOT SEEING I SEE THE GAME.

R.D. LAING  
"KNOTS"

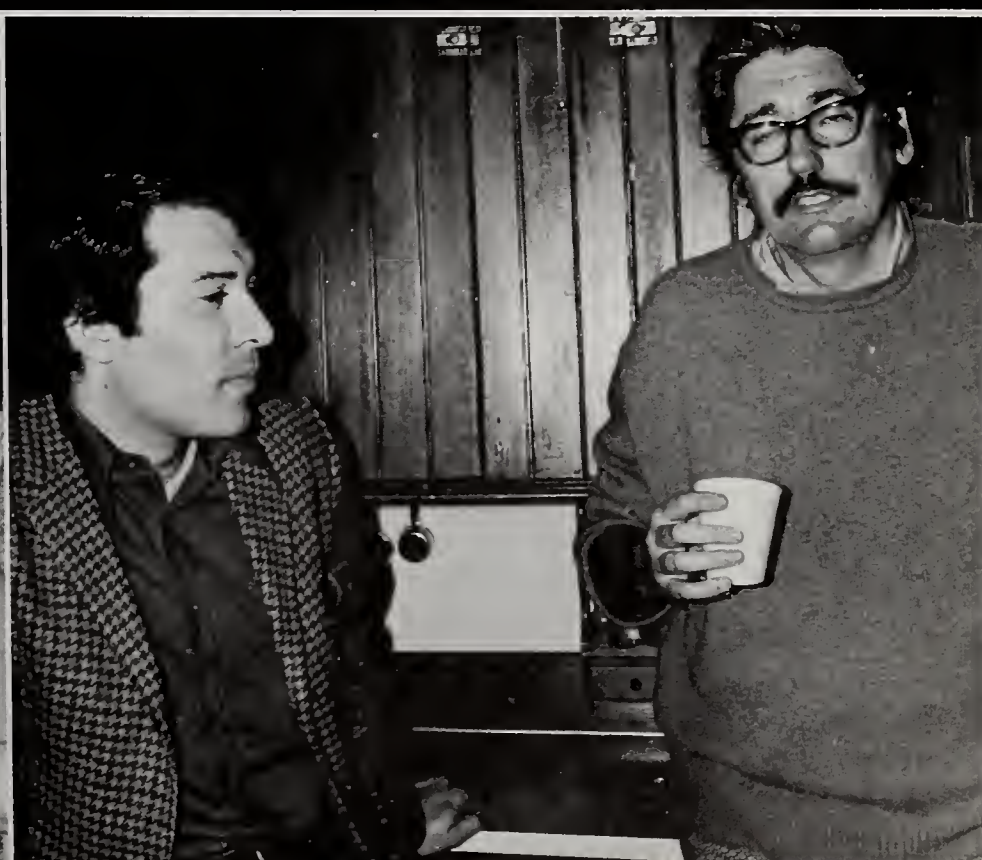






HISTORY IS THE NIGHTMARE,  
 IS THE RECORDS, DOCUMENTS, PHOTOGRAPHS,  
 FILMS, STORIES, POEMS, ARTICLES OF THE  
 LAST BEGINNING BACKWARD FROM THE END,  
 FALLING NEATLY INTO PLACE, ONE FOLLOWING  
 UPON ANOTHER AS IF THERE WERE SOME PRIMAL,  
 ALMOST ALPHABETICAL DESIGN TO THE RUSHES  
 OF PHYSICS THEY DESCRIBE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN  
 THE EYES OF THE FILING CLERK AND THE  
 CURLING NERVE ENDS OF HIS SPINE

WAY McDONALD







UNLESS YOU WERE BROUGHT UP THROUGH  
THE PHILOSOPHIES, THE SENSE  
OR NON SENSE OF A THING  
SHOULD BE LIKE THAT WHICH TOUCHES US  
LIKE DANCE,  
OR PURE SOUND OF HARDWOOD, FINE EDGED  
NOTES  
TO MOVE THROUGH,  
THAT FALL WITH GRAVITY, WALK AROUND  
& MAKE LOVE

WAY McDONALD







READ. READ. READ. READ. WHY DO YOU DO THAT?  
 BUY A WALL-SIZE COLOR T.V. SET & WATCH JOE  
 IN THE DOG HOUSE FOR LOOKING AT HIS WIFE'S  
 AT HIS WIFE'S BIG BIG WHITE ASS. WITH INTENT.  
 READ. READ. READ. READ. WHY DO YOU DO THAT?

WAY Mc DONALD





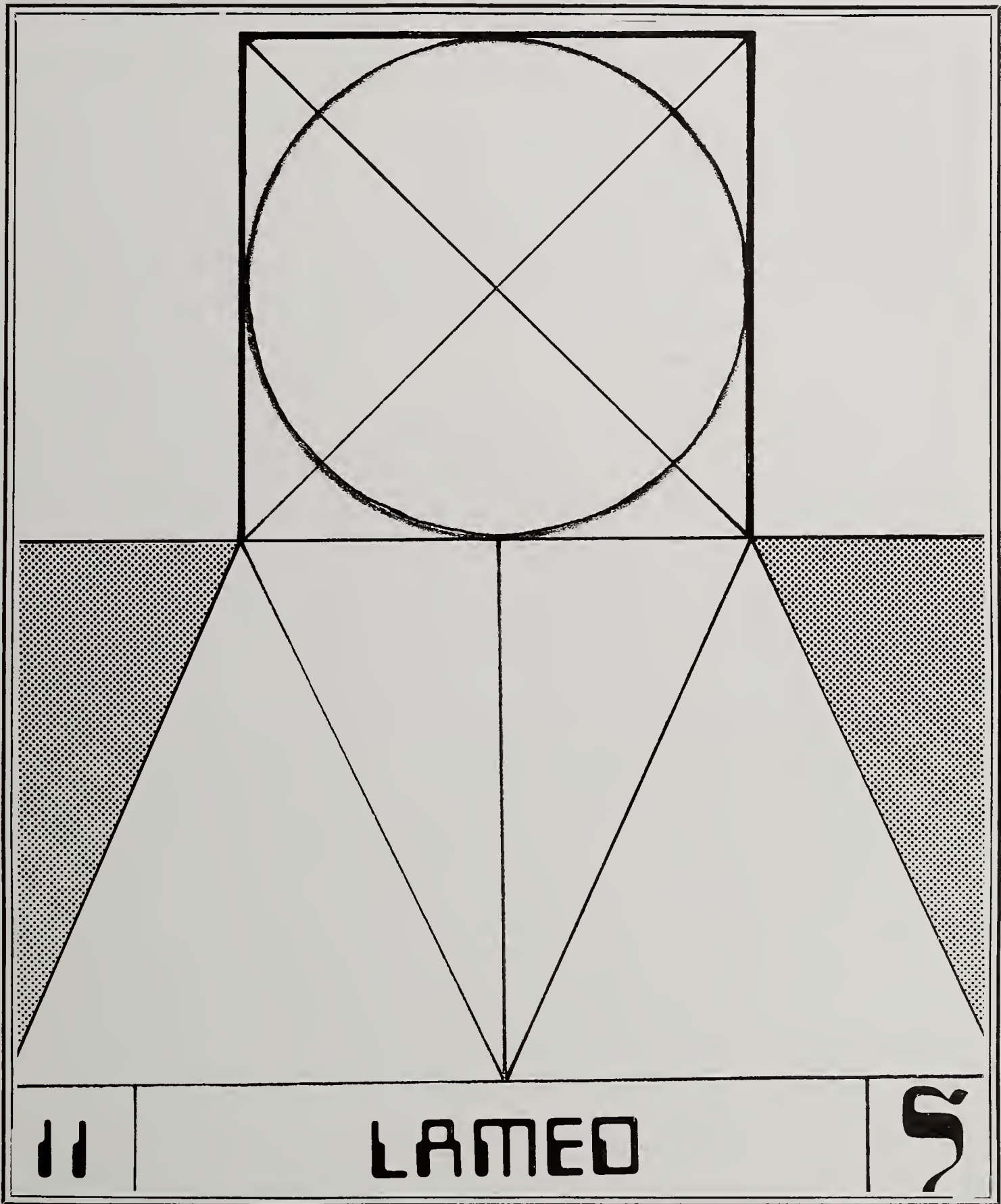


## RULES OF POLITICAL BEHAVIOR IN AMERICA

1. THE PEOPLE ONLY RISE OVER TAX ISSUES.  
RESPECT THIS FACT & USE IT.
2. UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS NOT SO  
MUCH A DEMOCRACY AS A CORPORATION  
WITH ALL THE BOREDOM WHICH THIS IMPLIES,  
THE LASSITUDE OF EASILY MANUFACTURED  
REPETITION. BRING THIS INTO YOUR  
SPEECH: WHERE TWO WORDS WILL SERVE FOR  
ONE, USE THEM. FIRST CHEAPEN THE  
LANGUAGE.
3. THERE ARE RELIGIONS HERE THAT ARE  
PRETTY WELL INTO THE FABRIC. IF  
YOU TAKE RELIGIONS TO BE OF TWO  
KINDS, THOSE THAT EMBRACE LIFE AND  
THOSE THAT EMBRACE DEATH, TAKE THESE  
TO BE RELIGIONS OF DEATH. PUT THEIR OWN  
IMAGES BEFORE THEM AND WORK FROM THERE.
4. WE WILL DEAL IN LAND HOUSES CROPS BUT  
THINK ONLY IN TERMS OF MONEY: EVERY —  
THING HERE IS NEGOTIABLE.

WAY McDONALD





||

LAMED

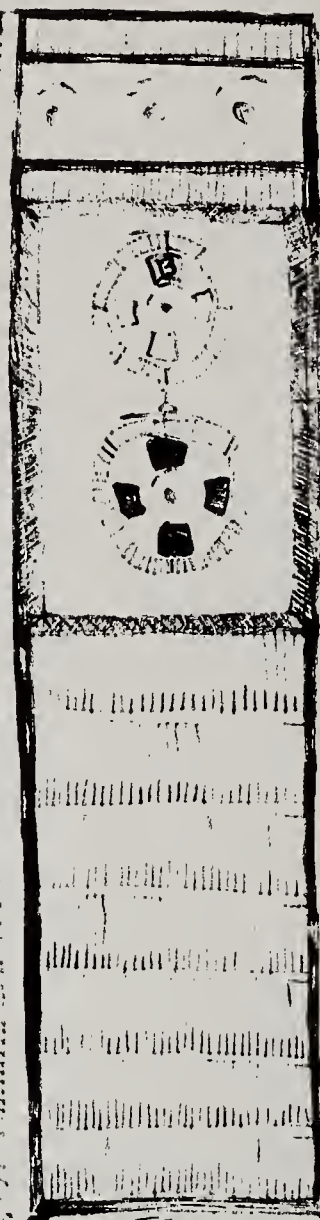
§



## "APPARATUS"

THERE'S AN  
APPARATUS OR  
WHATEVER ON  
MY WALL LIKE  
AN EARLY PHONE  
WITH SOMETHING  
TO TALK INTO  
AND ANOTHER  
THING TO PRESS  
YOUR EAR AGAINST  
AND A BELL ON  
TOP TO SIGNAL  
BUT IF IT EVER  
RANG I WOULD SHIT

WAY McDONALD



J.C.

The conflict between generations is intense within the techno-culture because controls are invisible and all-encompassing. The crisis in the universities comes into perspective when we perceive the crucial role of higher education in imprinting the American way on the younger generation. Universities operate by rational discussion. So far so good, since classrooms are places where books are interpreted and ideas discussed. Students realize that their future prospects depend upon their achievements in the academic system. They know that the standards for achievement, content of programs and judgments of competence are set by the faculties. Students also find that their protests over the quality of their education and the careerist preoccupation of their professors go unheard, as the Cox Report on the Columbia University confrontation made clear. In brief, coercive power over the lives and hopes of students is now vested in institutions of higher education. These institutions are managed by trustees, administrators and faculties. They exercise invisible control over the life chances of the young. When their control is challenged by student sit-ins and demonstrations, educational authorities protest that they have no power. They rule by rational discussion.

This picture of the campus conflict is, of course, rather one-sided, since it is drawn to illumine the centrality of the problem of control in our techno-culture. Whatever questions one may raise about the tactics used by students in the confrontations, the coercive character of higher education is such that this is a head-on power struggle over who is to control the future of the new generation. This means that the confrontation will sooner or later come to rest in the faculty-student relationship, because faculty members hold the power of vocational life and death over their students in the new society.

The real difficulty with the student protest is not its tactics, though these have often been barbarous and ineffective. Their

real difficulty is that they are caught in the vicious circle of coercion which surrounds a technological order. In struggling for a voice in the university power structure, students are caught in the same vicious circle which now traps faculty and administration. The problem of the university is not who controls it but what education means. Education, now, reflects the techno-culture. Getting a voice in the educational system means nothing unless the real significance of education is clearly understood. The question is not who has power in the university, but what the university is doing. This is the question that neither faculty nor administrators have been able to discuss -- rationally or otherwise. They do not wish to be bothered, and unhappily this is true of many students as well. It may seem strange, but faculty and students have turned each confrontation into a power struggle, avoiding the real issue of what it means to educate and be educated.

Higher education today faces crisis of soul and truth. For the most part, the conflict between the controlling culture and the search for soul is blunted and obscured in the campus revolt. The crisis of soul is the heart of the university question and cannot be resolved in a struggle for power.

The struggle on the campuses defines the crisis as a power struggle, and there is no doubt that a more equitable distribution of power is desirable. Sympathies with campus protest arise in the student body, however, from frustration over the irrelevance of much academic work to problems of human existence. Students sense that they are not being educated. This is the underlying issue in the campus revolt. When preoccupation with control gives way to serious reflection on what it means to be a whole person and what, if anything, education has to do with becoming human and shaping a good society, then faculties and students may transcend the impasse in which techno-education has trapped them. They may begin to discuss authentic education together and find a new pedagogy.





THERE IS ALWAYS NOTHING IF YOU NEED SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



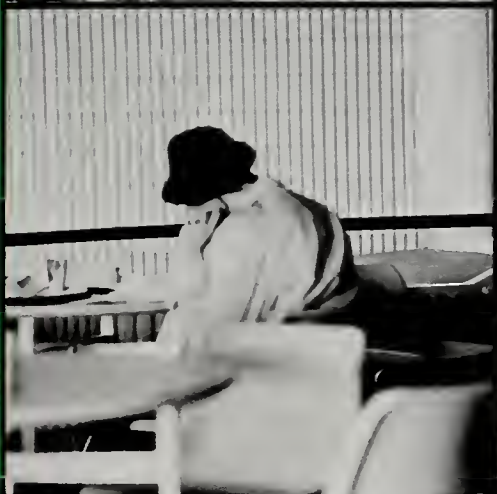
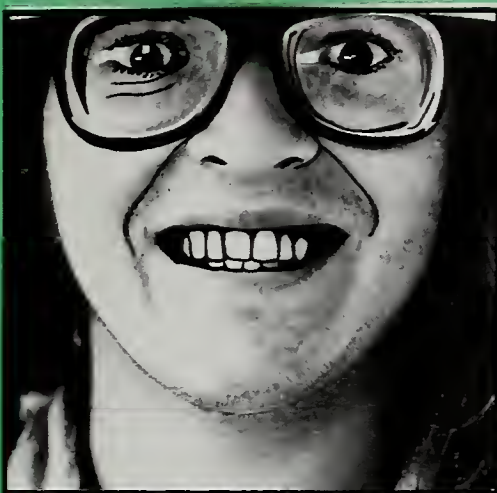


We are proposing, then, that the techno-culture cherishes innovation on its own terms. It accepts feedback but not authentic dialogue. By its nature such a society casts a network of controls over existence, programming the minds and futures of its youth. Consequently, the innovations which it encourages only reinforce the system. Innovations in thought, politics and fundamental issues are taboo and will be suppressed with violence when they appear. So the vaunted innovation of the techno-culture occurs only within the narrow confines of its own programs. Challenges to the educational venture itself will simply not be tolerated. They bring into question the ground on which the techno-culture rests? that is, they question the premise that the system possesses the truth and loyalty to the system is equivalent to pursuit of truth.

Here, however, the crisis of soul discloses its tragic character. Protests within the techno-culture lack ground from which to challenge the system. We have already seen this tragic impasse in the campus revolt which devolves into a power struggle between faculty and students over control of a process that really obstructs instead of furthering education. The problem is not who controls but the single and sovereign principle of control itself. If control is the meaning of human existence and the ultimate criterion of truth -- understanding, prediction and control -- then techno-man holds all the cards. This is the radical question in the probing, searching, exploring and exploding struggle of the new generation. It is the question which is gnawing at the vitals of the whole American system. And this is the question which baffles the established generation as it tries to understand the crisis that grips the young. The older generation is so committed to control as the meaning of existence, including its own invisible control over the coming generation, that it cannot comprehend the groaning, painful search by the new generation to find a humanity beyond control and productivity. Its only resource for responding to the revolt of youth is its inner malaise, which creates a certain sympathy. Of course, the deeper reality here is that a life devoted to controlling reality comes up hard against the uncontrollable in oneself, in others and in the universe.









The struggle against control by the new generation sheds light on the problem of drugs in American society. Drugs, and by this we mean primarily the hallucinogens which are appealing to middle-and -upper-class youth, create anxiety in the older generation. To be sure, there are "bad trips" and some realistic fears can be harbored against such drugs, particularly in their long-term effects. However, drugs reveal a distance between the older and newer generation which underlines the peculiar, new kind of struggle for soul that engages American society in this period. LSD and other hallucinogens are ways of releasing control over oneself, submitting to powers beyond one's calculations and previous training. These drugs break the controls so carefully contrived by parents and social institutions. They break the invisible hold of the society. Hence, these drugs run directly counter to the whole meaning of existence on which the older generation has built its world. They represent the breaking up of the rule of will, calculation and control which is the latterday version of the Protestant ethic. The very idea of such drugs is not only abhorrent to the older generation, it is actually beyond its comprehension. These drugs explode the techno-culture.

We have been arguing that the crisis of soul arises from the impoverished psyche of techno-man. We have stressed the opening up of a life of feeling and community over against objective rationality and depersonalized existence. If existence is open to feeling, depth, awe and mystery -- the incalculable as well as calculable -- then control cannot be the single and sovereign principle of existence. There must be depths and inner reaches of experience and truth which extend beyond the controllable. Truth is far more encompassing than measurable effects. And techno-man is a partial, very limited perspective on a rich, encompassing world. The new generation seizes upon hallucinogenic drugs as a way of exploring this encompassing reality -- as a way of shedding the controls of techno-man. Mind-expanding and mind-exploding experiences break the invisible controls. In a world constituted by and for control, drugs appear as countercultural -- the rejection of control. Where alcohol sedates the controlling will, drugs open the will to the uncontrollable. Drugs symbolize and mediate the new generation's struggle for soul as a radical break with the calculable world of techno-man.







Deliverance from domination by techno-culture will take more than festivals, confrontations and drugs. Mind-expanding drugs may give some earnest of such release, but evidence indicates that this is an evanescent liberation. Drugs disclose both the search for soul and the powerlessness of the new generation. After all, the techno-culture is far more advanced and skilled in the administration of drugs than its young rebels; indeed, the turn toward drugs reflects dependence upon technology. If the battle is to be waged on this front, there is no question who will emerge as victor. The established order is already maintaining itself through ingestions of alcohol and traquillizers. It can easily develop drugs to adjust the rebellious youth.

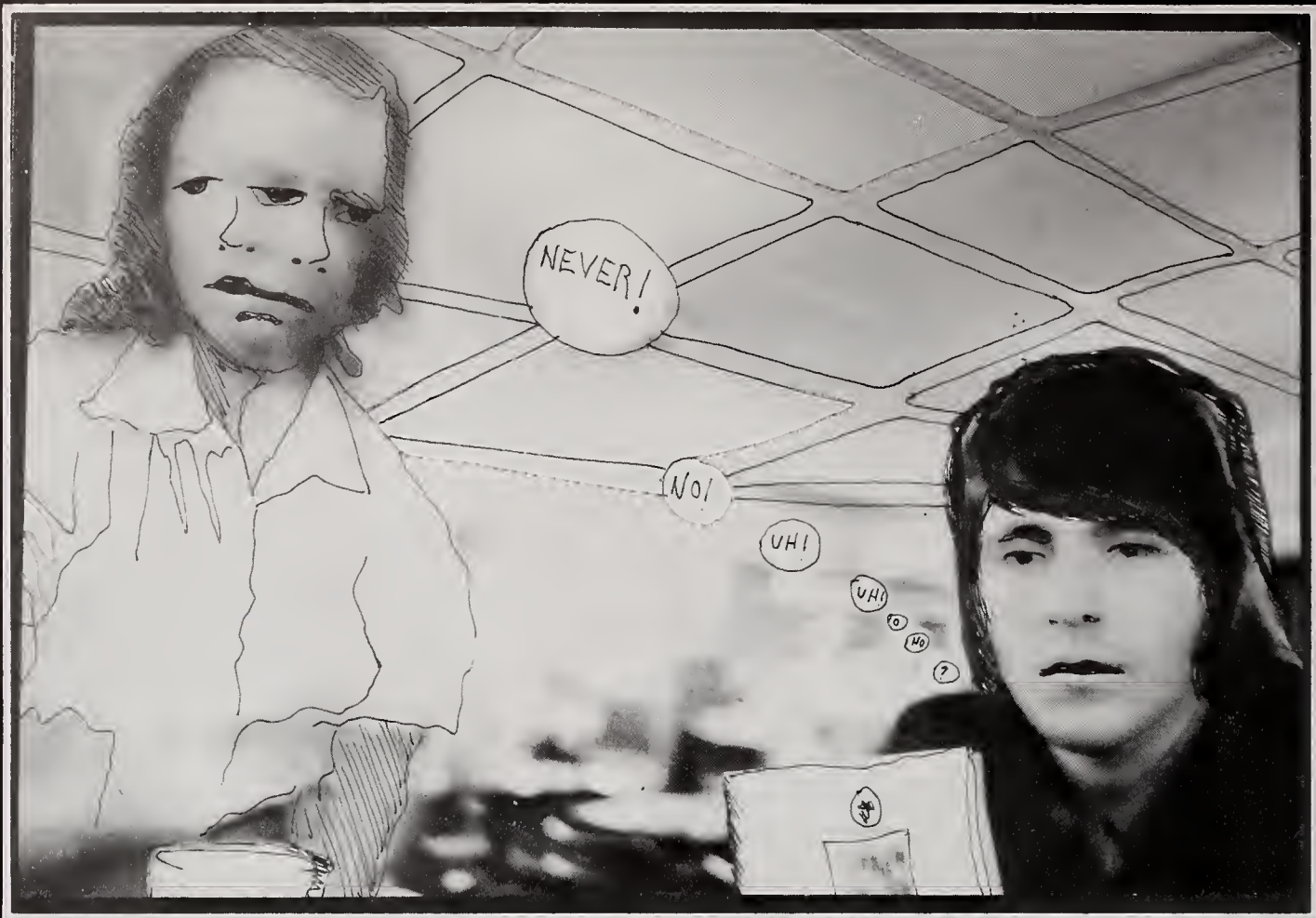
The real issue is how one deals with the undergirding reality of the techno-society — really coping with its principle of control. This means finding a way to transcend the principle of control, including control of one's psyche with drugs. "Dropping out" and "tripping out" are kinds of transcendence.

Violent confrontations are also a mode of transcendence, since they create distance through negation. But negation can do little more than open a space for challenging the technological drive to make everything a means to productivity. That challenge has to draw upon an alternative reality which is more promising for humanity than the rule of the productive system. The negation is trying to get around technology by technical means. The problem is how to get through and beyond technology so that it can serve man rather than control him.

BEING FREE

GIBSON WINTER



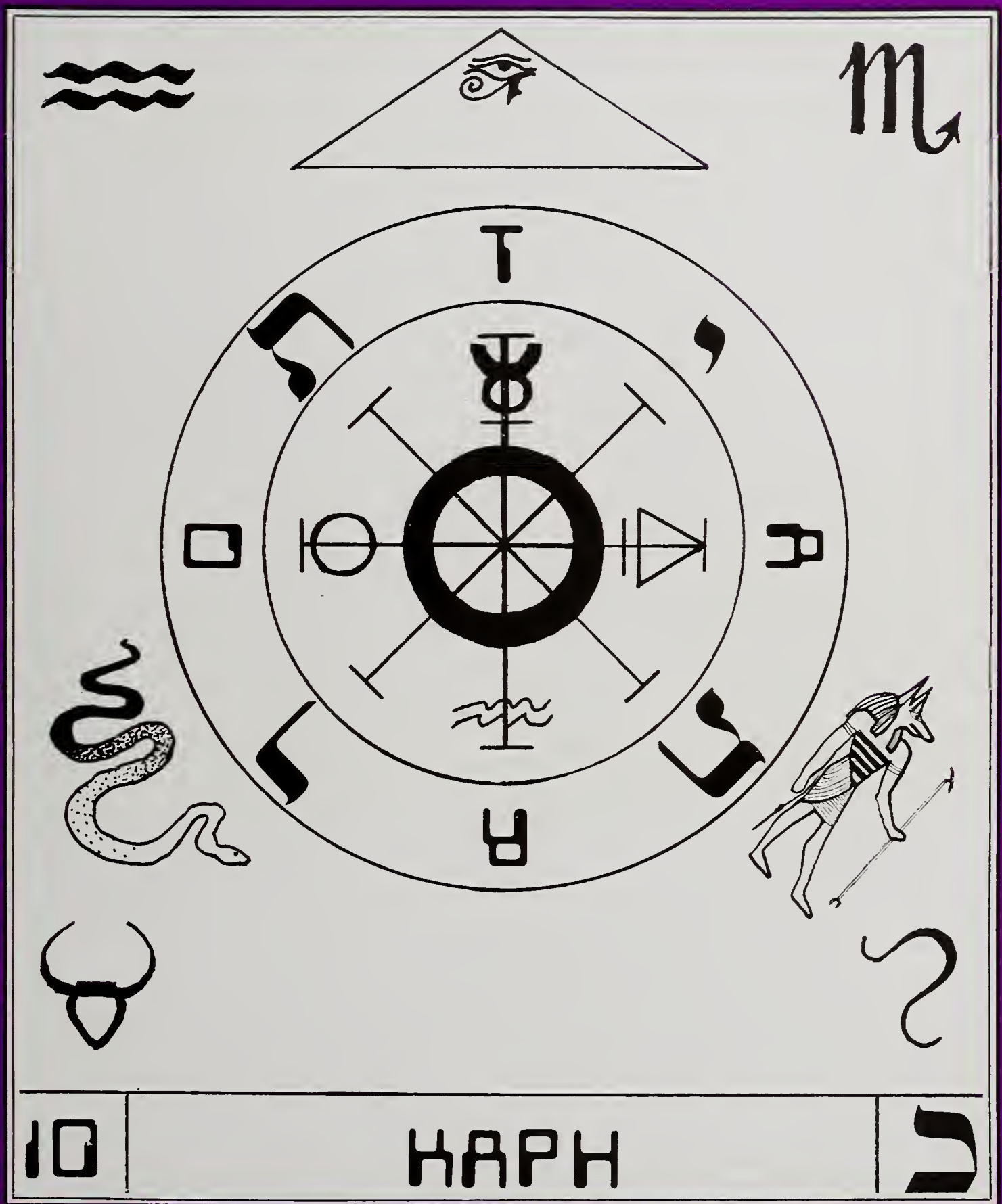


Ron, i've been courtin yer wife these  
last few years,& yes, i've come  
for her hand,& yes, thats right,  
you aint nobody 'cept to bum cigarettes  
off of,& i hunt among your papers  
for what she might see in you,& study  
her paintings for what she thinks better  
not to come right out & say,& i got five  
here says she'll take me over you if i  
could just, please, hold her hand, please  
while we down these couple of beers

Way McDonald









RIDE AWAY  
TO BOSTON,  
RIDE AWAY  
TO LYNN,  
LOOK OUT  
LITTLE BABY  
OR YOU MIGHT  
FALL IN.



A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT OCCURED

IN JEANS VOLVO





SKY AND AIR WERE FAIR. A TRUCK PASSED AFTER 10 MINUTES AND TEN MILES



AND WE PASSED UNDER MANY OVERPASSES I LOOKED TO MY LEFT



TO SEE A SILVER CAR AND A HUMAN BEING WHOSE SHADOW  
LOOKED LIKE ME LOOKING AT A RED VOLVO





THE CITY APPROACH WISE WAS



MILD TRAFFIC WAS MINIMAL



CITY CONSTRUCTION.



WAITRES THAT WAITED ON US AT BRIGHAMS



AN OLD HIGH SCHOOL FRIEND,  
AND A GLASS THAT LANDED  
LIKE KAFKA ON THE COUNTER.



MAN WHO SAT TO MY LEFT





THE BANNISTER OUT OF THE MUSEUM



JEAN SAT in A WALKER  
EVANS PHOTO



MOTION AROUND MAGAZINE STAND



JEAN BUYING PANTS FOR HER LEGS AT HARVART COOP





## IN DUCK SEASON

I'LL BUY A HUNTERS CAP & ROLL UP IN  
A '48 CHEVY WITH, SAY, MOUNTED SHOT GUNS AND  
DUCK CALLS ON A TAPE DECK, LIKE I WAS ONE OF  
THEM & YOU WONT LET ON,

PITCH A TENT ON YOUR GROUNDS SOMEWHERE'S  
AND TOGETHER WE'LL FUCK UP THEIR GUNS & BLOW  
OUT THEIR ARSE HEATERS AND SEND THEM BACK TO THE  
CITIES WHERE THEIR FAT DREAMS SPAWN, RETURNING HOME WE  
TORN BY WOODS TWENTY SEASONS UP THERE WOULDN'T LEAD  
THEM TO UNDERSTAND

WAY McDONALD



# KINETIC PHYSICS —



HIGHWAY AS ROAD, I MEAN  
LINE VELOCITY VECTOR  
VARIABLES SPEED & DIRECT  
ION TO MOVE WELL ALONG  
WARPS OF GRAVITY AND HUMOURS  
WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM  
WHERE YOU ARE  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING  
WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM IS  
ALWAYS WHERE YOU ARE  
STATIONARY UP TO 26 UNITS PER  
SEC. DIMINISHING IN VALUE OR  
IMPORTANCE AS THE VALUE OF WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING INCREASES ENOUGH  
HORSESHIT RT. 1 BRINGS THEORY  
TO ITS KNEES REDUCES HITCH HIKING  
TO GUNSHOTS & VOOODOO GET A MAP  
ASK AROUND

WAY McDONALD







## I COUNT MY FRIENDS

NUMBERS ARE THE FURTHEST ABSTRACTION TO ME

(I HAVE A NEW WRITING TABLE)

CURVING UP UP UP UP

I COUNT MY FRIENDS

THEY ARE ONE THOUGH MANY TO ME ONE & ONE & ONE &

SO ON & ON OR ONE EVERYTHING ONE THE ABSTRACT WHOLE

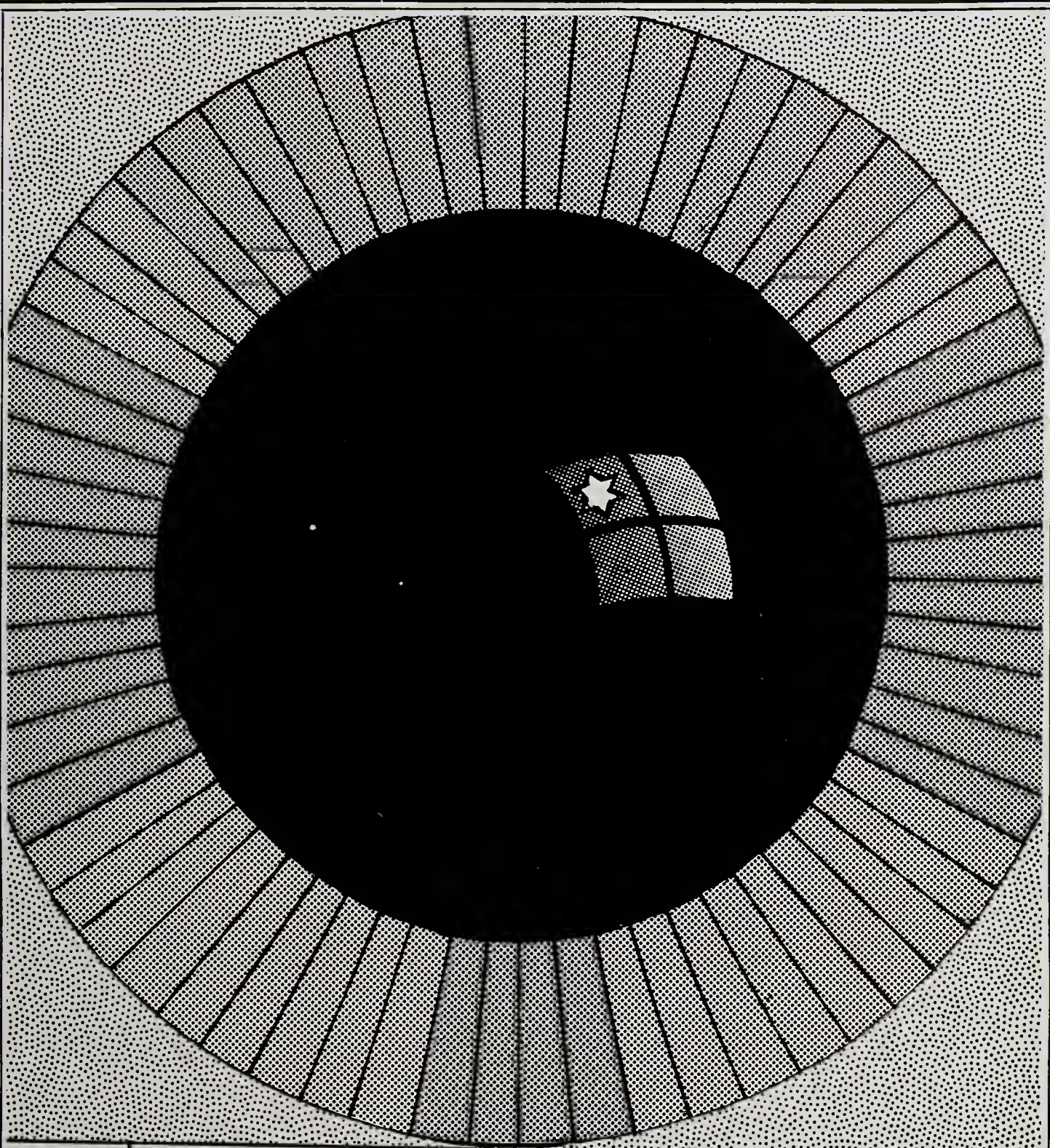
(I BANGED MY FINGER WITH THE HAMMER)(AT WORK TO DAY) NOW

AFTER THE FACT ALWAYS AFTER THE DETAILS THE DETAIL

AFTER THIS NOW AFTER THIS MEMORY OF THIS OF NOW  
WHOLE THE PARTS NUMBERS ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX  
SEVEN EIGHT NINE ZERO ARRANGED ANYWAY YOU LIKE THEM

WAY Mc DONALD





9

Y00

9



*"YOU CAN'T KNOW what it's like to be alive until you've been a thief in a dark room where someone is sleeping. There's no way I can tell you -- how awake you are, how much you can hear -- you can hear with your skin -- how much you know. There's a police car moving over there three blocks away. You know it's there. You sense it. You feel it moving."*

# YOU CAN'T NOW,



My friend is a successful novelist, a journalist, a critic. As a teen-ager, however, he had been a member of a gang of thieves. Now he was telling me what all of us keep forgetting to acknowledge: that the Civilized condition, while nurturing us, robs us of the chance to be all that we could be. Our fascination with every rogue, every free-roving adventurer from Ulysses through Tom Jones, Jesse James, John Dillinger to James Bond reveals an impulse toward lawlessness in us all. Civilization's songs, tales and chronicles are filled with rascals. Maybe it is more than entertainment.

Take fairy tales and children's stories. There is a moment in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* (written in the early 1900s) when the irrepressible Mr. Toad finds himself in the presence of the one thing most forbidden to him, a motorcar.

"I wonder," he said to himself presently, "I wonder if this sort of car starts easily?"

Next moment, hardly knowing how it came about, he found he had hold of the handle and was turning it. As the familiar sound broke forth, the old passion seized on Toad and completely mastered him, body and soul. As if in a dream he found himself, somehow, seated in the driver's seat: as if in a

dream, he pulled the lever and swung the car round the yard and out through the archway; and, as if in a dream, all sense of right and wrong, all fear of obvious consequences, seemed temporarily suspended. He increased his pace, and as the car devoured the street and leapt forth on the high road through the open country, he was only conscious that he was Toad once more, Toad at his best and highest, Toad the terror, the traffic-queller, the Lord of the lone trail, before whom all must give way or be smitten into nothingness and everlasting night. He chanted as he flew, and the car responded with sonorous drone; the miles were eaten up under him as he sped he knew not whither, fulfilling his instincts, living his hour, reckless of what might come to him.

For his action, Mr. Toad suffers the full wright of the law. He is tried, convicted, sentenced, loaded with chains and dragged "shrieking, praying, protesting" to "the remotest dungeon of the best-guarded keep of the stoutest castle in all the length and breadth of Merry England."

Toad's high moment, and his punishment as well, speak to us from Civilization's forbidden lectern, as does Milton's Satan, gloriously unrepentant, the penultimate crosser of boundaries, doomsday enemy of The System:





... Farewell happy fields  
Where joy forever dwells: Hail horrors, hail  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new possessor: one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free . . .

It is not all Milton's doing that his Satan makes our blood run fast, or that his God is a pompous, flat, insufferable bore. We should not wonder that the man in the black hat often engages our support, that the lost cause seems the best cause, that bystanders cheered Britain's Great Train Robbers as they came to court, that a vision of Persian orgy dwells in every Shriner's heart. Do not assume that all of this reflects some incurable perversity in mankind or that it tells us anything about the "nature" of man, but instead that it may inform us on the subject of education. For I should like to propose that it is precisely those people who, for whatever reason, have operated outside Civilization's strictures who have carried the torch of learning to us across the centuries.

These people are varied. They are the rogue. The common criminal is not among them. Most criminals, after their initial break with pattern, fall into repetitive, stereotyped behavior that apes society itself. Criminologists look for the "MO" (*modus operandi*) by which the criminal gives himself away. The true rogue has no obvious MO. Whether fictional or historical, he is the man of many devices, constantly exploring, probing the environment -- learning.

That this master learner to whom we give our secret admiration is so frequently associated with crime and violence may simply indicate that, under the conditions of our Civilization, it is often difficult to go on learning for very long without breaking the law. "There's no crime on Bimini," a visiting reporter remarked, "because nothing's illegal." Bimini may not be an oasis of learning, but neither is Merry England. The point is not that the future-trending educator should encourage violence or disruption, but that he recognize the many new means, now clear on the horizon, for making lifelong learning legal, for making it possible, in the poet Herrick's words, for men to be "nobly wild, not mad."

Rogues come in numerous varieties. For our purposes, we may take four, blending fact and fiction, as our tutors: (1) the ordinary rogue or rascal, the adventurer, the *picaro*; (2) the radical technologist; (3) the mystic; (4) the artist.

The first of these need detain us only a moment. His tradition is secure, his fascination universal. "The conditions of civilized living do much to sap our lives of adventure and risk," J' Bronowski writes in his book *The Face of Violence*. "We take our revenge by equating spirit with lawlessness and adventure with the criminal." But we seek extraordinary criminals as our teachers: Jean Laffite, the pirate; or, better still, Sir Francis Drake and all those sea captains who pirated under the legitimizing colors of patriotism; Robin Hood, who somehow has come to represent a one-man United Fund Drive; Black Bart, who posted doggerel verse on the stagecoaches he robbed.

War, conquest and politics may be viewed as means of sanctioning roguery. In these endeavors, men are sometimes freed to burst through the restraining barriers of Civilized living and become free-roving hunters again, going "beyond themselves," performing feats of endurance, skill and clairvoyance they had no reason to anticipate. Stable societies have simply been unable, thus far, to provide the opportunities, the reinforcing contingencies that would make possible going beyond ourselves in the happier and far less limiting fields of brotherhood, love, cp., imopm. doscpvery.

What has perhaps not been noted is that rogues throughout history generally have been closely linked with the latest technology of their times. Just as Ulysses was a master mariner in the early age of seafaring, the highwaymen, cony catchers and vagrants of Europe were men of the open road at a time when the confining dominance of household and guild were waning. And the master rogue of our day, James Bond (with all his imitators), is nothing if not technological. Indeed, the new global spy is purely an instrument of technology. He violates the old boundaries of time, place, conscience and propability. He strikes directly at our old, secure faith in the impossible. His mission is distant and detached from the personal lives of the main actors in the drama. His boss is not the stern, hated, feared, loved "Old Man" of earlier conflicts but, like himself, a cool technician. Sex is an icy pleasure that is best when taken by force or deception from an enemy.



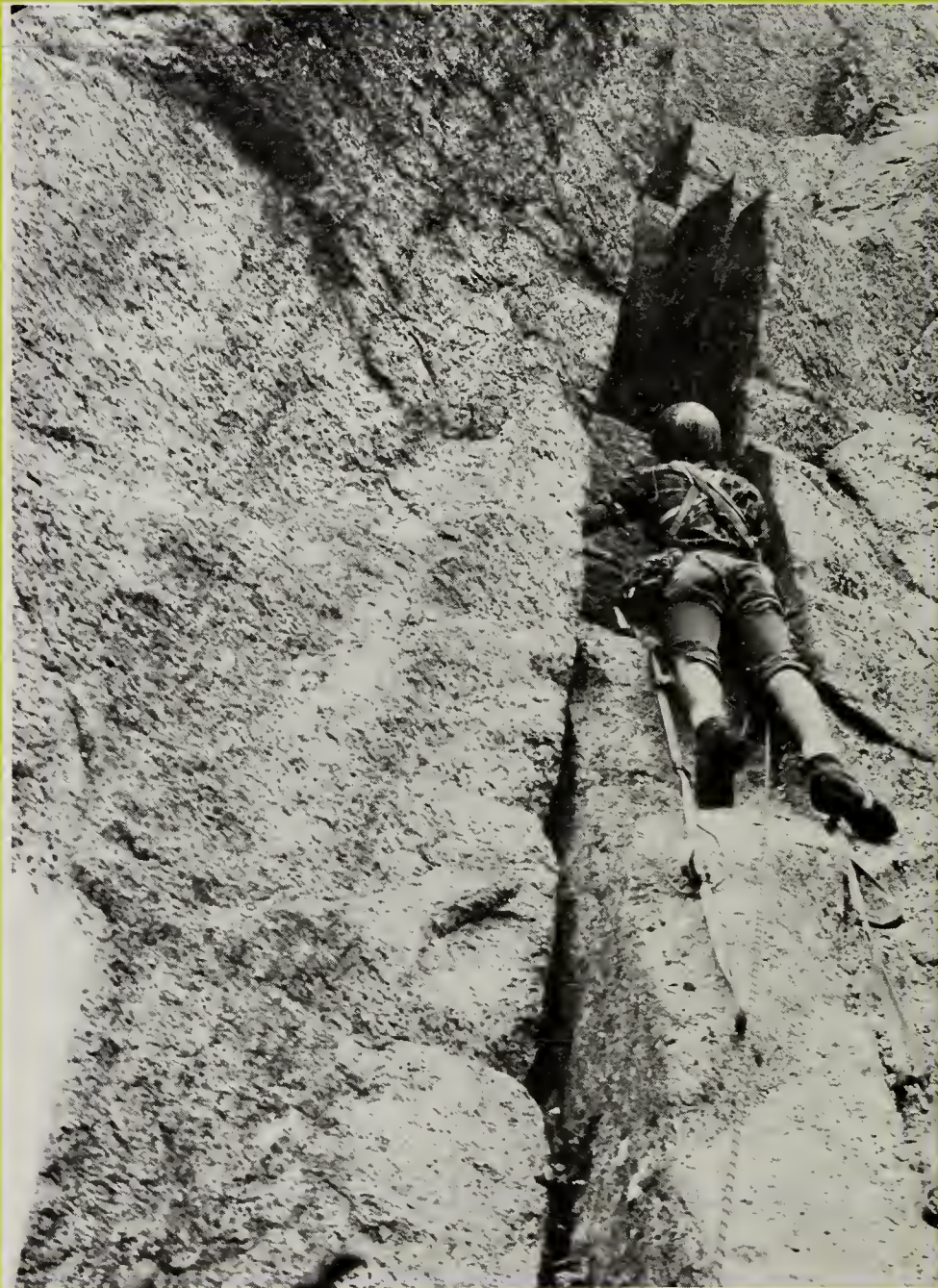
And, above all, technology is supreme. In the Bond movies, our laughter at the mechanical, electronic and chemical outrages is a laughter of recognition, not ridicule. Bond is the foremost free-roving hunter in the new global jungle of interlocking technology. By his double-O code designation, he is identified as one licensed to kill. Thus law sanctions the outlaw. But what this rogue may be teaching us -- in the absurd triumph of impersonality (and possibly its end) -- is that the final victim is actually society as we know it, Civilization itself.

The radical technologist, second among our rogues, figures in some of Civilization's most persistent myths. These myths -- cautionary tales on a grand scale -- show the bringer of or seeker after new technologies succeeding for a while, then suffering his dire desserts. Prometheus is the archetype, and fire may be said to represent all the new technologies. The fire-bringer's suffering serves warning on all who would tamper with the basic technological framework of any society and emphasizes an essential truth: *Any radical change in the technology within an established order will surely bring that order down.*

Indeed, those who would conserve and perpetuate any social entity are quite correct in fearing new knowledge and opposing all innovators who step across the lines that circumscribe Civilized man's every move. Establishment warnings against new technology come down to us across the ages. "Blest pair," wrote Milton of Adam and Eve; "and O yet happiest if ye seek/ No happier state, and know to know no more." Daedalus warned Icarus to fly neither too high nor too low. The Tower of Babel, according to archeological deductions, was simply a temple in the form of a ziggurat and was not meant by the Babylonians to threaten God but to worship him. But to the Israelites (who wrote the story) the tower was a threat. The Babylonians stood at a high stage of technology for their time and were building in an impressive manner. Such a technology might have destroyed Hebraic society; better not understand it.

During the medieval period, fear of all novelty reached a high state and was reflected even in the language. The Arabic word *bid'a* means "novelty," but it also means "heresy." The Spanish word *novedad* carries similar undertones.

The Renaissance view of just who the devil was came clear in the legend of Faust: the devil, it turned out, was none other than the master technologist himself, the very same one who had led Adam and Eve out of their happy ignorance. To follow his forbidden knowledge as Faust did was to lose one's soul. This warning came at a time when new technology was shattering all the usual forms of existence throughout Europe. In the legend, the threatening technology was presented as old-fashioned medieval magic. Nothing surprising about this; as McLuhan has repeatedly pointed out, the content of each new environment is invariably the old environment itself; man drives into the future with his eyes fixed firmly on the rearview mirror.







Christopher Marlowe in 1588 presented the Faust story in dramatic form, and his *Doctor Faustus* became immensely popular. Traveling troupes brought it even to small villages all across Europe. In several versions, including puppet plays, the traditional Faust story retained its popularity well into the nineteenth century, long after Goethe's literary treatment.

The question here is whether people flocked to see the Faust plays to be warned about the dangers of following devilish knowledge or simply out of fascination with a marvelous rogue. For Faust steps restlessly across Civilization's most rigid barriers, inspired, it seems, by nothing more than a spirit of curiosity. "Possessed of omnipotent magic," Richard G. Moulton has written, "Faustus does not use his power for profound speculations, or schemes of self-aggrandizement; he flits like a bee from flower to flower of casual suggestion; he is ready to go to hell for the sake of a new sensation." He is, in short, a learner.

A nineteen-year-old girl named Mary Wollstonecraft wrote the archetypal modern tale of the rogue-technologist just after being married to the poet Shelley. She called her work *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus*. *Frankenstein* was published in London in 1818 and quickly became a best seller. The first dramatic version was staged in London in 1823. A handbill advertising the play read: "The striking moral exhibited in this story is the fatal consequence of that presumption which attempts to penetrate, beyond prescribed depths, into the mysteries of nature." Frankenstein, the creator, is still with us, suffering, time and again, the fatal consequence of his presumption. Invariably, he is unhappy beyond human endurance and generally shares violent death with the monster he has created. Various stage adaptations have had the monster being caught in an avalanche, hit by a thunderbolt, falling into Mount Aetna, drowned in an Arctic storm and leaping from a high crag. The cinema has added death in a burning mill, in an explosion and in a cauldron of boiling sulfur. Sic semper technologists.

What concerns us here is not the literary quality of *Frankenstein* and the endless progeny of mad scientists who peer at us through their thick glasses from behind all that intricate tubing in comic books and horror movies, but the universal bewitchery they hold for us. These rogues have something powerful to teach: radical change in technology will change human life in a way Marx could not have dreamed.

This process of change itself moves from what is known to what is unknown. Fearing that, we fear the technologist. And with reason: the H-bomb is the ultimate Faustian tool.

But joyful and intelligent engagement, not paralyzing fear or stubborn resistance, may be amenable – not just the bomb, which can serve as an oversimplification, but the whole pervasive network of new technology. In the early 1800s, the Luddites roamed the English countryside, destroying the textile machinery they feared would create an economic disaster. But the disaster did not occur; the riots ended. Recently, a history professor at the University of California informed me that technology would *not* change the human condition because, in his words, "there are enough people like me who will go out and smash the computers before that can happen."

Professors vs. computers? It could happen, though the professors will probably find their worst fears, like the Luddites', are groundless. It is useless to pretend, however, that the established order will survive unaltered. Revolution by technology is far more effective than by ideology or violence. In violent political revolutions, only the hangmen change; the gallows remain the same. Technological revolution, on the other hand, razes the entire structure. The cautionary tales are generally in vain, since technology has a way of creeping in unseen. When the revolution at last becomes visible, the guardians of things-as-they-are may react with confusion and panic. These guardians include entrenched politicians, traditionalists of all stripes and a surprisingly large segment of the academic and intellectual community. The latter is known to be liberal, openminded and innovative, but not beyond prescribed depths. Much academic and intellectual energy, in fact, goes toward building and mending the perceptual fences within which established specialists feel their disciplines must operate. It is precisely these fences the rogue-technologist would level. A third rogue, the mystic, can be the most dangerous of all, since he is a technologist of the inner being. His works do not always upset traditions. Revelation has been buttressed with hierarchy as rigid as any known to Civilization. Mystical practices have helped, as in India, to perpetuate structured societies. *But beware*. At any moment, the mystical impulse can bring the structure down. For mysticism admits no boundaries whatever, not even the minimal interface between self and other. Logic, knowledge, proportion all may fall. The Upanishads hold that Enlightenment lies *beyond* the Golden Orb, that is, the very best of conventional wisdom.





For us of the West, there is no better example of the mystic as rogue than Jesus. He followed his vision all the way, though the changes he preached would have unglued the entire reinforcement structure of Civilization, replacing law with love. He formulated perhaps the most revolutionary educational prescription ever known: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Any respectable citizen would have to be far removed, in time and place, from Calvary to think Jesus anything other than a rogue. It may be an indictment of our time that we no longer consider Him so.

The artist, last of the rogues considered here, teaches us more explicitly than the rest. Unlike the rascal, the radical technologist and the mystic, he often has enjoyed his own society's sanction for his roguery. Like Agent 007, he is licensed to kill. Make no mistake about it, the great artist must destroy the forms and perceptions of his time. He must seek order that confounds order. He must journey beyond the conscience of his race.

The more highly specialized and repressed a society becomes, the more it needs Art as a separate category, a place that is safe for wholeness, for feelings, for learning. Primitive man did not see Art apart from life. He seems to have been indifferent toward his cave paintings or sculpture once it was completed; we find the same cave wall painted over again and again.

The important thing was not the finished work itself, but the act of making it. Even as late as the Renaissance, artists could be thought of in somewhat the same terms as craftsmen. And Bach revealed his views on the permanence of his work by sometimes using manuscripts to wrap his lunch.

As fragmentation and categorization continued apace, however, the artist found himself pushed off to one side into his own special niche, where he often was granted a tentative amnesty for his "eccentricities." The most repressed and rigid societies (say Victorian England), societies that permitted their male members no outward display of emotion, allowed their artists to exhibit Bohemian ways, to be effusive or melancholy or even tearful. And then these societies *used* the completed works of art as safety valves for their own bottled-up feelings. They tried to imprison them in heavy, stolid buildings they called "art museums," or in other museums they called "symphony halls" and "opera houses." But the artist is a rogue and eventually can be neither imprisoned nor classified. Always a jump ahead of the technologist, the artist in recent times has been attempting to cross all of Civilization's boundaries. Today, in the Happenings and total-environment events of the young, we may watch the ultimate barrier -- that between artist and audience -- being torn down, brick by brick. It may turn out that the contemporary artist is engaged in the business of ending Art, thereby helping us create an environment in which each individual life may be lived as a work of art.





In the meantime, the rogue-artist provides us one of the best learning programs to be found in the whole crumbling schoolhouse of Civilization. He demonstrates the interplay between discipline and freedom, contending with the limitations of his materials, yet never failing to find (if he is a true artist) that the materials are less limiting than was previously thought. He reveals for us, in his way of working, what the Indian mystic Sri Aurobindo called the soul's distrust of all absolutes. He is compelled toward the particular, the place, the moment. "Art does not generalize and classify," writes Suzanne Langer; "art sets forth the individuality of forms which discourse, being essentially general, has to suppress. The sense of life is always new, infinitely complex, therefore infinitely variable in its possible expressions."

The artist revives in us the senses and feelings and aspects of being that Western Civilization, in its pell-mell pursuit of the purely verbal-symbolic-conceptual, has caused many of us quite to neglect in the educational endeavor. He shows us how to explore the sensory universe. He maps for us the many roads to delight.

To play, to dally, to caper -- these are the true modes of creation. History shouts the lesson; we refuse to hear. We forget that, in Eric Hoffer's words, *man's most unflagging and spectacular efforts were made not in search of necessities but of superfluities . . . The utilitarian device, even when it is an essential ingredient of our daily life, is most likely to have its ancestry in the nonutilitarian. The sepulchre, temple and palace preceded the utilitarian house; ornament preceded clothing; work, particularly teamwork, derives from play. We are told that the bow was a musical instrument before it became a weapon, and some authorities believe that the subtle craft of fishing originated in a period when game was abundant -- that it was the product not so much of grim necessity as of curiosity, speculation, and playfulness. We know that poetry preceded prose, and it may be that sinning came before talking . . . On the whole it seems to be true that the creative periods in history were buoyant and even frivolous . . . One suspects that much of the praise of seriousness comes from people who have a vital need for a facade of weight and dignity. La Rochefoucauld said of solemnity that it is a "mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind."*







The artist, like all rogues, mocks solemnity. And he shows us how to be nobly wild, not mad. Psychologist Frank Barron of the University of California and his colleagues have conducted intensive studies of highly creative people who have achieved recognition in their fields – writing, painting, sculpturing, music, architecture. It is particularly interesting to note that, on the most widely used personality test (the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory), the successful creators rank up with institutionalized schizophrenics on the Schizophrenia Scale. However, on an Ego Strength Scale, the creative people rate high, the schizophrenics, low.

We may interpret these findings as testifying to the usefulness of controlled madness. The unusual perceptions, heightened sensory vigilance and unexpected visions of the madman perhaps exist to some extent in every genius who would move the boundaries of his time. The “successful” creators differ from the institutionalized unfortunates in that they can give their visions form – and also in that they have learned the disguises and dissimulations required by the world-as-it-is. Some of the remaining shamanistic societies (the Bantu of south Africa, the Tanala of Madagascar and the Mojave of the southwest U.S., for example) have found ways to reap social worth from extreme “schizophrenia.” And

indeed, a growing number of present-day psychologists and psychiatrists are beginning to feel that it is quite possible for us to create a world safer for man’s errant impulses, a world that would yield us more color, richness and ecstasy *without* repressions, violence and war.

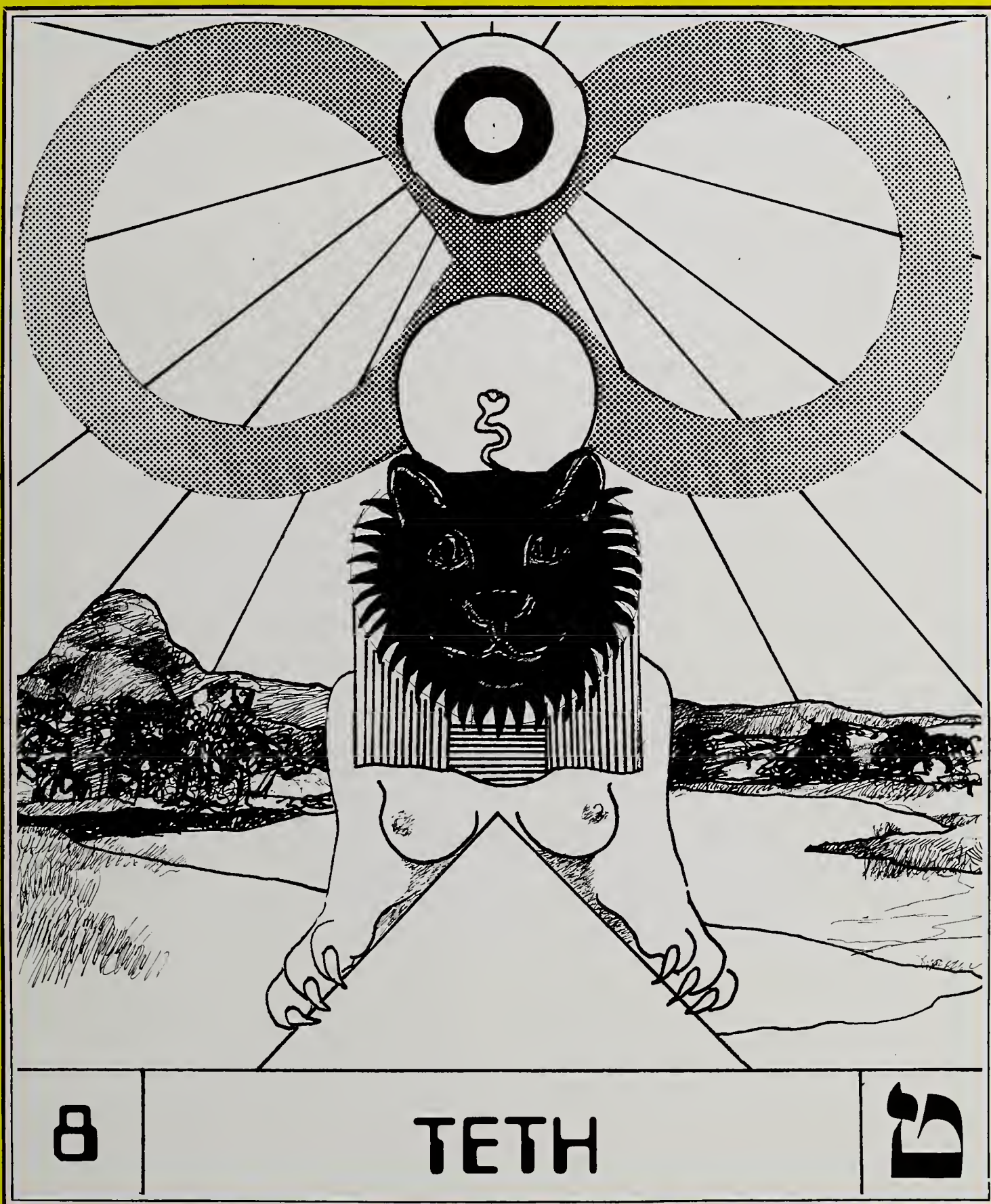
The rogue, nobly wild, teaches us the first elementary lesson about a life in which one does not have to break law or custom in order to come fully awake; a life in which new technology – whether outside or inside the human organism – is not feared and resisted, but deflected toward humane uses; a life in which every established order takes as its first task the business of making itself obsolete; a life in which society’s main function is to evolve into ever-evolving new societies.

Such a lesson may seem radical. But it may turn out to be a simple drill in current events. The shackles of the past are loosening. And the world is crowded, as always, with rogues. Actually, there are now hundreds of millions of them. They are rascals, radical technologists, mystics and artists. They are original, openminded, clear of vision, adaptable, sensitive, enthusiastic, joyful and graceful. They are anything but fragmented, and their chief pleasure in life is learning. It is with what happens to those rogues, our children, in the years to come that the following chapters are concerned.

EDUCATION AND ECSTASY

GEORGE B. LEONARD





8

TETH





# THE GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS

IN HIS SHORT LIFETIME, Alvin had met less than one-thousandth of the inhabitants of Diaspar. He was not surprised, therefore, that the man confronting him was a stranger. What did surprise him was to meet anyone at all here in this deserted tower, so near the frontier of the unknown.

He turned his back on the mirror world and faced the intruder. Before he could speak, the other had addressed him.

"You are Alvin, I believe. When I discovered that someone was coming here, I should have guessed it was you."

The remark was obviously not intended to give offense; it was a simple statement of fact, and Alvin accepted it as such. He was not surprised to be recognized; whether he liked it or not, the fact of his uniqueness, and its unrevealed potentialities, had made him known to everyone in the city.

"I am Khedron," continued the stranger, as if that explained everything. "They call me the Jester."

Alvin looked blank, and Khedron shrugged his shoulders in mock resignation.

"Ah, such is fame! Still, you are young and there have been no jests in your lifetime. Your ignorance is excused."

There was something refreshingly unusual about Khedron. Alvin searched his mind for the meaning of the strange word "Jester"; it evoked the faintest of memories, but he could not identify it. There were many such titles in the complex social structure of the city, and it took a lifetime to learn them all.

"Do you often come here?" Alvin asked, a little jealously. He had grown to regard the Tower of Loranne as his personal property and felt slightly annoyed that its marvels were known to anyone else. But had Khedron, he wondered, ever looked out across the desert or seen the stars sinking down into the west?

"NO," said Khedron, almost as if answering his unspoken thoughts "I have never been here before. But it is my pleasure to learn of unusual happenings in the city, and it is a very long time since anyone went to the Tower of Loranne."

Alvin wondered fleetingly how Khedron knew of his earlier visits, but quickly dismissed the matter from his mind. Diaspar was full of eyes and ears and other more subtle sense organs which kept the city aware of all that was happening within it. Anyone who was sufficiently interested could no doubt find a way of tapping these channels.

"Even if it is unusual for anyone to come here," said Alvin, still fencing verbally, "why should you be interested?"

"Because in Diaspar," replied Khedron, "the unusual is my prerogative, I had marked you down a long time ago; I knew we should meet some day. After my fashion, I too am unique. Oh, not in the way that you are; this is not my first life. I have walked a thousand times out of the Hall of Creation. But somewhere back at the beginning I was chosen to be Jester, and there is only one Jester at a time in Diaspar. Most people think that is one too many."











There was an irony about Khedron's speech that left Alvin still floundering. It was not the best of manners to ask direct personal questions, but after all Khedron had raised the subject.

"I'm sorry about my ignorance," said Alvin. "But what is a Jester, and what does he do?"

"You ask 'what,'" replied Khedron, "so I'll start by telling you 'why'. It's a long story, but I think you will be interested."

"I am interested in everything," said Alvin, truthfully enough.

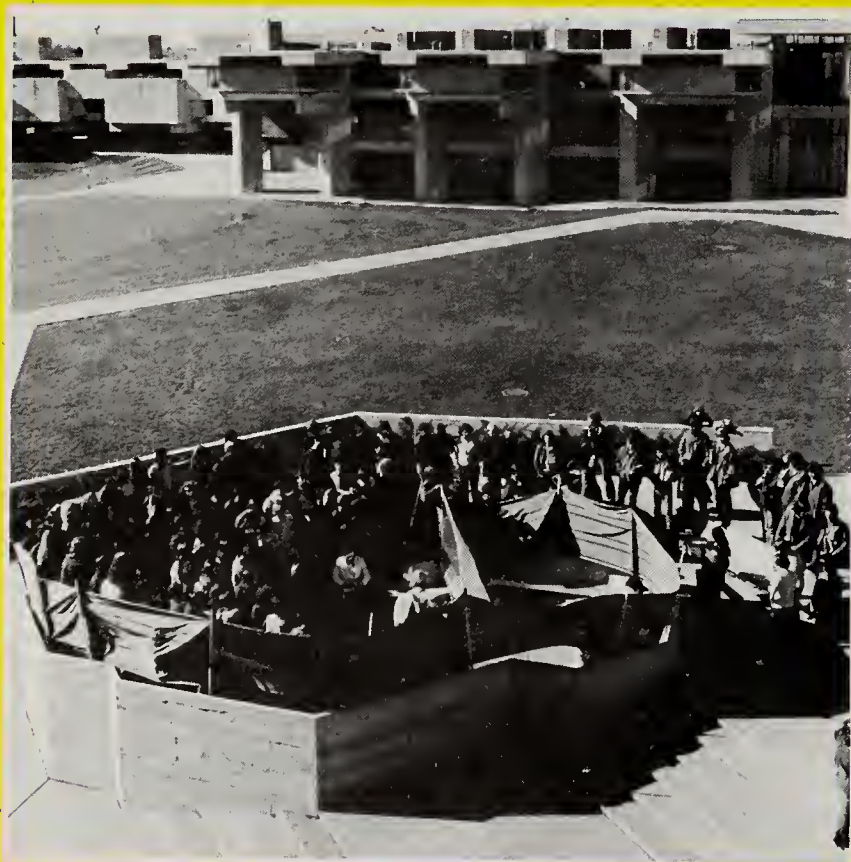
"Very well. The men -- if they were men, which I sometimes doubt -- who designed Diaspar had to solve an incredibly complex problem. Diaspar is not merely a machine, you know -- it is a living organism, and an immortal one. We are so accustomed to our society that we can't appreciate how strange it would have seemed to our first ancestors. Here we have a tiny, closed world which never changes except in its minor details, and yet which is perfectly stable, age after age. It has probably lasted longer than the rest of human history -- yet in that history there were, so it is believed, countless thousands of separate cultures and civilizations which endured for a little while and then perished. How did Diaspar achieve its extraordinary stability?"

Alvin was surprised that anyone should ask so elementary a question, and his hopes of learning something new began to wane.

"Through the Memory Banks, of course," he replied. "Diaspar is always composed of the same people, though their actual groupings change as their bodies are created or destroyed."

Khedron shook his head.

"That is only a very small part of the answer. With exactly the same people, you could build many different patterns of society. I can't prove that, and I've no direct evidence of it, but I believe it's true. The designers of the city did not merely fix its population; they fixed the laws governing its behavior. We're scarcely aware that those laws exist, but we obey them."





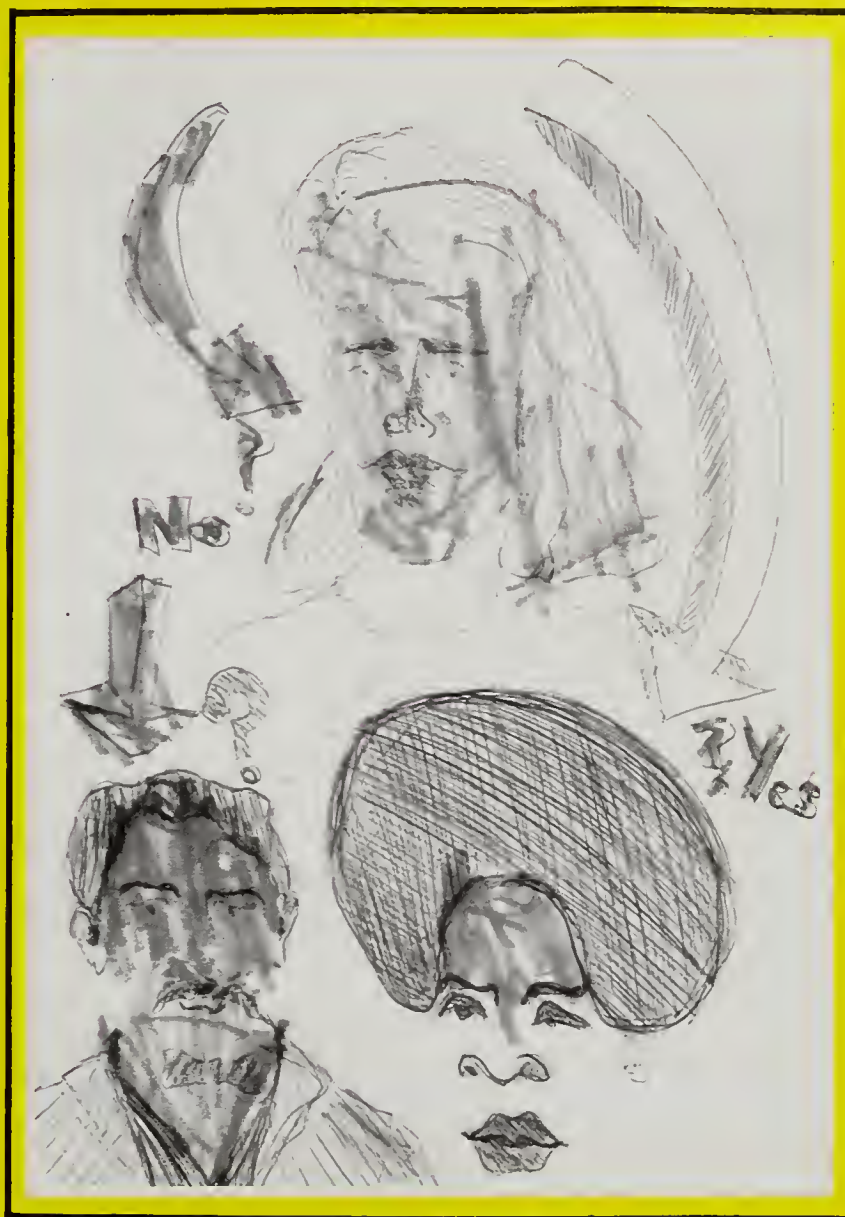
Diaspar is a frozen culture, which cannot change outside of narrow limits. The Memory Banks store many other things outside the patterns of our bodies and personalities. They store the image of the city itself, holding its every atom rigid against all the changes that time can bring. Look at this pavement -- it was laid down millions of years ago, and countless feet have walked upon it. Can you see any sign of wear? Unprotected matter, however adamant, would have been ground to dust ages ago. But as long as there is power to operate the Memory Banks, and as long as the matrices they contain can still control the patterns of the city, the physical structure of Diaspar will never change."

"But there have been some changes," protested Alvin. "Many buildings have been torn down since the city was built, and new ones erected."

"Of course -- but only by discharging the information stored in the Memory Banks and then setting up new patterns. In any case, I was merely mentioning that as an example of the way the city preserves itself physically. The point I want to make is that in the same way there are machines in Diaspar that preserve our social structure. They watch for any changes, and correct them before they become too great. How do they do it? I don't know -- perhaps by selecting those who emerge from the Hall of Creation. Perhaps by tampering with our personality patterns; we may think we have free will, but can we be certain of that?"

"In any event, the problem was solved. Diaspar has survived and come safely down the ages, like a great ship carrying as its cargo all that is left of the human race. It is a tremendous achievement in social engineering, though whether it is worth doing is quite another matter."

"Stability, however, is not enough. It leads too easily to stagnation, and thence to decadence. The designers of the city took elaborate steps to avoid this, though these deserted buildings suggest that they did not entirely succeed. I, Khedron the Jester, am part of that plan. A very small part, perhaps. I like to think otherwise, but I can never be sure."







"And just what is that part?" asked Alvin, still very much in the dark, and becoming a little exasperated.

"Let us say that I introduce calculated amounts of disorder into the city. To explain my operations would be to destroy their effectiveness. Judge me by my deeds? though they are few, rather than my words, though they are many."

Alvin had never before met anyone quite like Khedron. The Jester was a real personality -- a character who stood head and shoulders above the general level of uniformity which was typical of Diaspar. Though there seemed no hope of discovering precisely what his duties were and how he carried them out, that was of minor importance. All that mattered, Alvin sensed, was that here was someone to whom he could talk -- when there was a gap in the monologue -- and who might give him answers to many of the problems that had puzzled him for so long.

They went back together down through the corridors of the Tower of Loranne, and emerged beside the deserted moving way. Not until they were once more in the streets did it occur to Alvin that Khedron had never asked him what he had been doing out here at the edge of the unknown. He suspected that Khedron knew, and was interested but not surprised.

Something told him that it would be very difficult to surprise Khedron.

They exchanged index numbers, so that they could call each other whenever they wished. Alvin was anxious to see more of the Jester, though he fancied that his company might prove exhausting if it was too prolonged. Before they met again, however, he wanted to find what his friends, and particularly Jeserac, could tell him about Khedron.

"Until our next meeting," said Khedron, and promptly vanished. Alvin was somewhat annoyed. If you met anyone when you were merely projecting yourself, and were not present in the flesh, it was good manners to make that clear from the beginning. It could sometimes put the party who was ignorant of the facts at a considerable disadvantage. Probably Khedron had been quietly at home all the time -- wherever his home might be. The number that he had given Alvin would insure that any messages would reach him, but did not reveal where he lived. That at least was according to normal custom. You might be free enough with index numbers, but your actual address was something you disclosed only to your intimate friends.





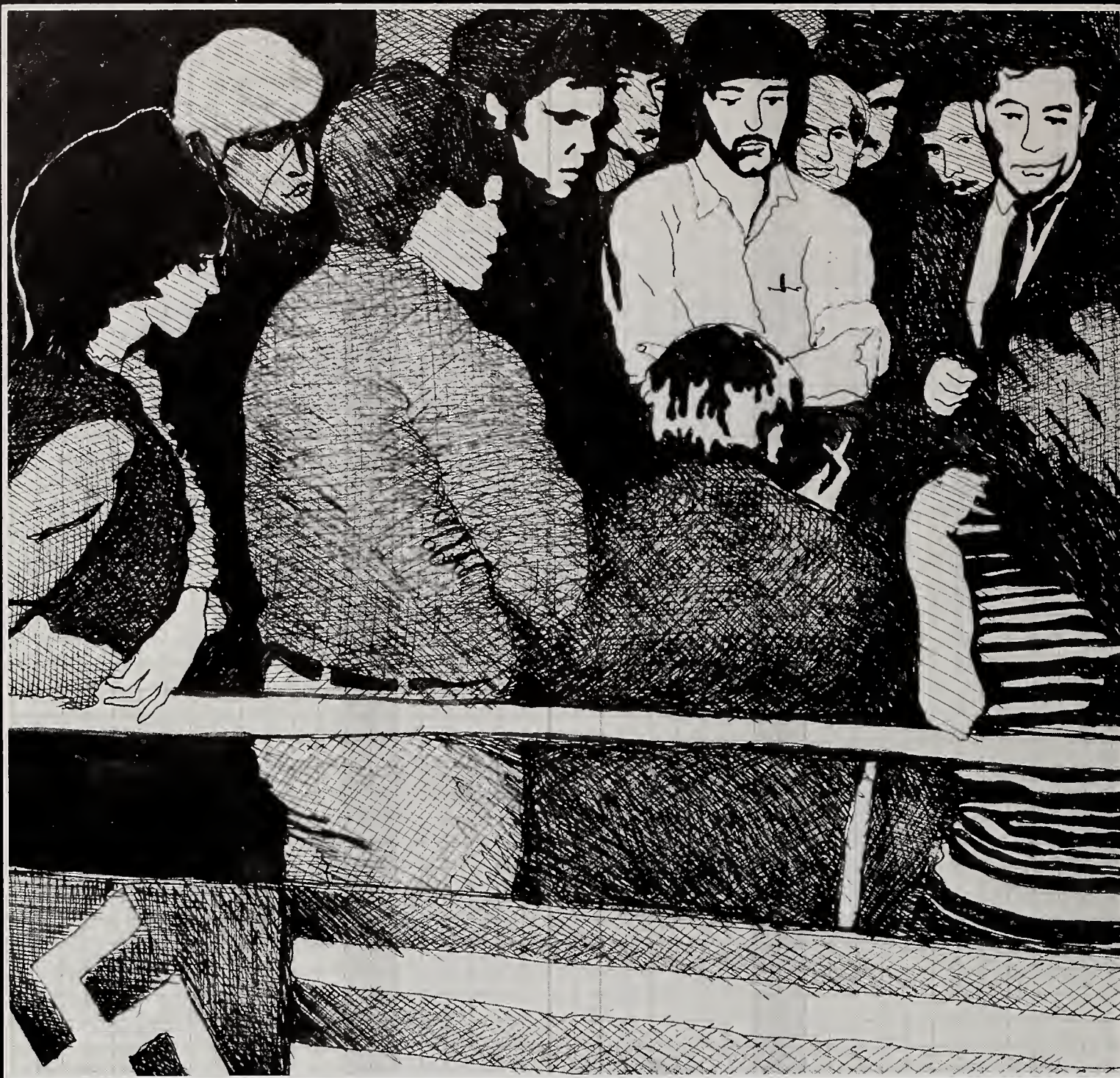


As he made his way back into the city, Alvin pondered over all that Khedron had told him about Diaspar and its social organization. It was strange that he had met no one else who had ever seemed dissatisfied with their mode of life. Diaspar and its inhabitants had been designed as part of one master plan; they formed a perfect symbiosis. Throughout their long lives, the people of the city were never bored. Though their world might be a tiny one by the standard of earlier ages, its complexity was overwhelming, its wealth of wonder and treasure beyond calculation. Here Man had gathered all the fruits of his genius, everything that had been saved from the ruin of the past. All the cities that had ever been, so it was said, had given something to Diaspar, before the coming of the Invaders, its name had been known on all the worlds that Man had lost. Into the building of Diaspar had gone all the skill, all the artistry of the Empire. When the great days were coming to an end, men of genius had remolded the city and given it

the machines that made it immortal. Whatever might be forgotten, Diaspar would live and bear the descendants of Man safely down the stream of time.

had achieved nothing except survival, and were content with that. There were a million things to occupy their lives between the hour when they came, almost full-grown, from the Hall of Creation and the hour when, their bodies scarcely older, they returned to the Memory Banks of the city. In a world where all men and women possess an intelligence that would once have been the mark of genius, there can be no danger of boredom. The delights of conversation and argument, the intricate formalities of social intercourse -- these alone were enough to occupy a goodly portion of a lifetime. Beyond those were the great formal debates, when the whole city would listen entranced while its keenest minds met in combat or strove to scale those mountain peaks of philosophy which are never conquered yet whose challenge never palls.





No man or woman was without some absorbing intellectual interest. Eriston, for example, spent much of his time in prolonged soliloquies with the Central Computer which virtually ran the city, yet which had leisure for scores of simultaneous discussions with anyone who cared to match his wits against it. For three hundred years, Eriston had been trying to construct logical paradoxes which the machine could not resolve. He did not expect to make serious progress before he had used up several lifetimes.

Etania's interests were of a more esthetic nature. She designed and constructed, with the aid of the matter organizers, three-dimensional interlacing patterns of such beautiful complexity that they were really extremely advanced problems in topology. Her work could be seen all over Diaspar, and some of her patterns had been incorporated in the floors of the great halls of choreography, where they were used as the basis for evolving new ballet creations and dance motifs.

Such occupations might have seemed arid to those who did not possess the intellect to appreciate their subtleties. Yet there was no one in Diaspar who could not understand something of what Eriston and Etania were trying to do and did not have some equally consuming interest of his own.

Athletics and various sports, including many only rendered possible by the control of gravity, made pleasant the first few centuries of youth. For adventure and the exercise of the imagination, the sagas provided all that anyone could desire. They were the inevitable end product of that striving for realism which began when men started to reproduce moving images and to record sounds, and then to use these techniques to enact scenes from real or imaginary life. In the sagas, the illusion was perfect because all the sense impressions involved

were fed directly into the mind and any conflicting sensations were diverted. The entranced spectator was cut off from reality as long as the adventure lasted; it was as if he lived a dream yet believed he was awake.

In a world of order and stability, which in its broad outlines had not changed for a billion years, it was perhaps not surprising to find an absorbing interest in games of chance. Humanity had always been fascinated by the mystery of the falling dice, the turn of a card, the spin of the pointer. At its lowest level, this interest was based on mere cupidity – and that was an emotion that could have no place in a world where everyone possessed all that they could reasonably need. Even when this motive was ruled out, however, the purely intellectual fascination of chance remained to seduce the most sophisticated minds. Machines that behaved in a purely random way – events whose outcome could never be predicted, no matter how much information one had – from these philosopher and gambler could drive equal enjoyment.

And there still remained, for all men to share, the linked worlds of love and art. Linked, because love without art is merely the lacking of desire, and art cannot be enjoyed unless it is approached with love.

Men had sought beauty in many forms – in sequences of sound, in lines upon paper, in surfaces of stone, in the movements of the human body, in colors ranged through space. All these media still survived in Diaspar, and down the ages others had been added to them. No one was yet certain if all the possibilities of art had been discovered; or if it had any meaning outside the mind of man.

And the same was true of love.

THE CITY AND THE STARS  
ARTHUR CLARKE





7

CHETH





# "THE UNSPOKEN THING"



How to tell it! . . . the current fantasy . . . I never heard any of the Pranksters use the word *religious* to describe the mental atmosphere they shared after the bus trip and the strange days in Big Sur. In fact, they avoided putting it into words. And yet --

They got on the bus and headed back to La Honda in the old Big Sur summertime, all frozen sunshine up here, and no one had to say it: they were all deep into some *weird shit* now, as they would just as soon call it by way of taking the curse . . . off the Unspoken Thing. Things were getting very psychic.s, It was like when Sandy drove 191 miles in South Dakota and then he had looked up at the map on the ceiling of the bus and precisely those 191 miles were marked in red . . . Sandy : : : : back in Brain Scan country the White Smocks would never in a million years comprehend where he had actually been . . . which was where they all were now, also known as Edge City . . . Back in Kesey's log house in La Honda, all sitting around in the evening in the main room, it's getting cool outside, and Page Browning: *I think I'll close the window* -- and in that very moment another Prankster gets up and closes it for him and smi-i-i-les and says nothing . . . The Unspoken Thing -- and these things keep happening over and over. They take a trip up

into the High Sierras and Cassady pulls the bus off the main road and starts driving up a little mountain road -- see where she goes. The road is so old and deserted the pavement is half broken up and they keep climbing and twisting up into nowhere, but the air is nice, and up at the top of the grade the bus begins bucking and gulping and won't pull any more. It just stops. It turns out they're out of gas, which is a nice situation because its nightfall and they're stranded totally hell west of nowhere with not a gas station within thirty, maybe fifty miles. Nothing to do but stroke themselves out on the bus and go to sleep . . . hmmmmmm . . . scorpions with boots on red TWA Royal Ambassado slumber slippers on his big Stinger Howard Hughes in a sleeping bag on the floor in a marble penthouse in the desert

DAWN

All wake up to a considerable fetching and hauling and grinding up the grade below them and over the crest comes a CHEVRON gasoline tanker, a huge monster of a tanker. Which just stops like they all met somewhere before and gives them a tankful of gas and without a word heads on into the Sierras toward absolutely

Nothing



*I have been asked to write something for the graduating class yearbook. There are many things that might be written, but a point that has troubled me of late is the campaign to create fear in people of their fellow men. I am disturbed by the success of this campaign. My children listen to the slogan "Never pick up a stranger" and I wonder at the long-range impact it might have upon them. If we can be driven into a corner where we cower in fear, then the possibility for men of ill will to capitalize on that fear and legislate more effectively the movements of free men becomes increasingly a reality. I would ask you to recognize that this world was never without danger to the individual, but I would further point out that freedom of the spirit feeds on good will and does not partake of meanness. Trust one another. Do not let the fearful of this world set the path you take. Fear only the outrage that results from denying the presence of the god within you. Walk in the light and the darkness. Bless the beasts and the children. Therein lies peace.*

*Vernon Ingraham*











Babbs – *Cosmic control, eh Hassler!*

And Kesey – *Where does it go? I don't think man has ever been there. We're under cosmic control and have been for a long long time, and each time it builds, it's bigger, and it's stronger. And then you find out . . . about Cosmo, and you discover that he's running the show . . .*

The Unspoken Thing; Kesey's role and the whole direction the Pranksters were taking – all the Pranksters were conscious of it, but none of them put it into words, as I say. They made a point of not putting it into words. That in itself was one of the unspoken rules. *If you label it this, then it can't be that . . .*

Kesey took great pains not to make his role explicit. He wasn't the authority, somebody else was: "Babbs says . . ." "Page says . . ." He wasn't the leader, he was the "non-navigator." He was also the non-teacher. "Do you realize that you're a teacher here?" Kesey says, "Too much, too much," and walks away . . . Kesey's explicit teachings were all cryptic, metaphorical; parables, aphorisms: "You're either on the bus or off the bus." "Feed the hungry bee," "Nothing lasts," "See with your ears and hear with your eyes," "Put your good where it will do the most," "What did the mirror say? It's done with people." To that extent it was like Zen Buddhism, with the inscrutable koans, in which the novice says, "What is the secret of Zen?" and Hui-neng the master says, "What did your face look like before your parents begat you?"

To put it into so many words, to define it, was to limit it. If it's *this*, then it can't be *that* . . . Yet there it was! Everyone had his own thing he was working out, but it all fit into the group thing, which was – "the Unspoken Thing," said Page Browning, and that was as far as anyone wanted to go with words.

For that matter, there was no theology to it, no philosophy, at least not in the sense of an *ism*. There was no goal of an improved moral order in the world or an improved social order, nothing about salvation and certainly nothing about immortality or the life hereafter. Hereafter! That was a laugh. If there was ever a group devoted totally to the here and now it was the Pranksters. I remember puzzling over this. There was something so . . . *religious* in the air, in the very atmosphere of the Prankster life, and yet one couldn't put one's finger on it. On the face of it there was just a group of people who had shared an unusual psychological state, the LSD experience –

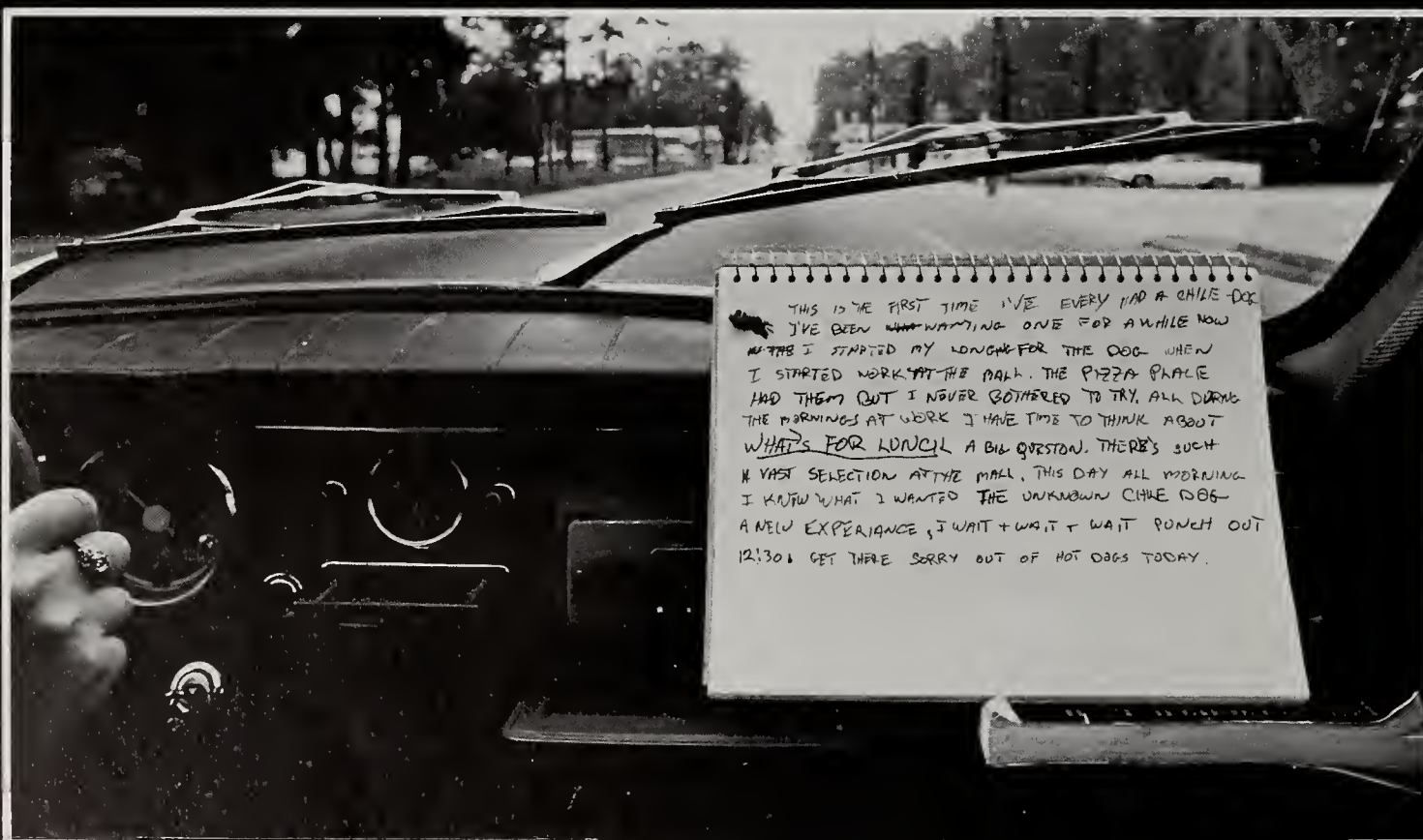
But exactly! The *experience* – that was the word! and it began to fall into place. In fact, none of the great founded religions, Christianity, Buddhism, Islam, Jainism, Judaism, Zoroastrianism, Hinduism, none of them began with a philosophical framework or even a main idea. They all began with an overwhelming *new experience*, what Joachim Wach called "the experience of the holy," and Max Weber, "possession of the deity," the sense of being a vessel of the divine, of the All-one. I remember I never truly understood what they were talking about when I first read of such things. I just took their weighty German word for it. Jesus, Mani, Zoroaster, Gautama Buddha – at the very outset the leader did not offer his circle of followers a better state hereafter or an improved social order or any reward other than a certain "psychological state in the here and now," as Weber put it. I suppose what I never really comprehended was that he was talking about an actual mental experience according to scriptures and legend, it happened in a flash. Mohammed fasting and me I suppose what I never really comprehended was that he was talking about an actual mental experience they all went through, an *ecstasy*, in short. In most cases, according to scriptures and legend, it happened in a flash. Mohammed fasting and meditating on a mountainside near Mecca and – *flash!* – ecstasy, vast revelation and the beginning of Islam.





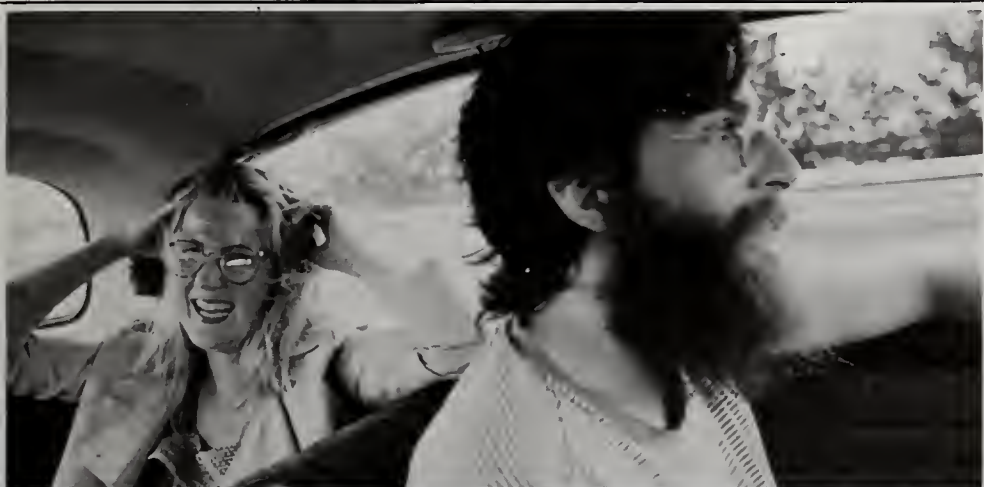
*Zoroaster hauling haoma water along the road and; flash! -- he runs into the flaming form of the Archangel Vohu Mano, messenger of Ahura Mazda, and the beginning of Zoroastrianism. Saul of Tarsas walking along the road to Damascus and -- flash! -- he hears the voice of the Lord and becomes a Christian. Plus God knows how many lesser figures in the 2,000 years since then, Christian Rosenkreuz and his "God-illuminated" brotherhood of Rosicrucians, Emanuel Swedenborg whose mind suddenly "opened" in 1743, Meister Eckhart and his disciples Suso and Tauler, and in the twentieth-century Sadhu Sundar Singh -- with -- flash! -- a vision at the age of 16 and many times thereafter; "... often when I come out of ecstasy I think the whole world must be blind not to see what I see, everything is so near and clear ... there is no language which will express the things which I see and hear in the spiritual world ..."*

What they all saw in ... a flash was the solution to the basic predicament of being *human*, the personal *I, Me*, trapped, mortal and helpless, in a vast impersonal *It*, the world around me. Suddenly! -- All-in-one! -- flowing together, *I* into *It*, and *into Me*, and in that flow I perceive a power, so near and so clear, that the whole world is blind to. All the modern religions, and the occult mysteries, for that matter, talk about an Other World -- whether Brahma's or the flying saucers' -- that the rational work-a-day world is blind to. The -- *so-called!* friends -- rational world. If only *they*, Mom&Dad&Buddy&Sis, dear-but-square ones, could but know the *kairos*, the supreme moment ... The historic *visions* have been explained in many ways, as the result of epilepsy, self hypnosis, changes in metabolism due to fasting, or actual intervention by gods -- or Zoroastrianism began in a grand bath of haoma water, which was the same as the Hindu soma, and was unquestionably *The experience!*



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER HAD A CHILE DOG  
I'VE BEEN WANTING ONE FOR A WHILE NOW  
WHEN I STARTED MY LONGER FOR THE DOG WHEN  
I STARTED WORK AT THE MALL. THE PIZZA PLACE  
HAD THEM OUT I NEVER BOTHERED TO TRY. ALL DURING  
THE MORNINGS AT WORK I HAVE TIME TO THINK ABOUT  
WHAT'S FOR LUNCHEON. A BIG QUESTION. THERE'S SUCH  
A VAST SELECTION AT THE MALL. THIS DAY ALL MORNING  
I KNEW WHAT I WANTED THE UNKNOWN CHILE DOG  
A NEW EXPERIENCE, I WAIT + WAIT + WAIT PUNCH OUT  
12:30 GET THERE SORRY OUT OF HOT DOGS TODAY.





And following *the experience* -- after I got to know the Pranksters, I went back and read Joachim Wach's paradigm of the way religions are founded, written in 1944, and it was almost like a piece of occult precognition for me if I played it off against what I knew about the Pranksters::

*Following a profound new experience, providing a new illumination of the world, the founder, a highly charismatic person, begins enlisting disciples. These followers become an informally but closely knit association, bound together by the new experience, whose nature the founder has revealed and interpreted. The association might be called a circle, indicating that it is oriented toward a central figure with whom each of the followers is in intimate contact. The followers may be regarded as the founder's companions, bound to him by personal devotion, friendship and loyalty. A growing sense of solidarity both binds the members together and differentiates them from any other form of social organization. Membership in the circle requires a complete break with the ordinary*

*pursuits of life and a radical change in social relationships. Ties of family and kinship and loyalties of various kinds were at least temporarily relaxed or severed. The hardships, suffering and persecution that loomed for those who cast their lot with the group were counterbalanced by their high hopes and firm expectations . . .*

and so on. And of the founder himself: he has "visions, dreams, trances, frequent ecstasies" . . . "unusual sensitiveness and an intense emotional life" . . . "is ready to interpret manifestations of the divine" . . . "there is something elemental about (him), an uncompromising attitude and an archaic manner and language" . . . "He appears as a renewer of lost contracts with the hidden powers of life" . . . "does not usually come from the aristocracy, the learned or refined; frequently he emerges from simpler folk and remains true to his origin even in a changed environment" . . . "speaks cryptically, with words, signs, gestures, luminates and interprets the past and anticipates the future in terms of the *kairos* (the supreme moment)" --





*The kairos! – the experience!* –in one of two ways, according to Max Weber: as an “ethical” prophet, like Jesus or Moses, who outlines rules of conduct for his followers and describes God as a super-person who passes judgment on how they live up to the rules. Or as an “exemplary” prophet, like Buddha: for him, God is impersonal, a force, an energy, a unifying flow, an All-in-one. The exemplary prophet does not present rules of conduct. He presents his own life as an example for his followers . . .

In all these religious circles, the groups became tighter and tighter by developing their own symbols, terminology, life styles, and, gradually, simple cultic practices, *rites*, often involving music and art, all of which grew out of the *new experience* and seemed weird or incomprehensible to those who have never had it. At that point they would also . . . “develop a strong urge to extend the message to all people.”

. . . all people . . . Within the religious circle, status was always a simple matter. The world was simply and sheerly divided into “the aware,” those who had had the experience of being vessels of the divine, and a great mass of “the unaware,” “the unmusical,” “the unattuned.” Or: *you’re either on the bus or off the bus*. Consciously, the Aware were never snobbish toward the Unaware, but in fact most of that great jellyfish blob of straight souls looked like hopeless cases – *and the music of your flute from up top the bus just brought them up tighter*. But these groups treated anyone who showed possibilities, who was a potential brother, with generous solicitude . . .

The Pranksters never talked about synchronicity by name, but they were more and more attuned to the principle. Obviously, according to this principle, man does not have free will. There is no use in his indulging in a lifelong competition to change the structure of the little environment he seems to be trapped in. But one could *see* the larger pattern and move with it – *Go with the flow!* – and accept it and rise above one’s immediate environment and even alter it by accepting the larger pattern and grooving with it – *Put your good where it will do the most!*

Gradually the Prankster attitude began to involve the main things religious mystics have always felt, things common to Hindus, Buddhists, Christians, and for that matter Theosophists and even flying-saucer cultists. Namely, the *experiencing* of an Other World, a higher level of reality. And a perception of the cosmic unity of this higher level. And a feeling of timelessness, the feeling that what we know as time is only the result of a naive faith in causality – the notion that A in the past *caused* B in the present, which will *cause* C in the future, when actually A, B, and C are all part of a pattern that can be truly understood only by opening the doors of perception and experiencing it . . . in this moment . . . this supreme moment . . . this *kairos* –

A person has all sorts of lags built into him, Kesey is saying. One, the most basic, is the sensory lag, the lag between the time your senses receive something and you are able to react. One-thirtieth of a second is the time it takes, if you’re the most alert person alive, and most people are a lot slower than that. Now, Cassady is right up against that 1/30th of a second barrier. He is going as fast as a human can go, but even he can’t overcome it. He is a living example of how close you can come, but it can’t be done. You can’t go any faster than that. You can’t through sheer speed overcome the lag. We are all of us doomed to spend our lives watching a *movie* of our lives – we are always acting on what has just finished happening. It happened at least 1/30th of a second ago. We think we’re in the present, but we aren’t. The present we know is only a movie of the past, and we will really never be able to control the present through ordinary means. That lag has to be overcome some other way, through some kind of total breakthrough. And there are all sorts of other lags, besides, that go along with it. There are historical and social lags, where people are living by what their ancestors or somebody else perceived, and they may be twenty-five or fifty years or centuries behind, and nobody can be creative without overcoming all those lags first of all. A person can overcome that much through intellect or theory or study of history and so forth and get pretty much into the present that way, but he’s still going to be up against one of the worst lags of all, the psychological. Your emotions remain behind because of training, education, the way you were brought up, blocks, hangups and stuff like that, and as a result your mind wants to go one way but your emotions don’t –

“Yeah, we’re really synched up tonight.”

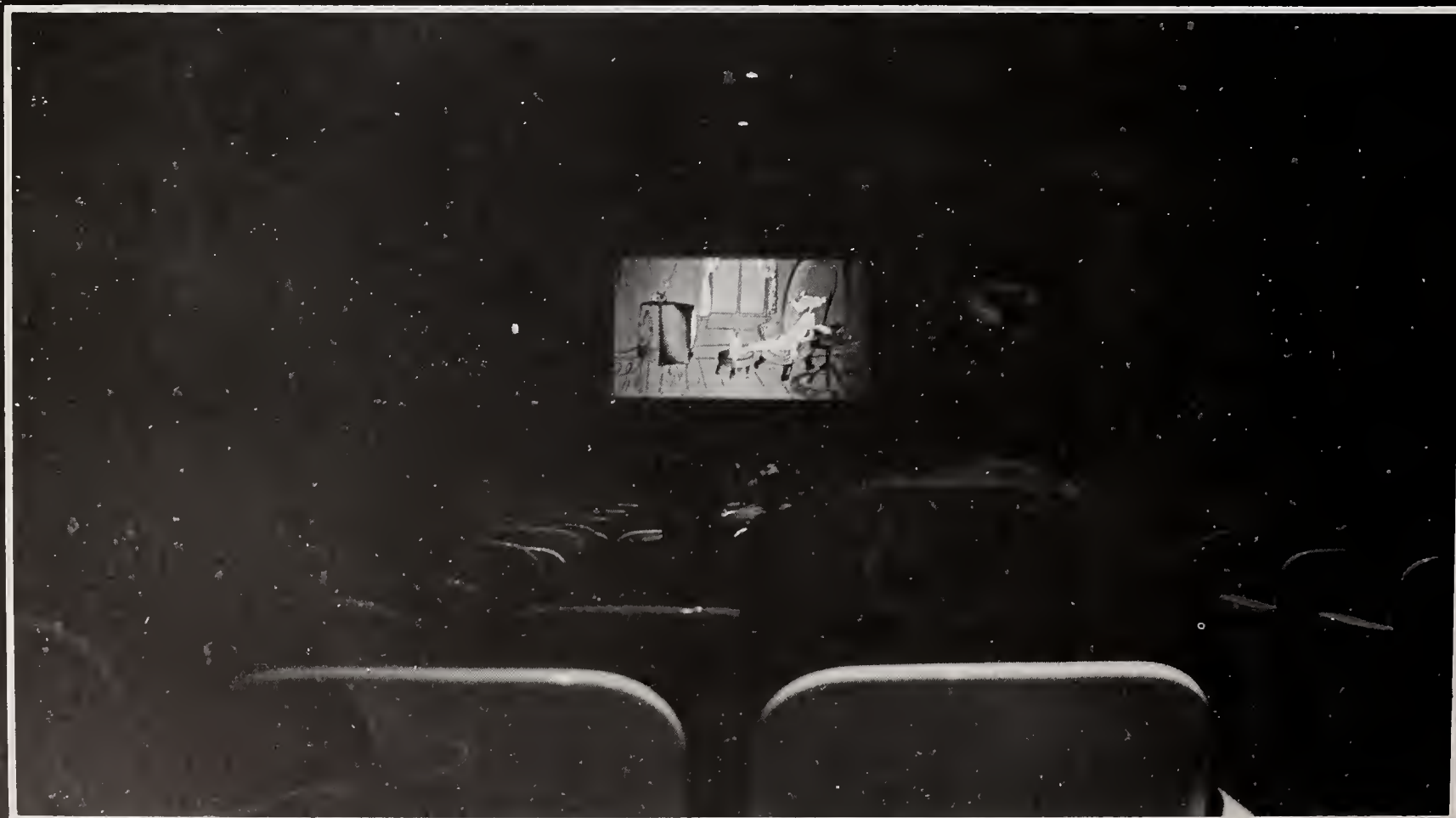
– and, of course, everyone in this tent looks at Kesey and wonders. What is his movie? Well, you might call it *Randle McMurphy*, for a start. McMurphy, goading, coaxing, leading everybody on to give themselves a little bigger movie, a little action, moving the plot from out of deadass snug harbor. There’s a hell of a scene going for you, bub, out here in Edge City. But don’t even stop there –

– and all those things are keeping us out of the present, Kesey is saying, out of our own world, our own reality, and until we can get into our own world, we can’t control it. If you ever make that breakthrough, you’ll know it. It’ll be like you had a player piano, and it is playing a mile a minute, with all the keys sinking in front of you in fantastic chords, and you never heard of the song before, but you are so far into the thing, your hands start going along with it exactly. When you make that breakthrough, then you’ll start controlling the piano –

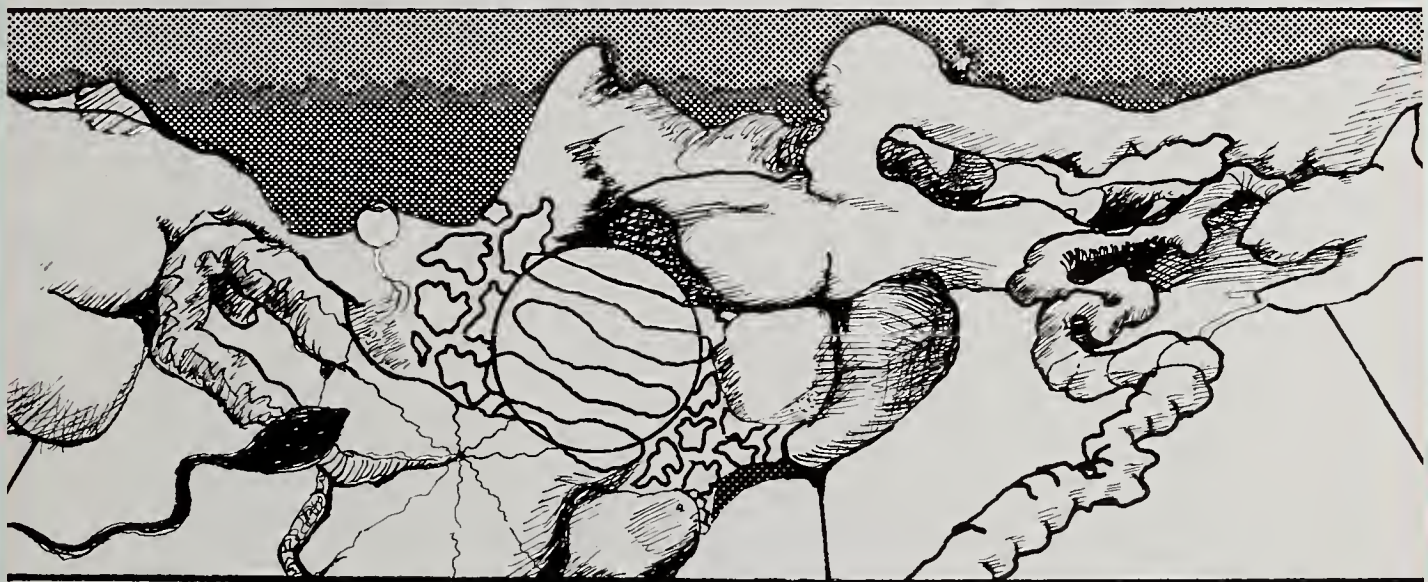
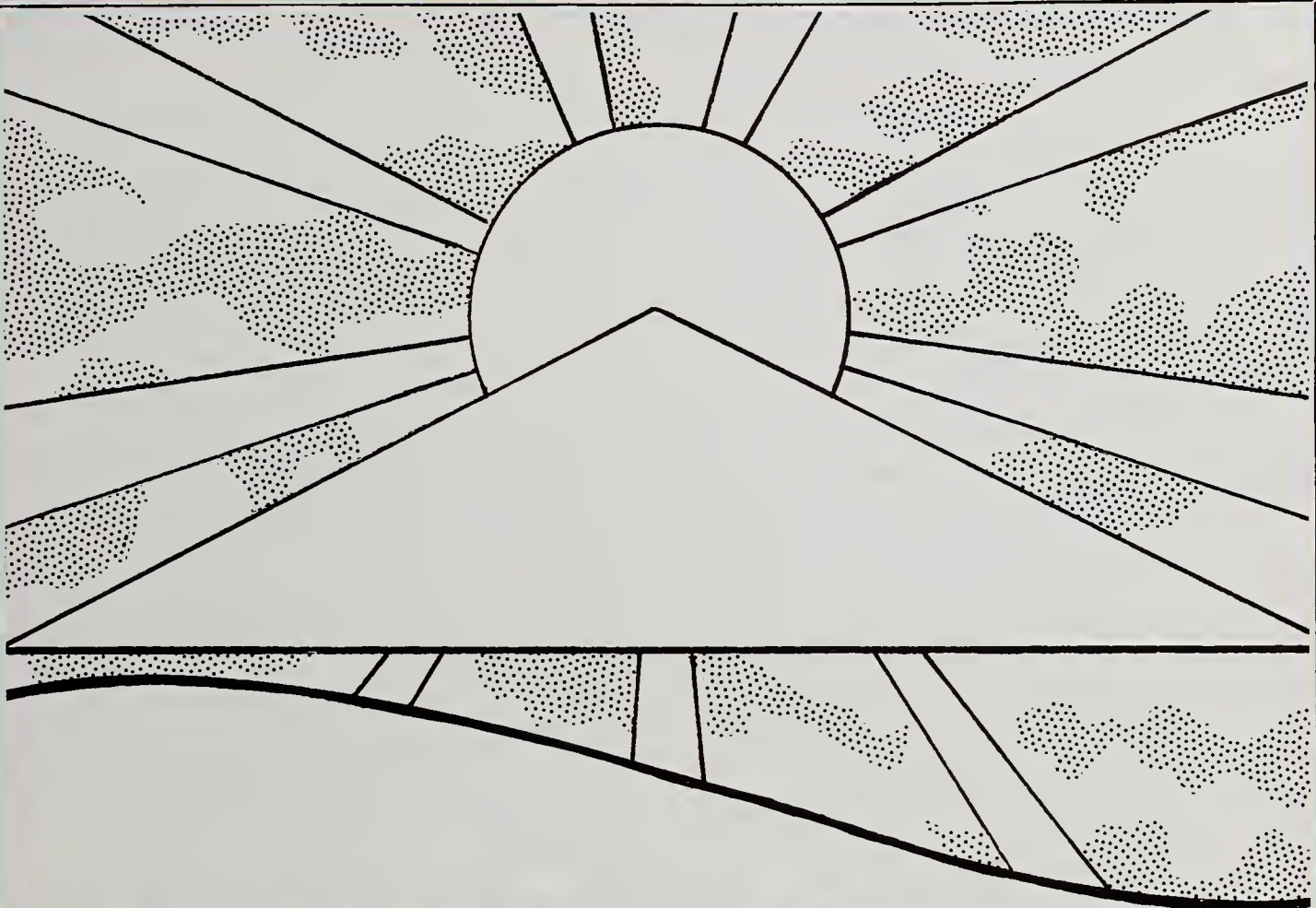
– and extend the message to all people –

ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST

TOM WOLFE







6

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# The Last Generation







"MY WORK HERE is nearly ended," said Karellen's voice from a million radios. "At last, after a hundred years, I can tell you what it was.

"There are many things we have had to hide from you as we hid ourselves for half our stay on Earth. Some of you, I know, thought that concealment unnecessary. You are accustomed to our presence: you can no longer imagine how your ancestors would have reacted to us. But at least you can understand the purpose of our concealment, and know that we had a reason for what we did.

"The supreme secret we kept from you was our purpose in coming to earth -- that purpose about which you have speculated so endlessly. We could not tell you until now, for the secret was not ours to reveal.

"A century ago we came to your world and saved you from self-destruction. I do not believe that anyone would deny that fact -- but what that self-destruction was, you never guessed.

"Because we banned nuclear weapons and all the other deadly toys you were accumulating in your armories, the danger of physical annihilation was removed. You thought that was the only danger. We wanted you to believe that, but it was never true. The greatest danger that confronted you was of a different character altogether -- and it did not concern your race alone.

"Many worlds have come to the crossroads of nuclear power, have avoided disaster, have gone on to build peaceful and happy civilizations -- and have then been utterly destroyed by forces of which they knew nothing. In the twentieth century, you first began to tamper seriously with those forces. That was why it became necessary to act.

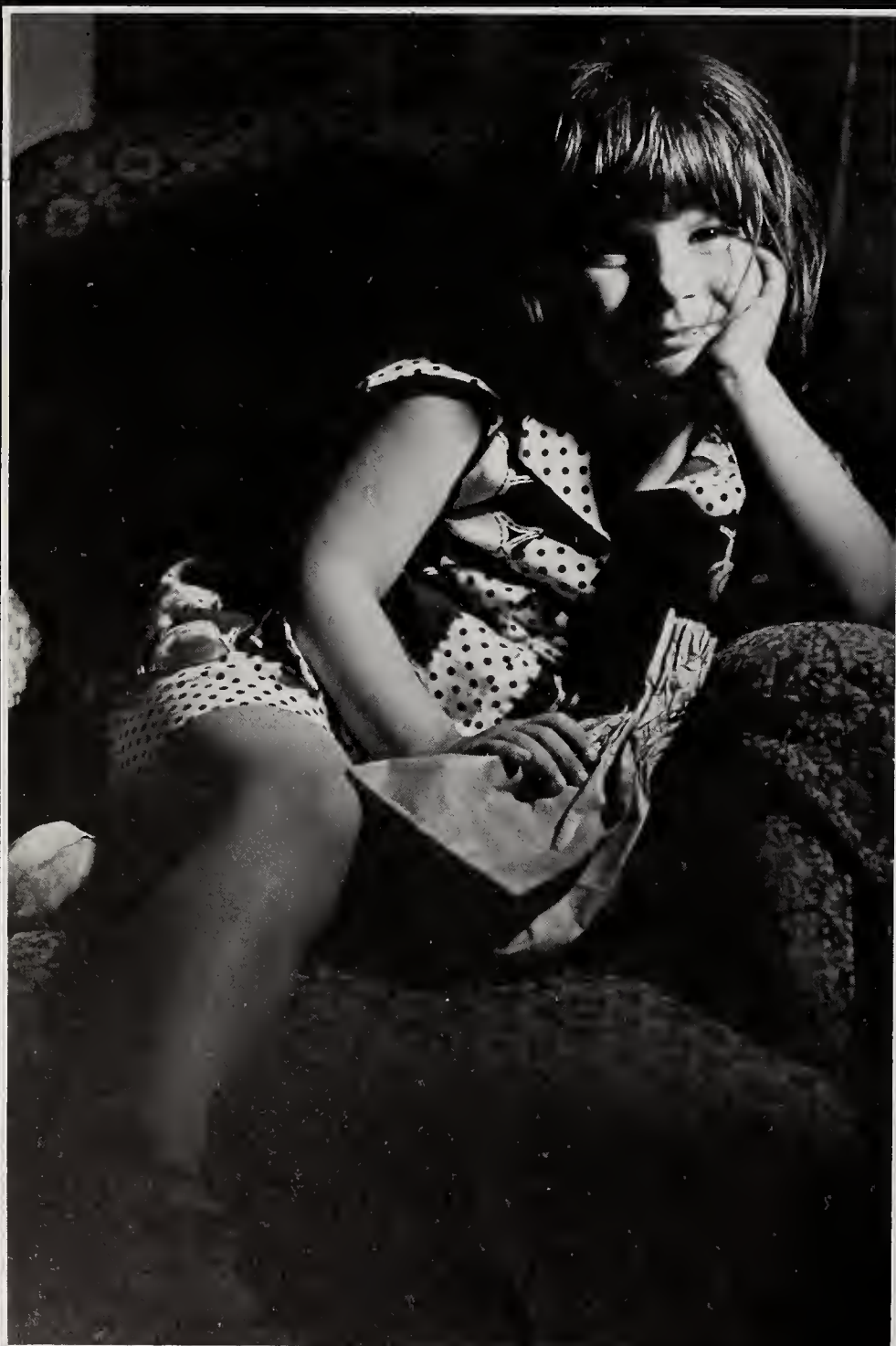
"All through that century, the human race was drawing slowly nearer to the abyss -- never even suspecting its existence. Across that abyss, there is only one bridge. Few races, unaided, have ever found it. Some have turned back while there was still time, avoiding both the danger and the achievement. Their worlds have become Elysian islands of effortless content, playing no further part in the story of the universe. That would never have been your fate -- or your fortune. Your race was to vital for that. It would have plunged into ruin and taken others with it, for you would never have found the bridge.

"I am afraid that almost all I have to say now must be by means of such analogies. You have no words, no conceptions, form many of the things I wish to tell you -- and our own knowledge of them is also sadly imperfect.

"To understand, you must go back into the past and recover much that your ancestors would have found familiar, but which you have forgotten -- which, in fact, we deliberately halped you to forget. For all our sojourn here has been based on a vast deception, a concealment of truths which you were not ready to face.

"In the centuries before our coming, your scientists uncovered the secrets of the physical world and led you from the energy of steam to the energy of the atom. You had put supersitition behind you: Science was the only real religion of mankind. It was the gift of the western minority to the remainder of mankind, and it had destroyed all other faiths. Those that still existed when we came were already dying. Science, it was felt, could explain everything: there were no forces which did not come within its cope, no events for which it could not ultimately account.





"In the centuries before our coming, your scientists uncovered the secrets of the physical world and led you from the energy of steam to the energy of the atom. You had put superstition behind you: Science was the only real religion of mankind. It was the gift of the western minority to the remainder of mankind, and it had destroyed all other faiths. Those that still existed when we came were already dying. Science, it was felt, could explain everything: there were no forces which did not come within its scope, no events for which it could not ultimately account. The origin of the universe might be forever unknown, but all that had happened since obeyed the laws of physics.

"Yet your mystics, though they were lost in their own delusions, had seen part of the truth. There are powers of the mind, and powers beyond the mind, which your science could never have brought within its framework without shattering it entirely. All down the ages there have been countless reports of strange phenomena -- poltergeists, telepathy, precognition -- which you had named but never explained. At first science ignored them, even denied their existence, despite the testimony of five thousand years. But they exist, and, if it is to be complete, any theory of the universe must account for them.

"During the first half of the twentieth century, a few of your scientists began to investigate these matters. They did not know it, but they were tampering with the lock of Pandora's box. The forces they might have unleashed transcended any perils that the atom could have brought. For the physicists could only have ruined the earth: the parapsychists could have spread havoc to the stars.

"That could not be allowed. I cannot explain the full nature of the threat you represented. It would not have been a threat to us, and therefore we do not comprehend it. Let us say that you might have become a telepathic cancer, a malignant mentality which in its inevitable dissolution would have poisoned other and greater minds.

"And so we came -- we were *sent* -- to Earth. We interrupted your development on every cultural level, but in particular we checked all serious work on paranormal phenomena. I am well aware of the fact that we have also inhibited, by the contrast between our civilizations, all other forms of creative achievement as well. But that was a secondary effect, and it is of no importance.





"Now I must tell you something which you may find very surprising, perhaps almost incredible. All these potentialities, all these latent powers -- we do not possess them, nor do we understand them. Our intellects are far more powerful than yours, but there is something in your minds that has always eluded us. Ever since we came to Earth we have been studying you; we have learned a great deal, and will learn more, yet I doubt if we shall discover all the truth.

"Our races have much in common -- that is why we were chosen for this task. But in other respects, we represent the ends of two different evolutions. Our minds have reached the end of their development. So, in their present form, have yours. Yet you can make the jump to the next stage, and therein lies the difference between us. Our potentialities are exhausted, but yours are still untapped. They are linked, in ways we do not understand, with the powers I have mentioned -- the powers that are now awakening on your world.

"We held the clock back, we made you mark time while those powers developed, until they could come flooding out into the channels that were being prepared for them. What we did to improve your planet, to raise your standards of living, to bring justice and peace -- those things we should have done in any event, once we were forced to intervene in your affairs. But all that vast transformation diverted you from the truth, and therefore helped to serve our purpose.

"We are your guardians -- no more. Often you must have wondered what position my race held in the hierarchy of the universe. As we are above you, so there is something above us, using us for its own purposes. We have never discovered what it is, though we have been its tool for ages and dare not disobey it. Again and again we have received our orders, have gone to some world in the early flower of its civilization, and have guided it along the road that we can never follow -- the road that you are traveling now.

"Again and again we had studied the process we have been sent to foster, hoping that we might learn to escape from our own limitations. But we have glimpsed only the vague outlines of the truth. You called us the Overlords, not knowing the irony of that title. Let us say that above us is the *Overmind*, using us as the potter uses his wheel.

"And your race is the clay that is being shaped on that wheel.

"We believe -- it is only a theory -- that the Overmind is trying to grow, to extend its powers and its awareness of the universe. By now it must be the sum of many races, and long ago it left the tyranny of matter behind. It is conscious of intelligence, everywhere. When it knew that you were almost ready, it sent us here to do its bidding, to prepare you for the transformation that is now at hand.







"All the earlier changes your race has known took countless ages. But this is a transformation of the mind, not of the body. By the standards of evolution, it will be cataclysmic -- instantaneous. It has already begun. You must face the fact that yours is the last generation of *Homo sapiens*.

"As to the nature of that change, we can tell you very little. We do not know how it is produced -- what trigger impulse the Overmind employs when it judges that the time is ripe. All we have discovered is that it starts with a single individual -- always a child -- and then spreads explosively, like the formation of crystals round the first nucleus in a saturated solution. Adults will not be affected, for their minds are already set in an unalterable mould.

"In a few years, it will all be over, and the human race will have divided in twain. There is no way back, and no future for the world you know. All the hopes and dreams of your race are ended now. You have given birth to your successors, and it is your tragedy that you will never understand them -- will never even be able to communicate with their minds. Indeed, they will not possess minds as you know them. They will be a single entity, as you yourselves are the sums of your myriad cells. You will not think them human, and you will be right.

"I have told you these things so that you will know what faces you. In a few hours, the crisis will be upon us. My task and my duty is to protect those I have been sent here to guard. Despite their wakening powers, they could be destroyed by the multitudes around them -- yes, even by their parents, when they realized the truth. I must take them away and isolate them, for their protection, and for yours. Tomorrow my ships will begin the evacuation. I shall not blame you if you try to interfere, but it will be useless. Greater powers than mine are wakening now; I am only one of their instruments.

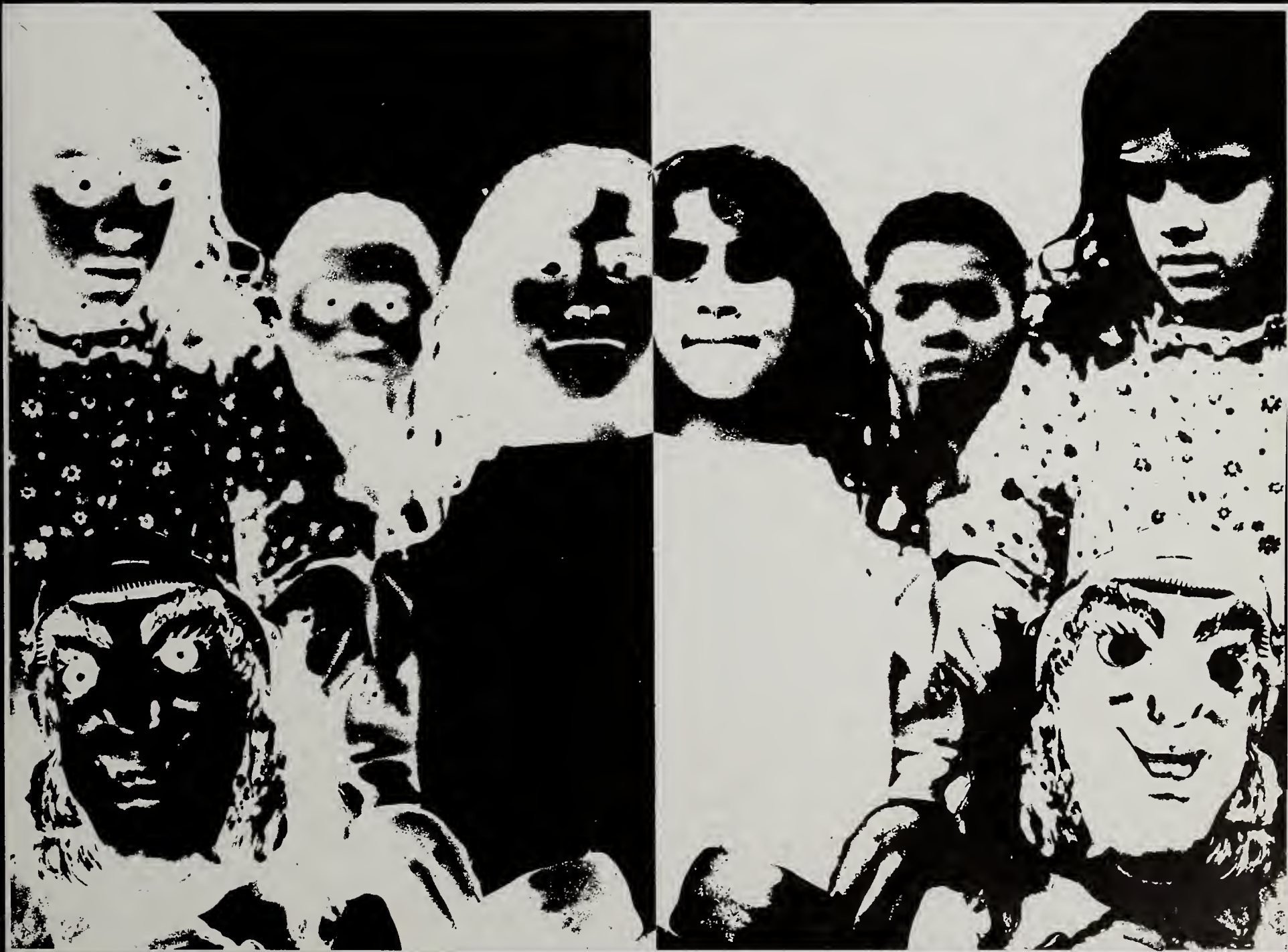
"And then -- what am I to do with you, the survivors, when your purpose has been fulfilled? It would be simplest, and perhaps most merciful, to destroy you -- as you yourselves would destroy a mortally wounded pet you loved. But this I cannot do. Your future will be your own to choose in the years that are left to you. It is my hope that humanity will go to its rest in peace, knowing that it has not lived in vain.

"For what you will have brought into the world may be utterly alien, it may share none of your desires or hopes, it may look upon your greatest achievements as childish toys -- yet it is something wonderful, and you will have created it.

"When our race is forgotten, part of yours will still exist. Do not, therefore, condemn us for what we were compelled to do. And remember this -- we shall always envy you."

CHILDHOOD'S END  
ARTHUR C. CLARKE









### the mandolin man and his secret

he came into town  
with his mandolin  
calling all the people  
and they came to him

he said i wanna hear  
all that's pretty  
he said i wanna hear  
all that's nice

they laughed at him  
with his mandolin  
they left him there  
with his funny grin

he said i wanna hear  
all that's pretty  
he said i wanna hear  
all that's nice

the children of the town  
then came to him  
magically called  
with his mandolin

he said i wanna hear  
all that's pretty  
he said i wanna hear  
all that's nice

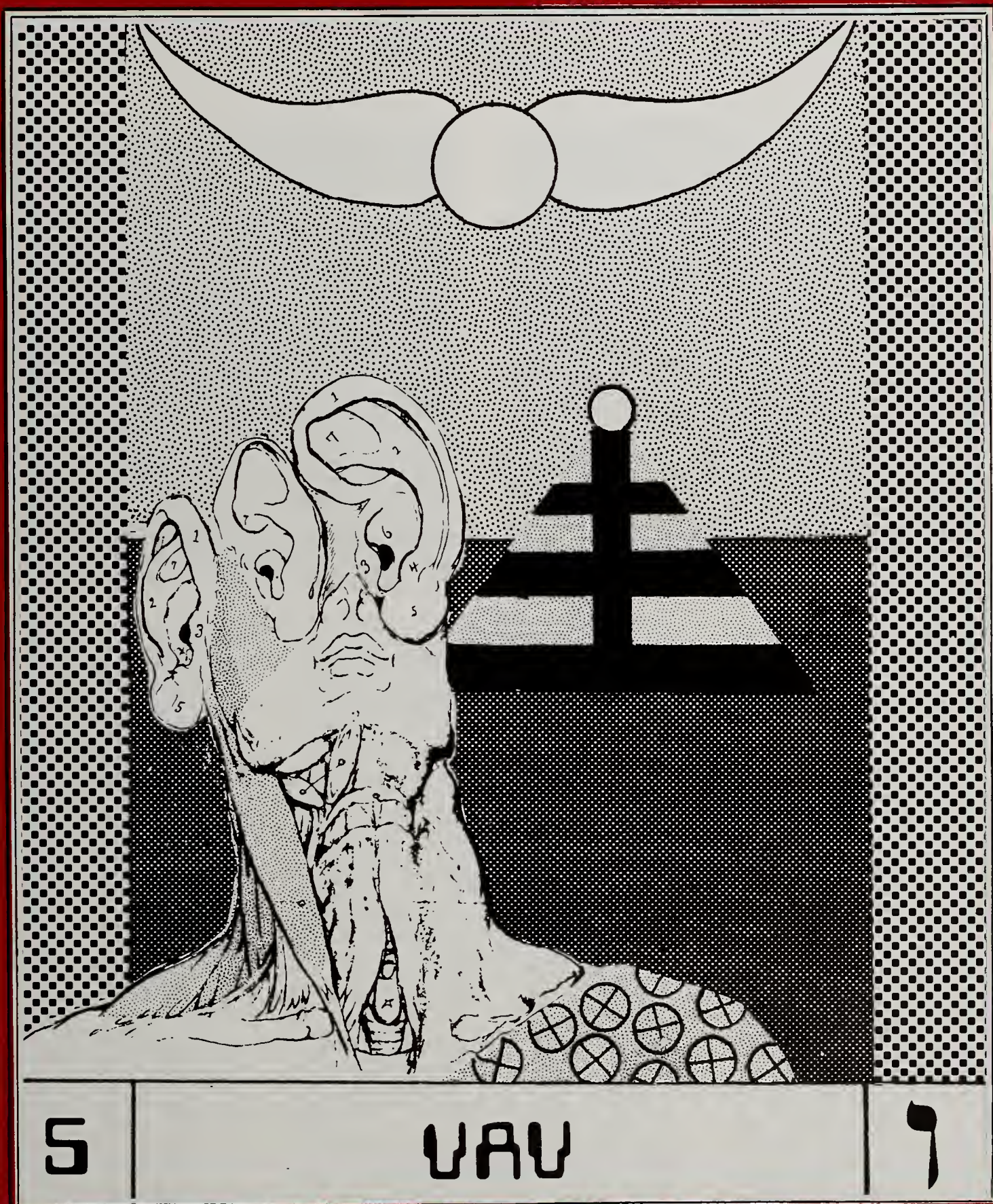
they smiled at him  
with his mandolin  
their eyes like his  
were sparkling

he said i wanna hear  
all that's pretty  
he said i wanna hear  
all that's nice

they said d'you wanna hear  
all that's pretty  
they said d'you wanna they  
all that's nice

-donovan





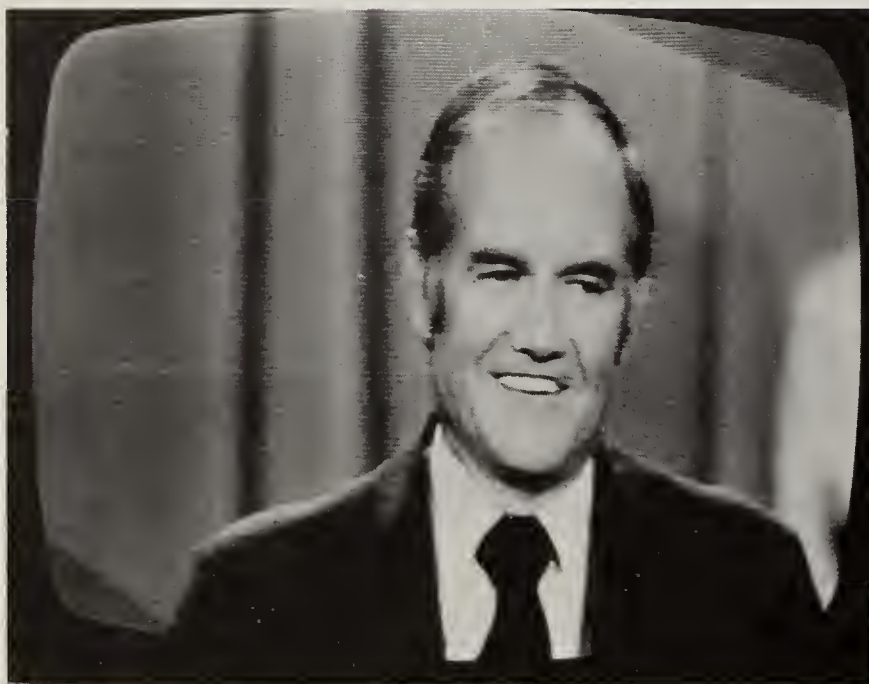
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# mcgovernnixon



WASHINGTON: Who said, "I for one, would be very liberal with regard to amnesty"? George McGovern, right? Wrong. Richard Nixon.

And who said, "I have never favored legalization of marijuana"? Richard Nixon? No. George McGovern.

And who rejects the quota system in employment as detrimental to American society? Why, George McGovern and Richard Nixon. Who supports Israel 10,000 per cent? Nixon and McGovern. Who urges a guaranteed minimum income for impoverished citizens? McGovern and Nixon. Who stands for more arms control with the Russians? And closer ties to China? And revenue sharing with the states and cities? And selective wage and price controls? Nixon, yes. And McGovern.

So who is it that evokes the memory of Barry Goldwater by insinuating that this time the country has a choice, for a change, instead of an echo? George McGovern in his way -- and in his polls -- but even more fervently, Richard Nixon, who sees before us "the clearest choice in this century." True or false?

True.

Before exploring this thesis, a last look at the instructions of history: it is also true that in every fourth year every major candidate for President perceives a fateful, centurial choice, and that his premonition is usually false. Our last "clear choice," in 1968, lay between two men who disagreed heatedly about which of them should be permitted to end the war in Vietnam, gradually. Four years earlier, the essential choice -- as it turned out -- lay between two men who disagreed vehemently over which of them could better conduct that war, massively. In 1960, the choice clearly lay between a candidate who knew there was no missile gap and a candidate who did not know there was no missile gap.

Always it is the century and, of course, the country that are proclaimed to hang in the balance. But since Presidential candidates feel dutybound to say a great deal that they do not really mean, while they also genuinely intend a great deal that they can never accomplish, the real alternatives that they offer, and represent, are not usually discernible with the naked eye.

Though they tend to save the confession for their memoirs, our Presidential candidates generally agree with each other much more than they disagree on the practical questions of the day. They require disagreements to fuel their campaigns, but these are rarely fundamental differences of values or perception. Traditionally, our candidates are cast in a common ideological mold. By the large, they are tinkers rather than overhaulers.

And they are driven by the size and diversity of the American electorate to build their temporary majorities from competing but equally diverse coalitions. A John Lindsay or a John Connally may change parties -- without changing his spots -- to escape some tactical predicament on the path toward the White House, but he does not thereby escape the compelling drag of these fungible coalitions. To aspire to the Presidency means to submit to a central, currently fashionable range of attitudes.

Thus the choice that we are usually offered is never very clear. Well, hardly ever. But this year, we find ourselves saying every leap year, is different. There is something about a voter that yearns for a sense of choice, if only to justify the emotional energy he is quadrennially asked to expend. Some of us feel the urge again this year, and though the candidates have been singularly unhelpful in debating their differences, the differences exist and they are vast. If we cannot always detect them in the rhetoric of the rival stars, we should at least perceive them in the constellations in which the stars move, for they are the differences between George Meany and Leonard Woodcock, between John Connally and John Galbraith, between Julie Eisenhower and Jane Fonda, Ed Brooke and Julian Bond, Cardinal Cooke and William Sloane Coffin, Bob Hope and Mort Sahl.

And they are differences that conform, no matter how imperfectly, to an unmistakable national argument between those who defend and those who deplore the works and values of a generation. Weariness with foreign and military exertion and disillusionment with the quality of American life, even in relative

prosperity, have dissolved the political loyalties of decades. More clearly than Republicans or Democrats, liberals or conservatives, we have divided into factions of "change" and "no-change" (as Louis Harris has designated them in his polls), and the overriding concern of these factions is with political and social values rather than programs. The forces of change -- led by the educated and the affluent young and the poor or their spokesmen -- ascribe social injustice and deterioration to an inherent unfair distribution of power. The rest of the citizenry, though not without their grievances and frustrations regard the American system as basically sound and capable of self-improvement, and tend to fear the remedies of the rebels more than any ailment.

These rival constituencies are easily recognized in the streets and shopping centers of the country. A suburban housewife in Dayton, Ohio, for instance, identifies herself as a liberal and a Democrat -- indeed, a party precinct captian -- but she is tempted to join her husband in a Nixon vote because "we've worked too hard for our standard of living, and what little extra we now have is in stocks and we think we can preserve it all better with Nixon." A leader of the Building Trades Union in Toledo, a Humphrey delegate to the Democratic National Convention, says he may vote for Nixon because "what's important to us is not who's in there but how they do their business." He has fared better with a Republican mayor in Toledo than with some Democrats, he points out. He recalls the satisfactory days of Governor Rhodes, a Republican, who greeted the state's labor leaders so comfortably the morning after his election by saying, "Well, boys, you lost -- now, what do you want? Time and again in New York City you can hear or feel otherwise traditional Democrats taxing the McGovern candidacy with the sins of Mayor Lindsay, with the threat that was Forest Hills or with the bitterness that ensued from the school strike. It is not hard in Pittsburgh to find voters who voted against Nixon in 1968 giving him credit for the fact that "things are calmer" now.



Conversely, a young Berkeley student frets that McGovern's embrace of traditional Democrats like Mayor Daley will mean losing the chance to drive the ward heelers from city hall. A young Pittsburg matron celebrates the defection from the Democrats of some big labor "bosses" as "probably a more significant offshoot of the McGovern campaign than the fight for the White House -- a chance to change the unions, too." A tableful of blacks in an Atlanta bar predicts nothing less than "fascism" and the end of the Negro's social progress if Mr. Nixon gains the chance to appoint any more Supreme Court Justices.

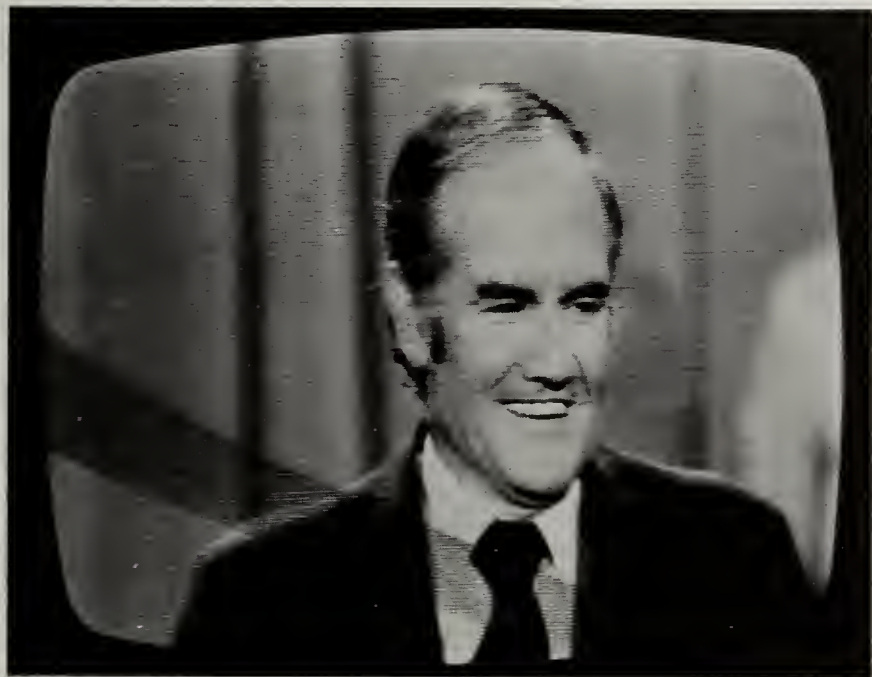
Scratch a McGovern fan and you uncover a longing for social change. Interview a Nixon voter and the emphasis is decidedly on slowing down, marking time -- reforming, perhaps, but only in procedures.

Government a whole new agenda of social and economic obligations. Just as Herbert Hoover was arguing 40 years ago that "you cannot extend the mastery of government over the daily life of a people without somewhere making it master of people's souls and thought," so Richard Nixon is arguing this year that the Democrats seek social progress through "the politics of paternalism, where master planners in Washington make decisions for people."

Franklin Roosevelt's reply in 1932 was that drastic overhaul was as American as boom and bust, that "my policy is as radical as American liberty, as radical as the Constitution of the United States." George McGovern's similar reply is that "we will call America home to the founding ideals that nourished us in the beginning."

professes international ideals, but he has renounced the pursuit of them abroad. Overseas, he sees only American "interests," and foremost among them a "structure of peace" that depends upon negotiation from a posture of military and economic strength.

And Senator McGovern, contrary to the claims of his adversaries, is no blind ostrich. Indeed, at least rhetorically, he seeks to revive a diplomacy of moral values, implying the investment of American energy and influence in value judgments about the worth of other governments. He would not bleed for "corrupt dictators" in Indochina or spend for military juntas in Greece. Instead, he would promote the American vision abroad and thereby attempt to influence the conduct of other nations, both in their domestic and international affairs. But he insists that there can be no effective American



There is little doubt that the conservative impulse is now predominant, as the polls suggest, although there remains a sizable middle constituency that would welcome change addressed at particular grievances, if it appeared attainable without social or economic upheaval.

"I don't want four more years of what we've had," says a middle-aged stenographer in Los Angeles. "But don't you think all those kids will control George McGovern?"

And the votes of millions are still determined, of course, by the strands of heredity or the traditions of loyalty. But in the early weeks of this campaign, when the voters first looked in on the rival conventions and looked over the nominees, they responded overwhelmingly to the Nixon image because their instinctive choice was colored by the threat of change or the reassurance of stability. and not just analytically, President Nixon tried to draw the distinction in his very first overtly partisan remarks of the year:

"The issues," he said, "that divide the opposite side and this Administration are so wide -- in fact, the clearest choice in this century -- that we must campaign on issues. There is an honest difference of opinion on foreign policy, an honest difference of opinion on domestic policy and an honest of opinion on most major defense issues."

Unfortunately, this lofty summons produced nothing of the kind. Mr. Nixon soon abandoned the instinct to portray the differences as honest, or even honorable, and he has been suitably repaid by Mr. McGovern. For the most part, they have been satisfied to portray each other as warmonger and appeaser, as corrupt or capricious. But Mr. Nixon was right the first time. Beneath the invective, and quite apart from attributes of style, flair, personality and competence, there lurks a choice, quite possibly "the clearest choice in this century," for it appears to combine in a single vote the rare and dramatic choices posed by the elections of 1932 and 1900.

Not since 1932 has a Presidential election promised -- or pretended -- to stand as a test of the nation's desire to assign to the Federal

The argument in both instances was whether the Federal Government should merely manage -- and reflect -- the existing patterns of political and economic power of whether it should actively intervene in the social process to alter those patterns.

And not since 1900 has a Presidential election promised to render a basic judgement on the quality of American foreign policy, to decide whether our conduct in the world has amounted to an ugly imperialism or a benign and necessary internationalism.

At the turn of the century it was William Jennings Bryan who deplored the acquisitions of distant territory and bases as a "militarism" that would surely lead to "conquest abroad and intimidation and oppression at home." And it was left to William McKinley to reply that "no blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity." Much the same theme hangs over us this year. "To our friends and allies in Europe, Asia, the Mideast and Latin America," says Richard Nixon, "I say the United States will continue its great bipartisan tradition -- to stand by our friends and never to desert them . . . There is no such thing as a retreat to peace." To which George McGovern replies: "This is also the time to turn away from excessive preoccupation overseas to rebuilding our own nation . . . The greatest contribution America can make to our fellow mortals is to heal our own great but deeply troubled land."

There is more here -- at least there ought to be more -- than arguments about the size of Social Security or welfare payments, or about the number of troops that we might profitably recall from Europe or Asia. Indeed, there appears to be a much deeper conflict than the kind we conventionally associate with the liberal and conservative traditions in which the careers and candidacies of McGovern and Nixon took shape.

Richard Nixon, at least in his Presidential incarnation, is no simple hawk. In his diplomatic and military policies he has shown himself to be neither missionary nor crusader. He no longer chants anti-Communist litany about captive nations or godless atheism. He

influence, either physical or psychological, until we have regained our own health and renounced the excesses of a generation of cold war.

The differences of perspective at home are at least as great. By the testimony of those who have watched him closely in the White House, it is clear that Mr. Nixon has been unable or unwilling to devote himself to a plan for the evolution of the American domestic order. In a lifetime of preparation for the management of international power, he learned the art of designing what he calls foreign-policy "game plans," meaning concepts, and he has always been seduced by the joy and ease of Presidential initiative and action in the execution of those concepts.

But even after four years in office, there is no Nixon "game plan" for internal social and economic development. There are only programs to satisfy this or that political imperative, and there is a great deal of posturing to satisfy voter grievances and prejudices. The void results in part from Mr. Nixon's distaste for the mundane concerns of corporate and legislative politicians, in part from his recognition that the opportunities for bold initiative are much more difficult to fashion in domestic affairs. Above all, however, the President has never acknowledged a need to nudge the nation toward any genuine redistribution of psychic or economic power. He has always seen himself as the fulfillment of the American Dream, the little man who thought big, worked hard and made it. He believes in that dream, as he testifies on every grand occasion, and he refuses to believe that diligence and striving will not equally serve others or suffice for national salvation.

To locate George McGovern's profile on these questions, we need only flip over the Nixon coin. Though as yet undefined by power, he too, appears bored by the details of craftsmanship in domestic or diplomatic propositions. But he was reared to regard politics as the forum for an almost religious concern for the fate of his fellow citizens and their communities.





He does not believe that the American system, if left to its own devices, will even roughly realize the American dreams of fair play and equal opportunity. He perceives the Presidency as the highest pulpit from which to urge change, even wrenching institutional change, and a more just dispersal of social rewards and obligations.

He lacks a coherent foreign policy, not because he is indifferent to the world but because he finds no pleasure in the power games of diplomacy and because he perceives no security threat great enough to justify preoccupation with them. Above all, he deems foreign policy to be a secondary matter at this juncture, because he thinks the United States cannot provide much constructive leadership abroad until it has repaired the psychic and economic damage of Vietnam, sorted out the lessons of misadventure and miscalculation in Indochina and demonstrated a revival of its democratic and communal instincts at home.

These quite basic differences of approach do not alone define the Nixon years nor properly predict the works of a McGovern Administration. Mr. Nixon's supporters rightly question the extent to which even a powerful President could overhaul American institutions at a time when the great majority of citizens seem content with their value system and committed to the satisfaction of material appetites. Conversely, Mr. McGovern's supporters wonder whether preoccupation with foreign affairs and even elegance in their management have much bearing on the prospects for peace at a time when the major

powers appear equally determined to recoil from confrontation and to look to their own recovery and development.

Yet there persist that central choice about how we wish to distinguish ourselves in this decade, how we husband and invest our resources, how we define being "No. 1" among nations and where we find genuine "national security." The choice is only implicit in the vague and dull positions and programs churned out for the candidates in every election. But it appears vividly in the conflicting views we have heard from Nixon and McGovern on Vietnam, on the size of the defense budget, on unemployment and on taxation.

Obviously either man would wish to wind up the Vietnam agony in 30 days, or 90, after Inauguration, and there is a fair chance that either might succeed. Mr. Nixon would be reinforced by re-election in his refusal to end aid to the Saigon Government, but he would also prefer a settlement to relieve his second term of the anguish of endless bombing and controversy. If all else failed, he would probably equip the South Vietnamese to displace all Americans and count on Soviet and Chinese influence to win release of all prisoners in return for the final American disengagement from combat -- just as Mr. McGovern expects to obtain their release for a much faster and more total withdrawal in three months.

Only by understanding the fundamental choice they offer, however, can we appreciate the difference between McGovern's determination to walk away from the venture and to disown the impulses that prompted our

intervention, and Nixon's desire to disguise our essential failure there and to salvage from our sacrifice some pretense of achievement and respect for tenacity.

Similarly, both men would wish to liberate additional resources from our greedy defense budgets and invest them in projects of social value. Only if we grasp their basic sense of priorities, however, can we understand why McGovern would cut deeply enough to uproot the habits and dependencies of decades, even if this were to jar the economy and jolt some of our foreign clients, while Nixon refuses to risk dislocation at home and fears the calculations that foreign friends and adversaries would make from our sharp reductions.

Plainly, neither man feels comfortable with the unemployment of so many citizens. But McGovern appears moved above all by the human waste and social cost of joblessness, and would oblige Government to create jobs for all, no matter how much this might further burden our budgets and bureaucracies or distort the economic mechanisms of the market. Nixon perceives a larger threat in inflation and he tolerates unemployment as the price of arresting it. Moreover, he deems the clamor for guaranteed jobs and wages as basically subversive of the whole scheme of incentives to which he attributes the nation's achievements and prosperity.

And obviously neither man believes in unfair taxation as such. Nixon is attuned to the traditional American ethic that that Government taxes best which taxes least, that industries of profit are far more efficient and economical providers of goods and services than







state-managed enterprises, that capital is the engine of the American system and must be generously rewarded to keep the wheels turning. McGovern sees unfair tax rules as only the most conspicuous example of our system's unfair distribution of resources, rewards and punishments. Though he recognizes the utility of stimulus by profit, he also believes that the profit system breeds too much greed and ruthlessness -- iniquity and inequity -- that political leaders are obliged to intervene at every turn on the side of the cheated and the neglected. Where Nixon would risk human damage to protect the economic machine, McGovern would risk even mechanical breakdowns to protect the undefended.

As campaigns go, this is no modest set of choices. These differences alone would explain why at the start of the contest President Nixon was overwhelmingly perceived as reassuring and more or less certain to gratify the established social and economic interests, whereas Senator McGovern was so widely perceived as unconventional and perhaps even dangerous.

And, of course, by your friends shall you be known in politics. It was soon apparent that almost anyone with anything to lose was kneeling in the Nixon pews, while the young and the blacks and the malcontents and the discontented who have staked out claims against the majority piled into McGovern's revivalist tent. It would be entertaining, but not particularly instructive, to speculate on the extent to which each of the candidates was propelled toward his current

Weltanschauung by the available constituencies. Mr. Nixon realized from the start of his

Administration that he would be permitted to play upon the world stage only in the cause of peace and detente[ and no longer "victory." Mr. McGovern adapted his natural and ethical protestantism to the more strident political protest movement that took shape in the crowds outside his party's 1968 convention -- especially the crowds of McCarthy and Kennedy supporters who felt disowned and who became at that moment the only unclaimed constituency for the 1972 Presidential race.

There is no difference between Nixon and McGovern in their ardor for the Presidency. Neither man would find much solace in merely being right. Neither is comfortable with crowds and both exhibit a degree of aloofness that obstructs emotional appeal. Nixon is the more effective aggressor, clawing at his opponent's weaknesses and flattering the instincts of whatever group he happens to be addressing. McGovern is more comfortable with a lecture on his positive values and aspirations, and insists on summoning audiences toward a moral goal. Invariably, both men receive greater applause before they speak than afterward, and their flat performances tend to obscure the sharp differences that circumstance and the prevailing moods of the country have imposed on their candidacies. In different psychological and political environments, they would still have aspired to the Presidency, and they might then have projected the much more conventional symbolisms of liberal Democracy and conservative Republicanism.

But politicians cannot choose their moments of opportunity any more than electorates can

choose the ideal bearers of their concerns. You need badger the voters for only a few days on sidewalks around the country to discover that neither of this year's nominees is particularly well-liked or trusted. Much of Mr. Nixon's lopsided lead in mid-campaign came to him grudgingly, out of dismay with the luckless Mr. McGovern or fear of his capacity as well as philosophy.

"It's the lesser of two evils, isn't it? you hear the voters say, from one end of the country to the other, normally in defense of a reluctant lean toward Mr. Nixon.

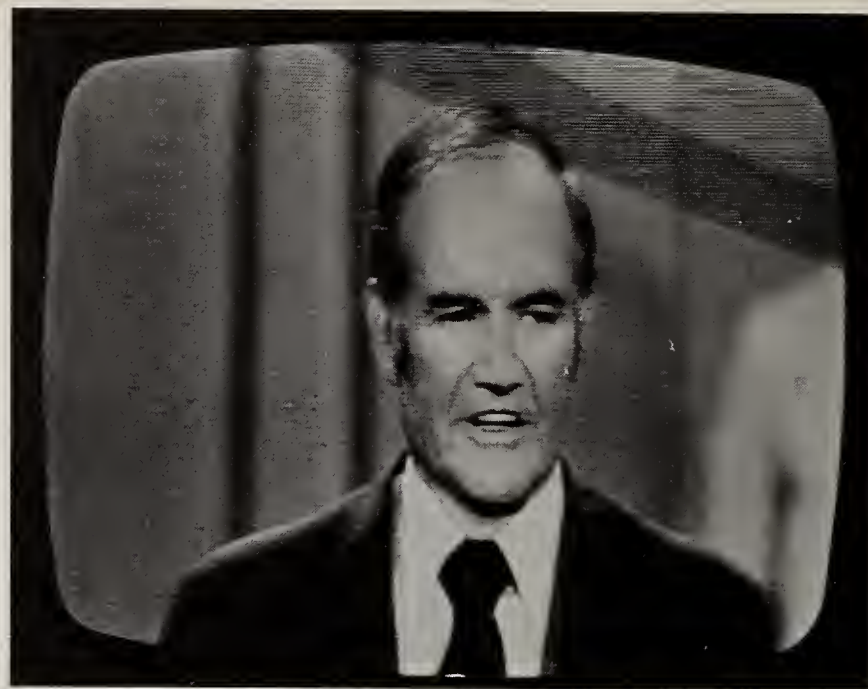
"They're both in with wrong crowds," says a Pittsburgh steel worker. "But Nixon's not so far out."

"For a while I was quite taken by McGovern, even though I'm a Republican," says a shopper in Dayton. "But I've become disenchanted by him too. He's become political -- caught up in the system."

Nonetheless, the sense of giant-sized choice hangs over the election. A substantial Nixon victory, no matter how misleading it may be in the view of professional analysts, will impress the country and the politicians as an affirmation of our present priorities and distributions of power and interests. A McGovern victory, no matter how narrow or accidentally fashioned, would be taken as a sign of yearning for rather fundamental changes in the way we run our society. Whether either man could actually fulfill these contradictory expectations of conservation or innovation is an altogether different question -- which no one should attempt to answer as long as he refuses to reveal his own choice for Nov. 7.







## THE SKYLARK AND THE FROGS

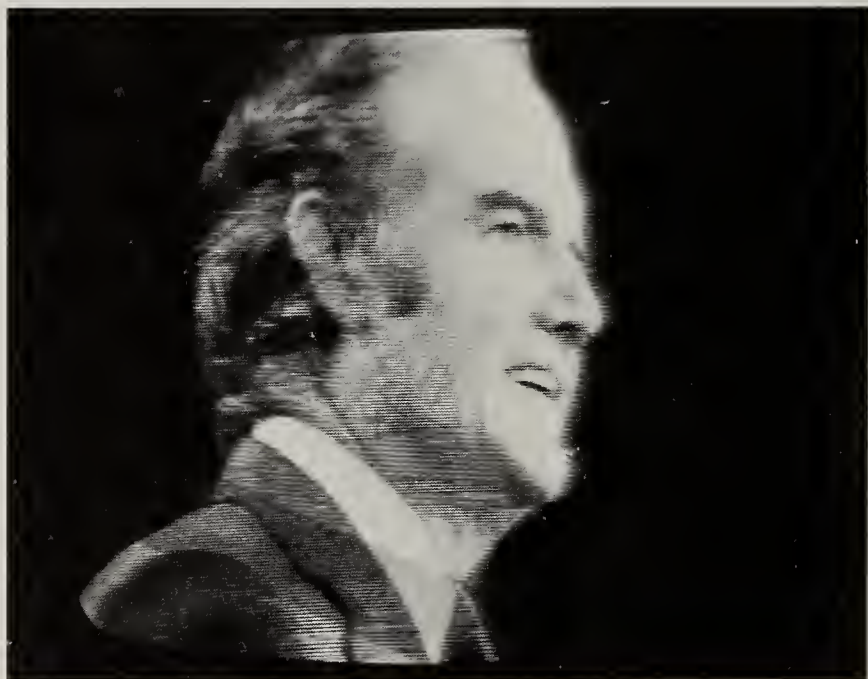
by Chuang-tzu.

*There was once a society of frogs that lived at the bottom of a deep, dark well, from which nothing whatsoever could be seen of the world outside. They were ruled over by a great Boss Frog, a fearful bully who claimed, on rather dubious grounds, to own the well and all that crept or srawled therein. The Boss Frog never did a lick of work to feed or keep himself, but lived off the labors of the several bottom-dog frogs with whom he shared the well. They, wretched creatures! spent all the hours of their lightless days and a good many more of their lightless nights drudging about in the damp and slime to find the tiny grubs and mites on which the Boss Frog fattened.*

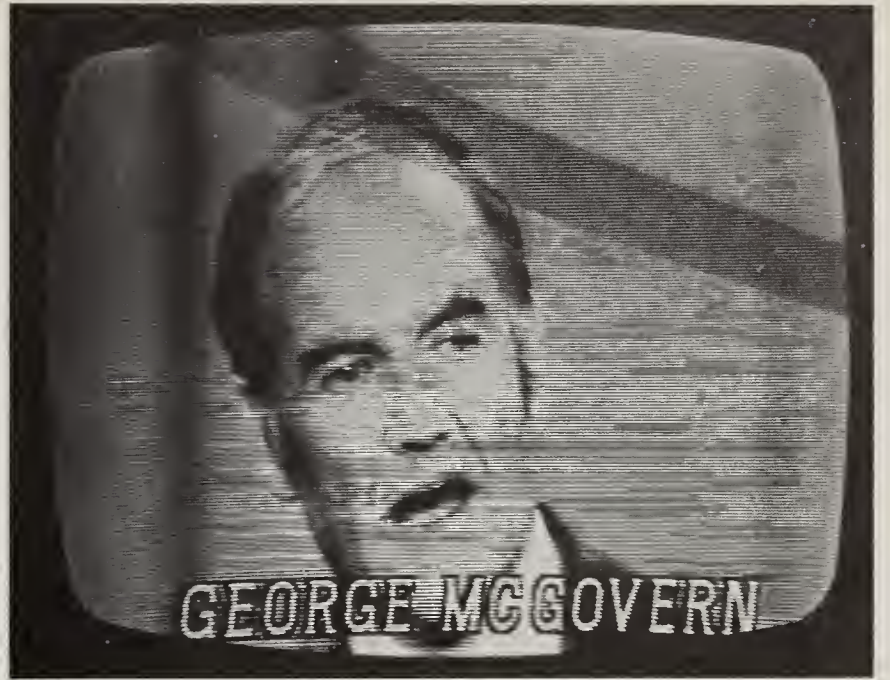
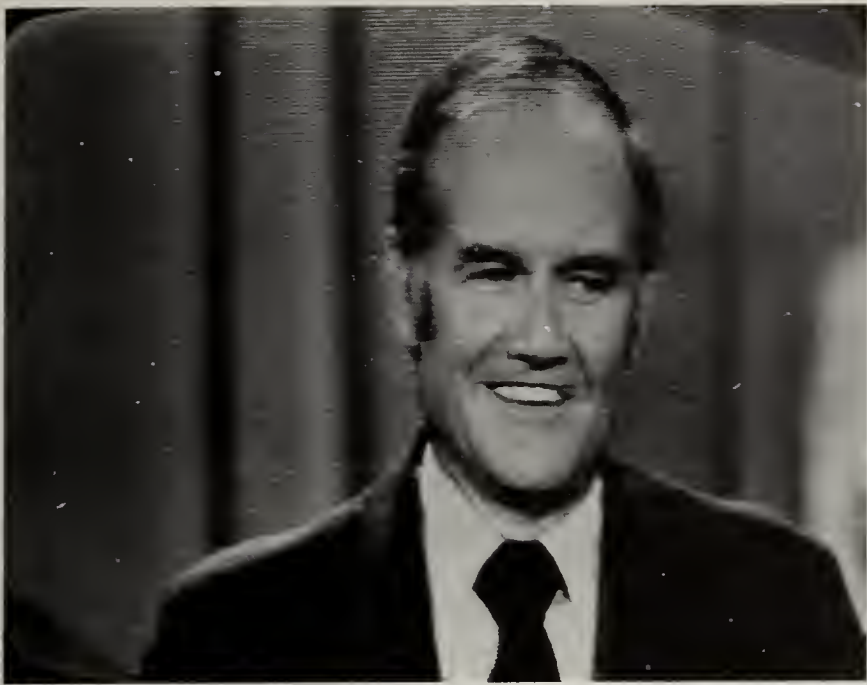
*Now occasionally an eccentric skylark would flutter down into the Well (for God only knows what reason) and would sing to the frogs of all the marvelous things it had seen in its journeyings in the great world outside: of the sun and the moon and the stars, of the sky-climbing mountains and fruitful valleys and the vast stormey seas, and of what it was like to adventure the boundless space above them.*

*Whenever the skylark came visiting, the Boss Frog would instruct the bottom-dog frogs to attend closely to all the bird had to tell. "For he is telling you," the Boss Frog would explain, "of the happy land whither all good frogs go for their reward when they finish this life of trials." Secretly, however, the Boss Frog (who was half deaf anyway and never very sure of what the lark was saying) thought this strange bird was quite mad.*

*Perhaps the bottom-dog frogs had once been deceived by what the Boss Frog told them. But with time then had grown cynical about such fairy tales as skylarks had to tell, and had reached the conclusion also that the lark was more than a little mad. Moreover, they had been convinced by certain free-thinking frogs among them (though who can say where these free-thinkers come from) that this bird was being used by the Boss Frog to comfort and distract them with tales of pie in the sky which you get when you die. "And that's a lie!" the bottom-dog frogs bitterly croaked.*







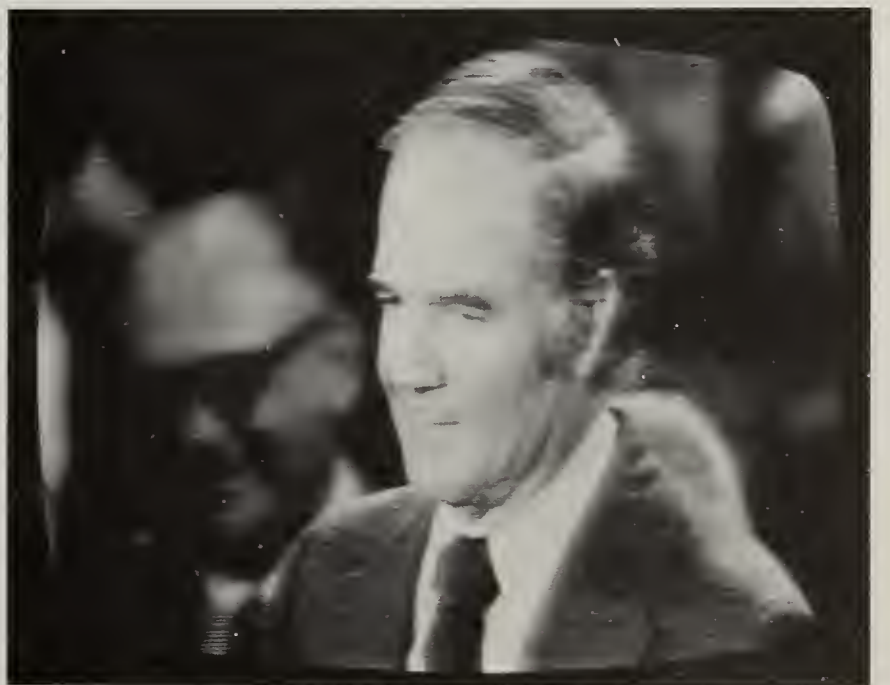
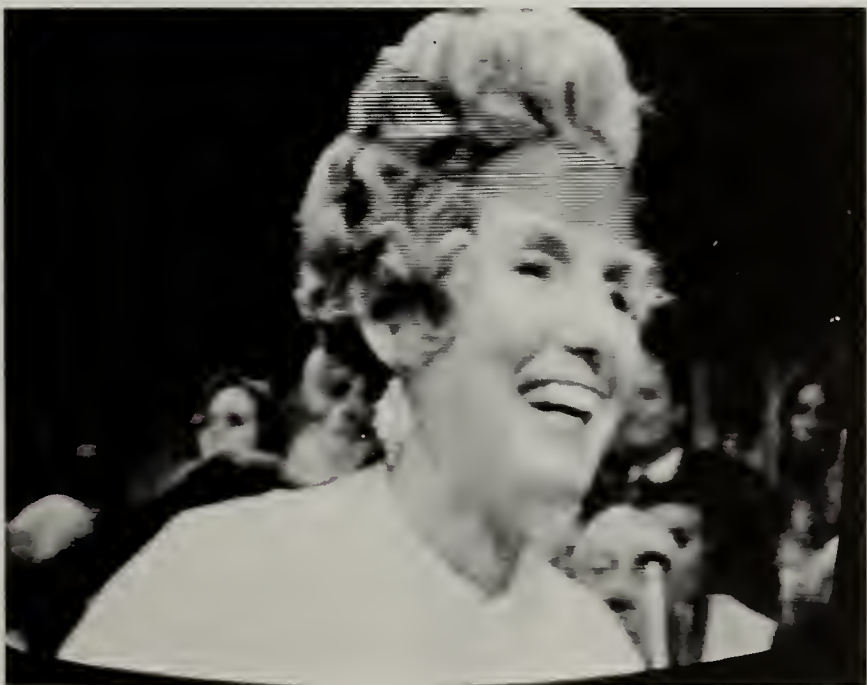
*But there were among the bottom-dog frogs a philosopher frog who had invented a new and quite interesting idea about the skylark. "What the lark says is not exactly a lie," the philosopher frog suggested. "Nor is it madness. What the lark is really telling us about in its own queer way is the beautiful place we might make of this unhappy well of ours if only we set our minds to it. When he lark sings of sun and moon, it means the wonderful new forms of illumination we might introduce to dispel the darkness we live in. When it sings of the wide and windy skies, it means the healthful ventilation we should be enjoying instead of the dank and fetid airs we have grown accustomed to. When it sings of growing giddy with itz dizzy swooping through the heavens, it means the delights of the liberated senses we should all know if we were not forced to waste our lives at such oppressive drudgery. Most important, when it sings of soaring wild and unfettered among the stars, it means the freedom we shall all have when the onus of the Boss Frog is removed from our backs forever. So you see: the bird is not to be scorned. Rather it should be appreciated and praised for bestowing on us an inspiration that emancipates us from despair.*

*Thanks to the philosopher frog, the bottom-dog frogs came to have a new and affectionate view of the skylark. In fact, when the revolution finally came (for revolutions always do come), the bottom-dog frogs even inscribed the image of the skylark on their banners and marched to the barricades doing the best they could in their croaking way to imitate the bird's lyrical tunes. Following the Boss Frog's overthrow, the once dark, dank well was magnificently illuminated and ventilated and made a much more comfortable place to live. In addition, the frogs experienced a new and gratifying leisure with many attendant delights of the senses — even as the philosopher frog had foretold.*

*But still the eccentric skylark would come visitng with tales of the sun and the moon and the stars, of mountains and valleys and seas, and of grand winged adventures it had known.*

*"Perhaps," conjectured the philosopher frog, "this bird is mad , after all. Surely we have no further need of these cryptic songs. And in any case, it is very tiresome to have to listen to fantasies when the fantasies have lost their social relevance."*

*So one day the frogs contrived to capture the lark. And upon so doing, they stuffed it and put in in their newly build civic (admission-free) museum . . . in a place of honor.*





*No one likes us - I don't know why  
We may not be perfect, but heaven knows we try  
but all around even our old friends put us down  
Lets drop the Big One and see what happens*

*We give them money - but are they grateful  
No, they're spiteful and they're hateful  
They don't respect us-- so lets surprise them -  
We ll drop the big one and pulverise them*

*Asia's too crowded and Europe's too old  
Africa's far too hot and Canada's too cold  
And South America stole our name  
Lets drop the Big One  
They'll be no one left to blame*

*We ll save Australia  
Don't wanna hurt no Kangaroo  
We'll build an all American Amusement Park there  
They got surfin' too*

*Boom goes London and boom Paree  
More room for you and more room for me  
And every city the whole world round  
Will just be another American town  
Oh, how peaceful it will be  
We'll set everybody free  
You'll wear a Japanese kimono  
And they'll be Italian shoes for me  
They all hate us anyhow  
so lets drop the Big One  
Lets drop the Big One now*

## Check List of What You Need in Your Refuge Room

**Tools and Equipment:** Jackknife, pick, shovel, Boy Scout type of hand ax, crowbar, hammer, saw, pliers, adjustable steel lally columns (to support first-floor joists), wrenches, extra door bolts, hinges, padlocks, wallboard (for covering broken windows), extension cords, lamp sockets, bulbs.

**Medical Kit:** Salves for burns, gauze bandage, compresses, adhesive tape, splints, chlorine tablets (for purifying water), mechanic's soap (for washing off possible radioactive dust).

**Fire-Fighting Equipment:** Hand extinguishers, stirrup pump, empty buckets, buckets of sand, buckets of water, garden hose (with coupling for attaching it to indoor faucets).

**Lights:** Battery-powered lights, kerosene lamps, candles, drop light.

**Miscellaneous:** Battery radio (car radio will also work), wind-up clock, maps of city and county, books, writing materials, eye goggles (for smoke or radioactive dust), old newspapers.



**Food:** Canned food (choose fruits and vegetables packed with liquid), bouillon, dried milk, powdered cocoa and coffee, raisins, chocolate, dried fruit.

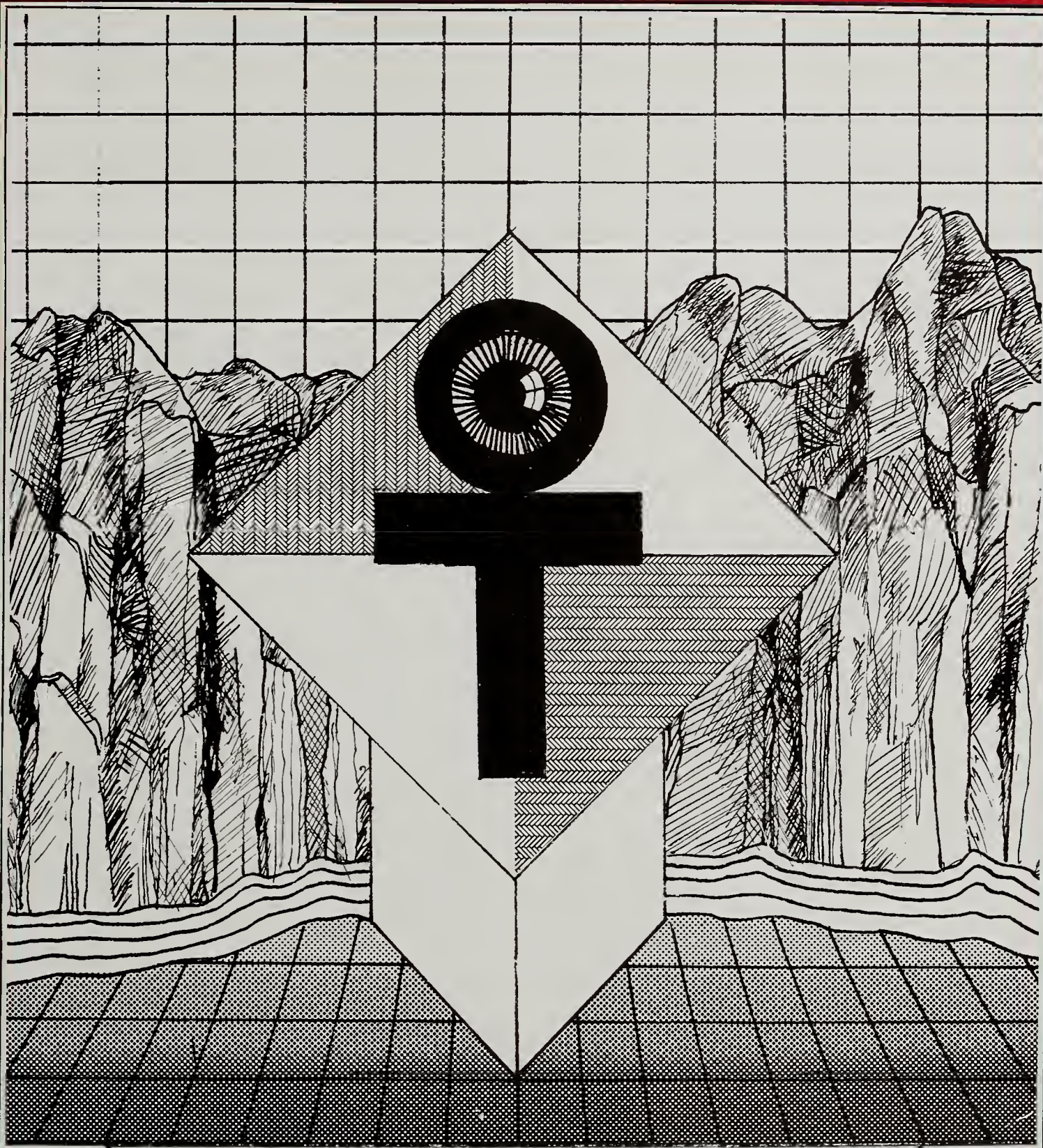
**Clothing:** Underwear, socks, old coats, coveralls, overshoes, rubbers, boots, old gloves, rain coats, waterproof fabric, sweaters, jackets, bandannas (for radiation or smoke masks).

**Furniture:** Heavy tables, bunks, benches, wheeled cart (for basic evacuation kit), packing boxes, trash cans with lids, duckboards (for damp floor).

**Valuables:** Extra pair of glasses, lockbox (for valuable papers), money (in small bills).

**Cooking Equipment:** Skillet, teakettle, covered pot, can opener, brazier, charcoal, bricks and grate (for improvised fireplace), fireplace fittings (so you can cook in regular house fireplace), jellied-alcohol stove, extra cans of jellied alcohol, outdoor grills, clean five-gallon cans, waterproofed matches (in tin box or dipped in wax), kitchen soap, scouring powder, steel wool, basic chinaware.





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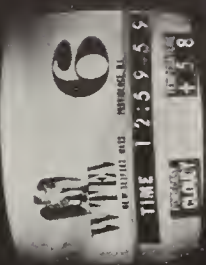
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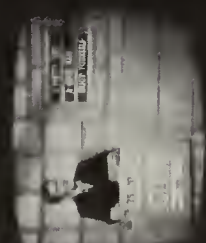
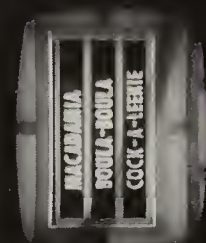




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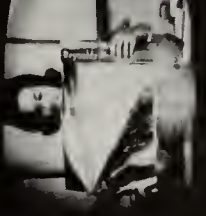


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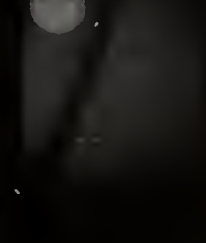
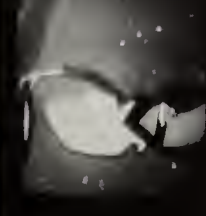


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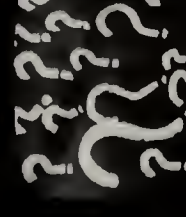
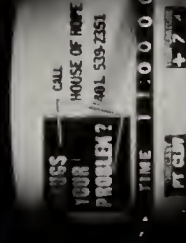
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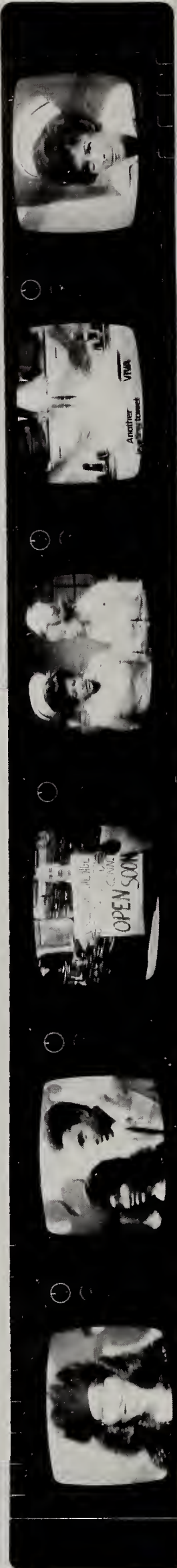
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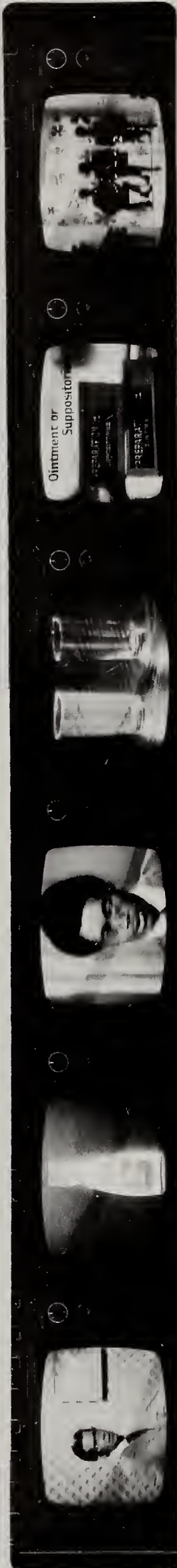


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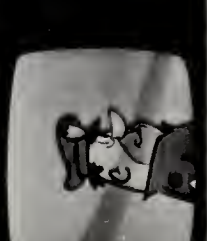
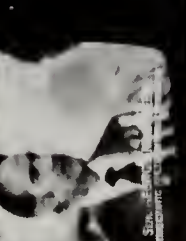
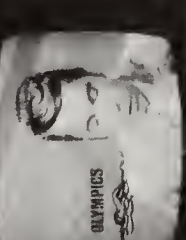
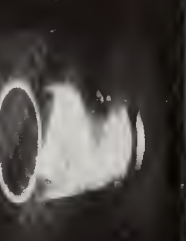


FREE 1  
OVER  
SUN  
SHOTS  
1 LESSONS  
GIVE-AWAY  
TIME 7:00  
CLUB

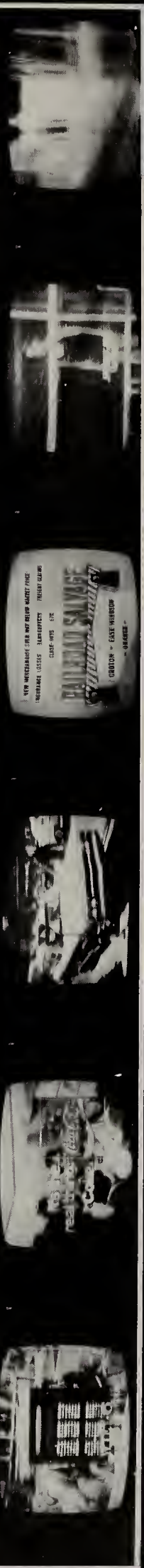


TECHNICAL DATA

HUGHES  
HEROES







36 KODAK SAFETY FILM



37 KODAK SAFETY FILM



38 KODAK SAFETY FILM



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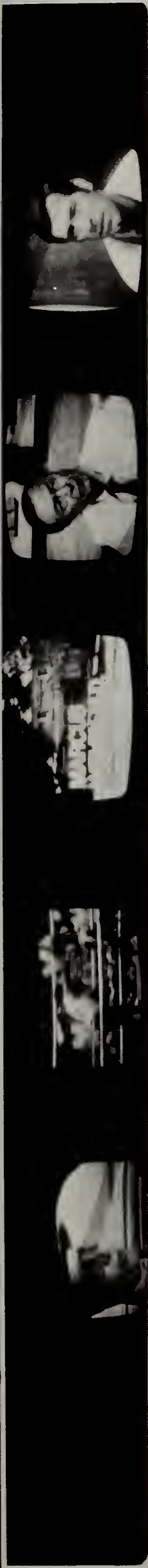


40 KODAK SAFETY FILM



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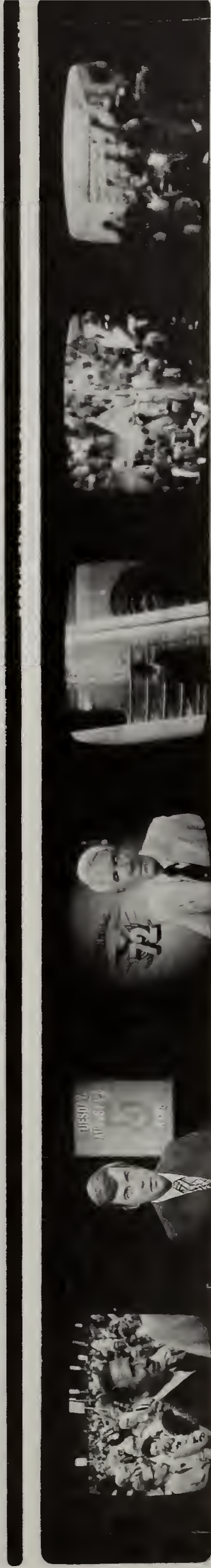




SAFETY FILM



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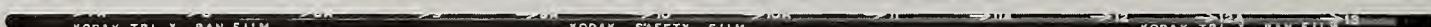
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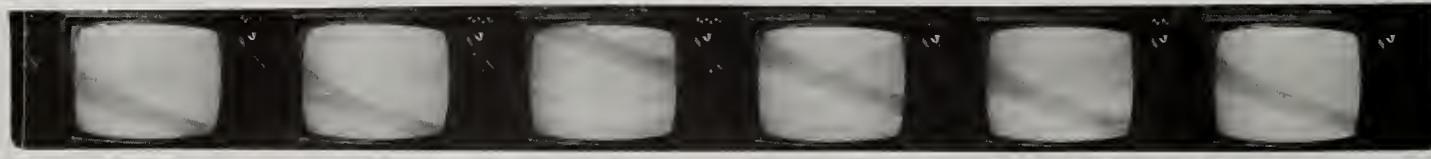
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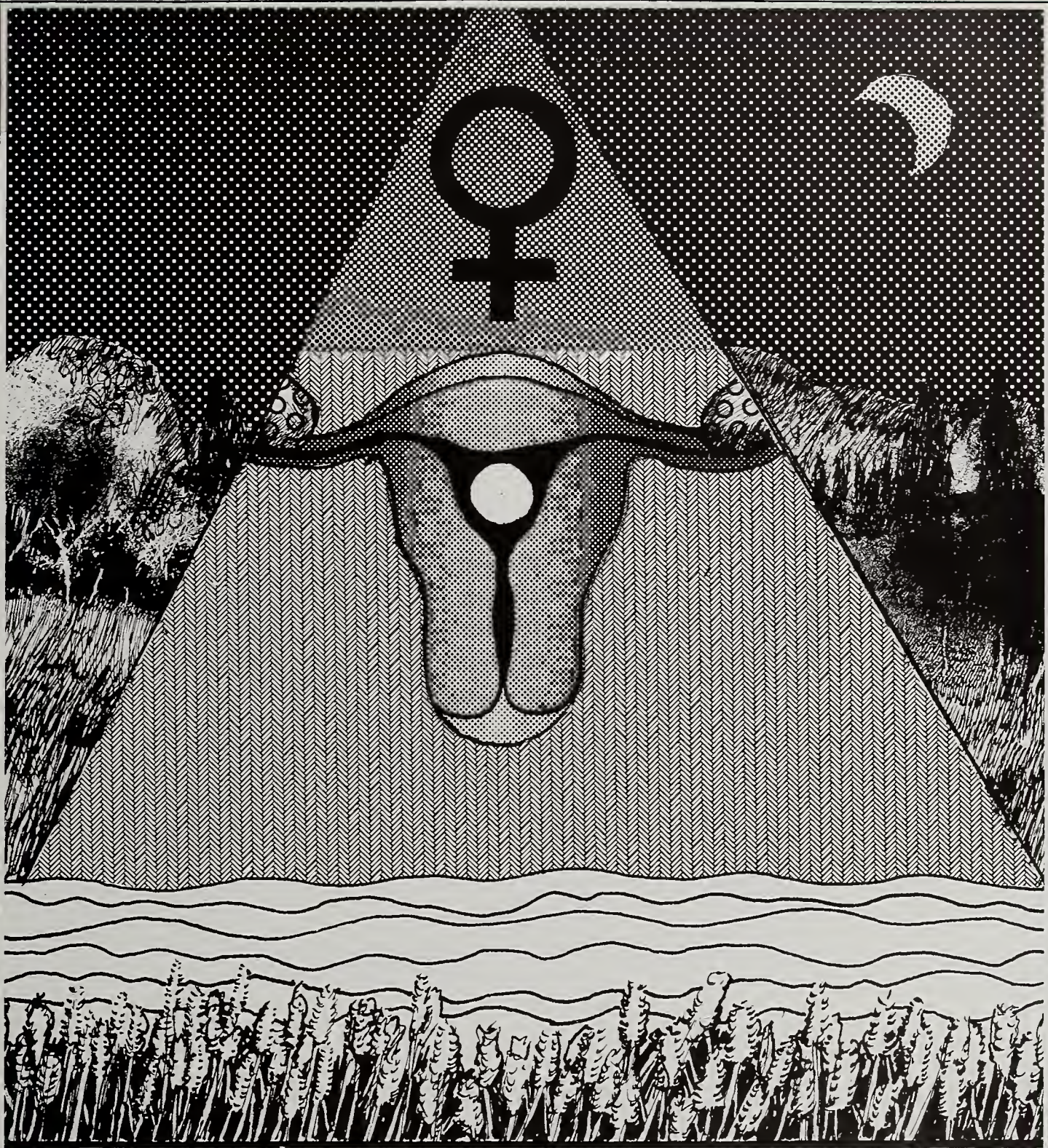


## TECHNICAL DATA



## TECHNICAL DATA





3

ORLETH





20 CLASS A  
CIGARETTES

# CAMEL



TURKISH & DOMESTIC  
BLEND  
CIGARETTES



When a child at school fails to make a grade, he is handicapped in his further schooling until he regains the ground so lost. The same holds true in the evolutionary development of races. Those who fail at any stage to go forward into the next one at the cyclicly appointed time, fall out of line with the cosmic forces to which they are linked and suffer limitations and disabilities with which they would not otherwise have to control.

In Lemuria a portion of the race failed to go forward. The same was true in the later Atlantean Epoch. Negroes are the survivals of a backward strain of the Lemurians; Mongolians and American Indians are Atlanteans who failed to go forward with the vanguard which became the Aryan Race. As previously stated, Indian and Mongolians are branches of the Atlantean Race.

While people who have thus fallen a step or two behind in their racial progression have the opportunity of regaining their lost position, the lot of the laggard is always hard and painful. Out of this situation arises the chief ingredients of their heavy and sorrowful karma. For example, Indians possessed the American continents, with their immeasurable natural resources and opportunities for development, but they lacked the human resources with which to turn these to most profitable account. Consequently, they lost their lands under the law of "use or lose."

Karma engendered by the white man in his relations to the red man is far more serious than the average person realizes. It springs from the commission of physical violence, moral wrongs and spiritual depredation. Though the Indian lost his continent because he was not putting it to its highest use, this loss did not give others either a legal or moral right to rob him of all his land, to deprive him of the opportunity to live a life in accordance with his own cultural pattern, or to systematically erase from his consciousness religious beliefs and philosophical concepts that were part of his racial heritage. Nor did the Indian's lack of European culture and Christian doctrine justify white men in destroying the faith of a people who looked to them for enlightened guidance. Instead of looking upon whites as emissaries from the Great White Spirit, as they did at first, they became disillusioned on finding them cruel, aggressive, greedy, destructive on finding and quite devoid of that reverential sense native to a race which lives in a natural state close to the earth and sky and all that dwells herein.

We have robbed the Indian of his native philosophy and spiritual concepts but failed to provide him with an adequate grasp of the true values in our Aryan culture and Christian civilization. This was largely because of our wrong approach and lack of

understanding of the aborigine's mentality. We sought to impose upon him a creedal Christianity he could hardly accept except in its cruder and more material aspects, while partially destroying his simple, natural faith in the livingness of nature, and his unquestioning faith in an all-providing Supreme Spirit. Such wrongs breed antagonism and reprisals. Observe how karmic law brings home to us in many ways, some of which are altogether unsuspected by the average person, the fruits of our sowing.

Here is one way in which the karmic law reacts unfavorably upon us. Because of the unfavorable conditions under which most Indians now live, the advanced egos among the race seek incarnation elsewhere. Opportunities for their advancement are far greater in Canada and in every one of the twenty American republics to the south. Nor is it only the most developed members of the race that so migrate and reincarnate. Large numbers of the less advanced seek out lands where they can find greater freedom. Mexico, only a fraction the size of our country, has among its inhabitants 400,000 pure-blood Indians and nearly half its population has an admixture of Indian blood.

Indians are not lacking a common knowledge about wrongs their race has suffered at American hands; many of them carry for us, their destroyers a subconscious soul-remembrance which works as a force inimical to our best interests. Their unfriendly feeling has even risen to the point of physical retaliation under any pretext whatsoever - as in the case of repeated trouble on the Mexican border with infractious elements, at times so serious as to actually threaten armed conflict between the two countries.

One of the major causes of the downfall of Spain's once proud and powerful empire was that nation's crime against the Indians while colonizing the new world. Her ruthless destruction of the Inca civilization in Peru under Pizarro and of Aztec culture under Cortez set into motion forces which, in their repercussions, undermined her strength and reduced her to the status of a second class power. Spanish Conquistadors were guilty of shameless betrayal, conscienceless treachery, brutal depredations and enslavement. They pillaged and burned vast collections of historical and cultural treasures. Altogether this chapter of New World conquest constitutes one of history's darkest records. Higher type egos cease to incarnate into a nation which commits crimes of such scope. Retrogression sets in as less developed types gravitate to areas thus forsaken. Then follows the nation's decline, because the people of a nation determine its character, stamina and power.







Only along such lines will we be able to rehabilitate the Indians and launch them on a new path of development and self-realization and at the same time, loosen these karmic bonds that partially cripple us,

the conscience of America is awakening to the need for all this. An increasing number of societies have been organized to promote better relations between red men and the white people. Among the most important results accomplished by these societies is protection in the field of legislation providing the public with useful information about our red-skinned brothers; creating an interest in and sympathy for their welfare.

They must also be credited with having done much to promote the observance of American Indian Day. First advocated by the Indians themselves, this day of remembrance has been observed for a number of years of various Indian and non-Indian organizations which aim to restore to the original possessors of this continent certain rights, privileges and dignities of which they have been unjustly deprived. The day has had official recognition and will probably be adopted nationally by congressional action in the near future. Illinois and Washington have taken legislative action to place the date on their State Calendars. Governors of other States have on various occasions issued proclamations calling upon their people to observe the day with due regard for its purpose. The date chosen as Indian Day is of itself significant. It falls under the sign of Libra, the scales of balance. Clearly it is a date cosmically determined, for primarily within the vibratory field of this sign must the Indian problem be worked out in harmony with God's even-handed justice. Moreover, Libra, being the governor of

partnerships, points to true union of the two races that now stand divided under a guardian-ward relationship. It is of great importance that the Indian question be brought to the fore. For too long it has been treated with general indifference. The prevailing attitude has been that, as a "vanishing race", it has been conveniently disposed of on reservations presumably suited to its needs and station, and that there is no occasion for giving the matter any further concern. To agitate on its behalf for this or that is very often regarded as unwarranted on the part of sentimentalists who have nothing very important to do and feel they should be busy doing something for somebody.

It is this general indifference that must be overcome by calling the public's attention to the vital issue involved. So long as we keep the Indian completely segregated and subject him to present disabilities as an American citizen, we are violating the principle of brotherhood that is not making for us friends in Asia and Africa, that goes counter to our democratic ideals, and that militates against our exercising the kind of world leadership to which we have been called.

The hour has come when no part of the human family can be shut away from any other part. Such barriers as those that now separate the red man from the white are due for removal. We can do this intelligently, helpfully and peacefully. We can do it now. In our relation with the Indians no serious obstacle stands in the way. We need but realize what the times are demanding of us and act accordingly. Right relations is the key to a unified humanity and a tranquilized world.







The repercussions of the early Spanish invaders are still rumbling in the land of the Mayans, Incas and Aztecs. Rebellions and revolutions of various kinds are frequent occurrences. A recent newspaper item with a Mexican dateline says the Yaqui Indians are not willing to forget their persecutions by the Spanish conquerors or Mexican agents. While they no longer "sweep out their mountain stronghold to burn trains, butcher passengers and ranchers, and ravage the countryside, neighboring communities remain in constant fear of another Yaqui outbreak." Two cavalry posts are still maintained to protect adjoining white communities from possible attack and until recently all trains passing through this part of the country carried soldiers for protection. To the aggressor passes the burden of fear.

The Yaquis continue to call a Mexican "yori" or enemy, and they are reported as generally "disliking laws, soldiers, government agents and Americans." This is not just a carryover from seventeenth and eighteenth century wrongs suffered at the hands of predatory invaders. As late as 1903 thousands of Yaquis were massacred by the Mexicans and trainloads were shipped into Yucatan to work like slaves.

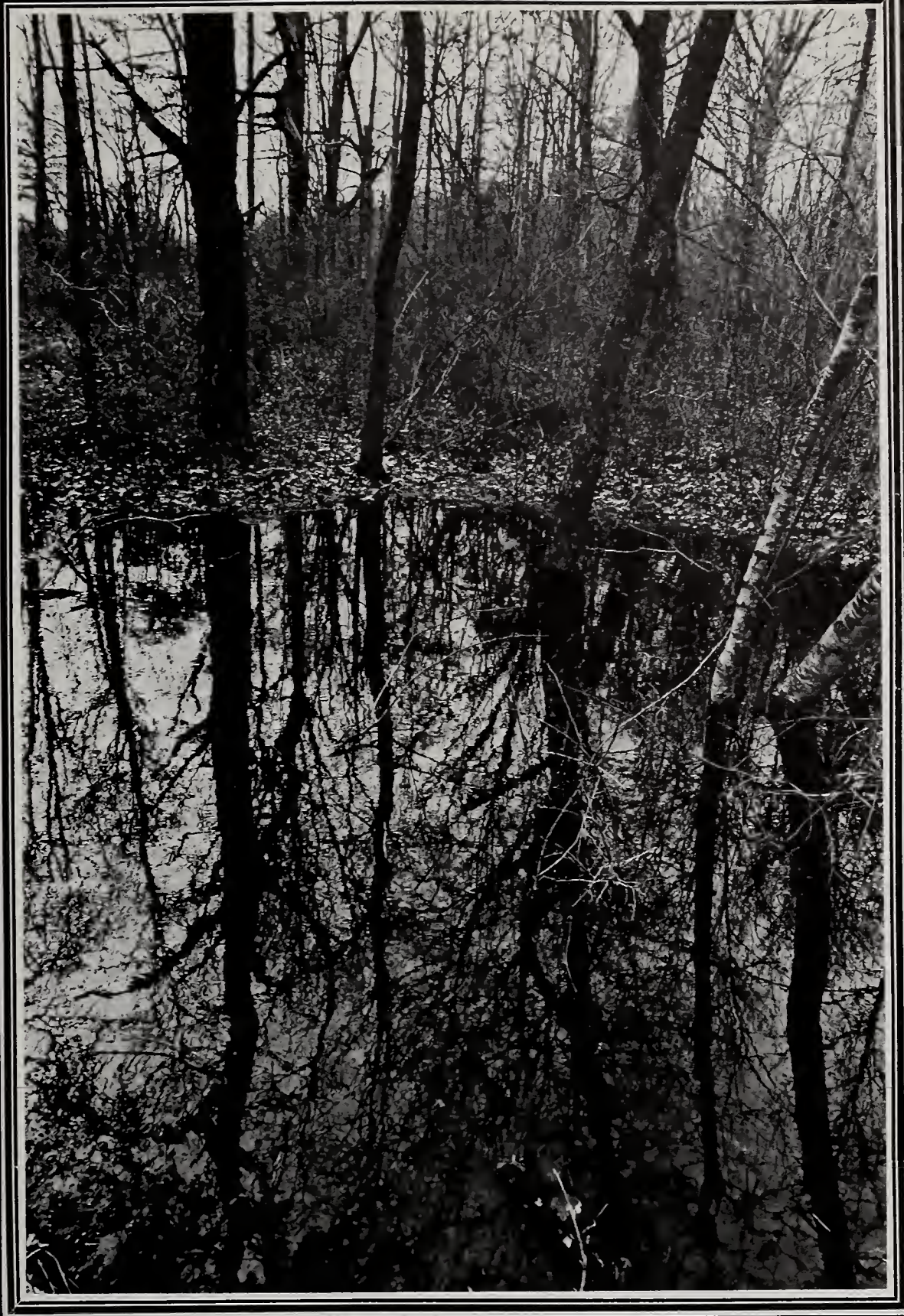
Another manifestation of this deep subconscious memory of fraud, deception and treachery, of which they were so often victims in centuries past, is the distrust with which republics to the south view their more powerful neighbor to the north. This memory is undoubtedly a factor contributing to difficulties we encounter in our economic and diplomatic dealing

Central and South American countries.

Reactions of pain and sorrow also come to us from the astral plane. This aspect of the subject has been vividly depicted by Judge Hatch in a communication purported to come from him by the hand of Elsa Barker, as recorded in *LAST LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN*. After describing a gathering of earthbound Indians in a wooded area somewhere in New England, and recognizing that what he had come upon was the enactment of a ritual, he said, "I was sad, for I had not understood before how real was the danger to my country in these times of crisis from the karma the old settlers had made. Of course they believed they were doing right in ridding themselves and their adopted land from the simple but complex natives, whose civilization was older than the civilization of Europe, and who had loved this land as only those can love a land who have known the freedom of its spaces." And speaking of the Chief in charge of forest ritual, he observed that he saw "that whatever harm he mistakenly sought to accomplish, in his soul was the consciousness of justice, that fundamental balance between right and wrong, that proposition of law which, when native in the mind, gives it dignity and nasty sorcery, but a kind of priest of retribution, a tribal demi-god who might perhaps some day be made constructive and not destructive an instrument of the great Genius of America, the Weaver of Destiny who has our land in charge."







*A reading of this chapter from which we have quoted will make it quite apparent that there is a direct connection between the accumulated crimes committed by our people against the red man over a period of centuries and "the potential army of 6,000,000 criminal" which J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI reported as seriously threatening life and property in every part of our land.*

*"There would be little crime in America now," writes Ernest Thompson Seaton, authority on Indian culture, "if the laws of the red man were operating instead of the laws of the white man." Nor would the politically subversive forces in our midst be as strong as they are were it not for the support they get from the inimical Indian forces to do the very thing emnittered discarnate beings most desire to see accomplished.*

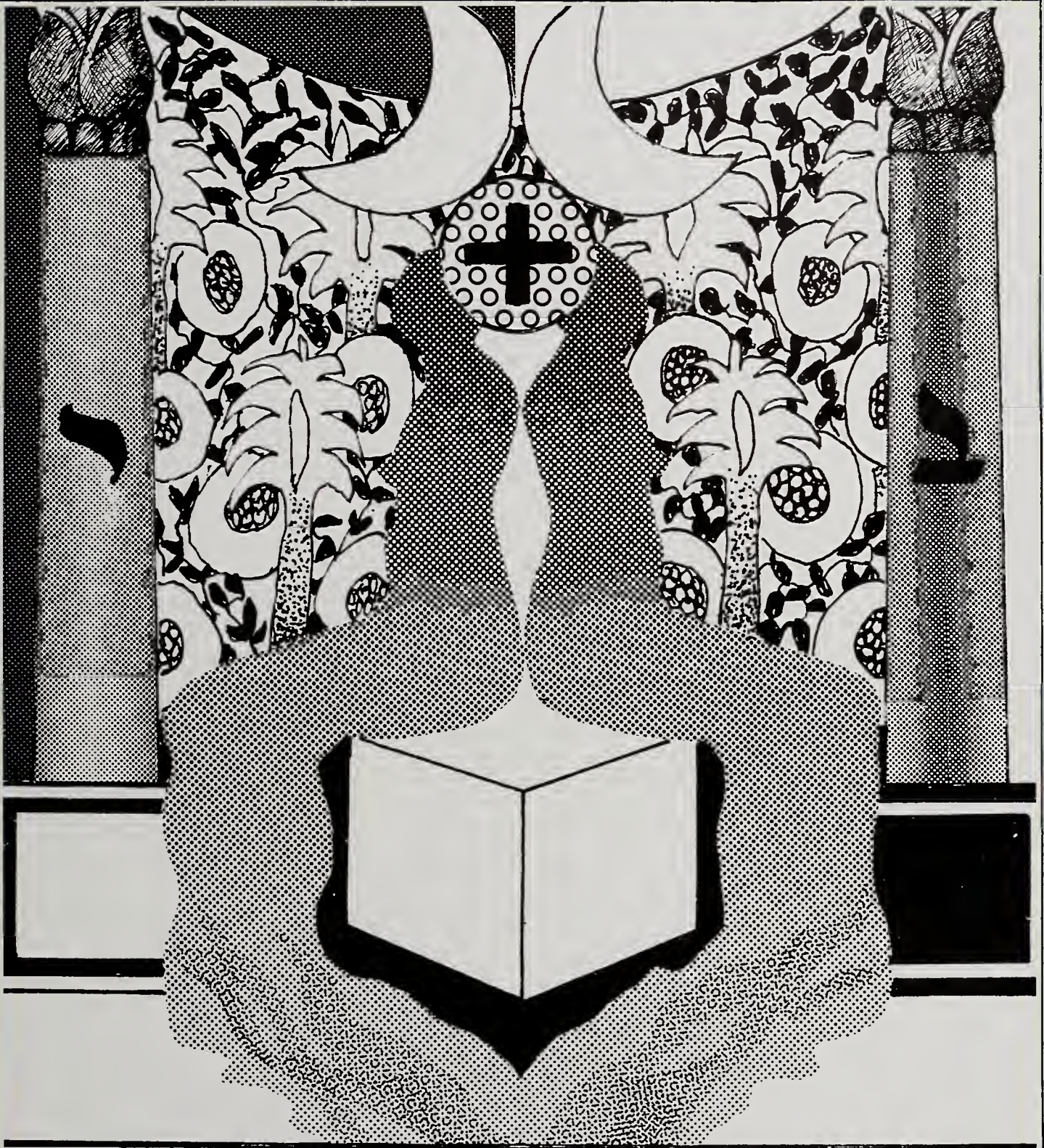
*The effect of such karma on our national life is subtle, serious and far-reaching. It is a hindrance to freedom because it is literally true that while a single captive remains on earth, no one is completely free. So long as minorities are not free, a measure of bondage extends to all. India did not recover her political independence and national freedom until she*

*emancipated her untouchables; and we in America will never realize complete freedom and tranquility until full justice is done to our segregated population, both Indian and Negro. America's battle for the Four Freedoms begins at home. We cannot pursue them successfully abroad until we sincerely apply them at home. The liquidation of our debt of destiny to the Indians calls for energetic and enlightened action in many directions. They need to be taught the duties and responsibilities of citizenship as we teach them to the foreign-born. Their educational facilities require enlargement. Instruction should be placed more and more into the hands of Indians themselves. So, too, the administration of their own affairs. Cultural values belonging to ancient civilization must be preserved and cultivated. Their arts and crafts must be taught and again practiced. History books should be rewritten. Americans must know the red man as he really is. His status must be that of a partner rather than a ward; that of a political, economic and cultural asset instead of a problem-child liability. The ethical and spiritual content of Indian beliefs needs to be widely taught and incorporated into our Christian civilization.*









2

GIMEL









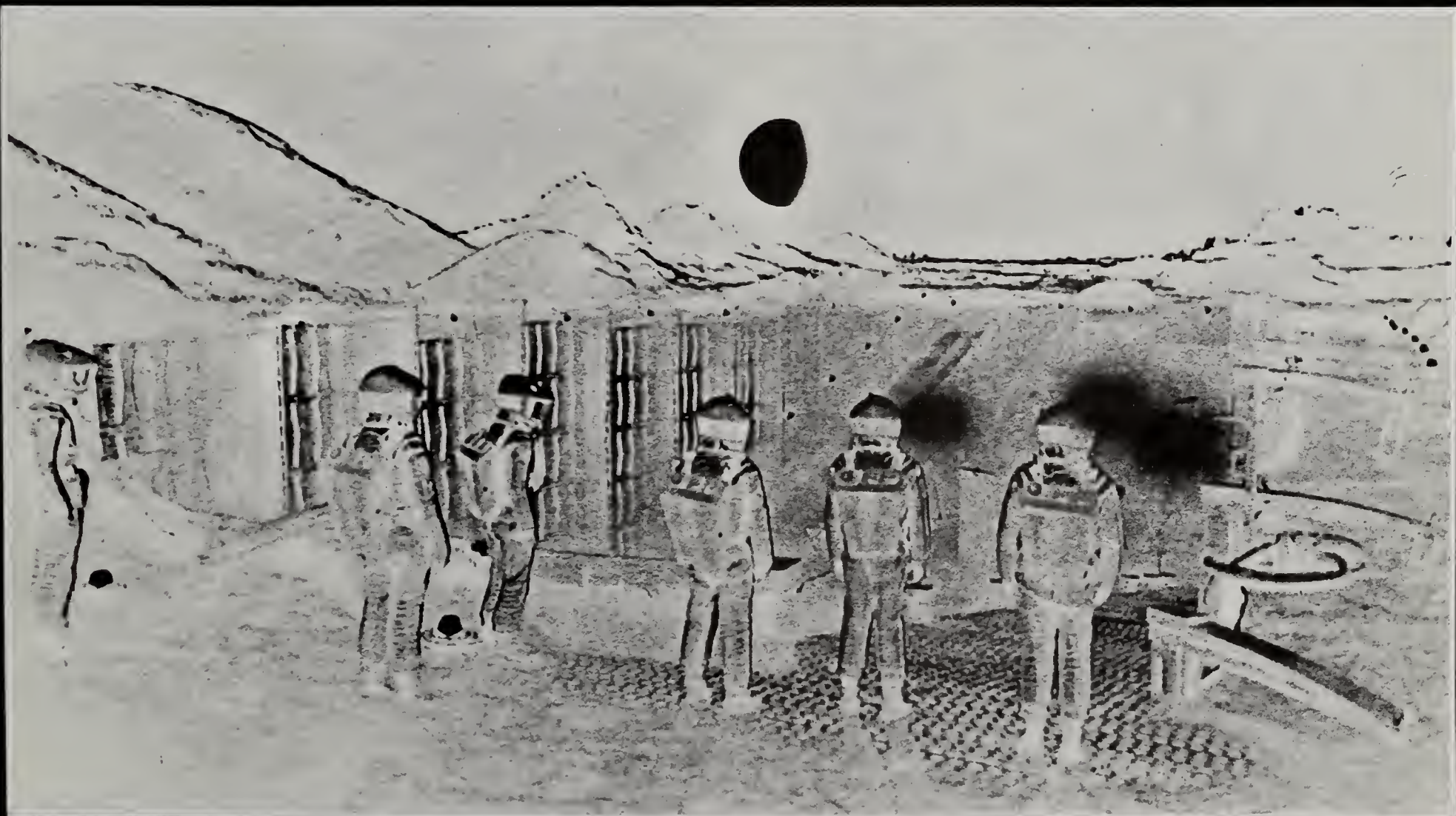


THE PATH of sublimation, which mankind has religiously followed at least since the foundation of the first cities, is no way out of the human neurosis, but, on the contrary, leads to its aggravation. Psychoanalytical theory and the bitter facts of contemporary history suggest that mankind is reaching the end of this road. Psychoanalytical theory declares that the end of the road is the dominion of death-in-life. History has brought mankind to that pinnacle on which the total obliteration of mankind is at last a practical possibility. At this moment of history the friends of the life instinct must warn that the victory of death is by no means impossible; the malignant death instinct can unleash those hydrogen bombs. For if we discard our fond illusion that the human race has a privileged or providential status in the life of the universe, it seems plain that the malignant death instinct is a built-in guarantee that the human experiment, if it fails to attain its possible perfection, will cancel itself out, as the dinosaur experiment canceled itself out. But jeremiads are useless unless we can point to a better way. Therefore the question confronting mankind is the abolition of repression -- in traditional Christian language, the resurrection of the body.

We have already done what we could to extract from psychoanalytical theory a model of what the resurrected body would be like. The life instinct, or sexual instinct, demands activity of a kind that, in contrast to our current mode of activity, can only be called play. The life instinct also demands a union with others and with the world around us based not on anxiety and aggression but on narcissism and erotic exuberance.

In the last analysis Christian theology must either accept death as part of life or abandon the body. For two thousand years Christianity has kept alive the mystical hope of an ultimate victory of Life over Death, during a phase of human history when Life was at war with Death and hope could only be mystical. But if we are approaching the last days, Christian theology might ask itself whether it is only the religion of fallen humanity, or whether it might be asleep when the bridegroom comes. Certain it is that if Christianity wishes to help mankind toward that erasure of the races of original sin which Baudelaire said was the true definition of progress, there are priceless insights in its tradition -- insights which have to be transformed into a system of practical therapy, something like psychoanalysis, before they are useful or even meaningful.

The specialty of Christian eschatology lies precisely in its rejection of the Platonic hostility to the human body and to "matter," its refusal to identify the Platonic path of sublimation with the ultimate salvation, and its affirmation that eternal life can only be life in a body. Christian asceticism can carry punishment of the fallen body to heights inconceivable to Plato; but Christian hope is for the redemption of that fallen body. Hence the affirmation of Tertullian: "Resurget igitur caro, et quidem omnis, et quidem ipsa, et quidem integra -- The body will rise again, all of the body, the identical body, the entire body." The medieval Catholic synthesis between Christianity and Greek philosophy, with its notion of an immortal soul, compromised and confused the issue; only Protestantism carries the full burden of the peculiar Christian faith.





Luther's break with the doctrine of sublimation (good works) is decisive; but the theologian of the resurrected body is the cobbler of Gorlitz, Jacob Boehme . . .

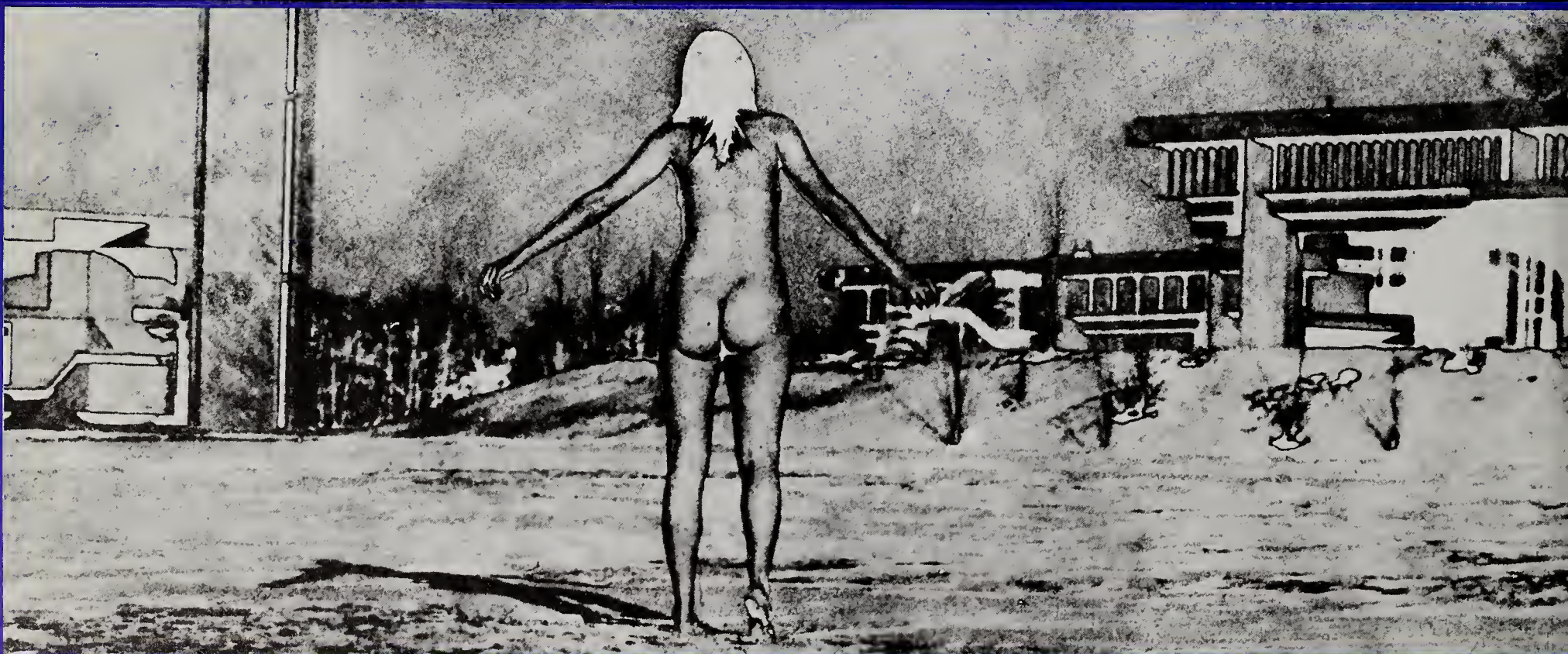
Whatever the Christian churches do with him, Boehme's position in the Western tradition of mystic hope of better things is central and assured. Backward he is linked, through Paracelsus and alchemy, to the tradition of Christian gnosticism and Jewish cabalism; forward he is linked, through his influence on the romantics Blake, Novalis, and Hegel, with Freud. We have argued that psychoanalysis has not psychoanalyzed itself until it places itself inside the history of Western thought -- inside the general neurosis of mankind. So seen, psychoanalysis is the heir to a mystical tradition which it must affirm . .

Boehme, like Freud, understands death not as a mere nothing but as a positive force either in dialectical conflict with life (in fallen man), or dialectically unified with life (in God's perfection). Thus, says Benz, "Our life remains a struggle between life and death, and as long as this conflict lasts, anxiety last also." In Boehme's concept of life, the concept of play, or love-play, is as central as it is in Freud's; and his concept of the spiritual or paradisaical body of Adam before the Fall recognizes the potent demand in our unconscious both for an androgynous mode of being and for a narcissistic mode of self-expression, as well as the corruption in our current use of the oral, anal, and genital functions. It is true that Boehme does not yet accept the brutal death of the individual physical body, and therefore makes his paradisaical body ambiguously immaterial, without oral, anal, and genital organs; and yet he clings obstinately to the body and to bodily pleasure, and therefore says that Adam was "magically" able to eat and enjoy the "essence" of things, and "magically" able to reproduce and to have sexual pleasure in the act of reproduction. Boehme is caught in these dilemmas because of his insight into the corruption of the human body, his insight that all life is life in the body, and, on the other hand, his inability to accept a body which dies. No Protestant theologian has gone further; or rather, later Protestantism has preferred to repress the problem and to repress Boehme . . .

Psychoanalysis accepts the death of the body; but psychoanalysis has something to learn from body mysticism, occidental and oriental, over and above the wealth of psychoanalytical insights contained in it. For these mystics take seriously, and traditional psychoanalysis does not, the possibility of human perfectibility and the hope of finding a way out of the human neurosis into that simple health that animals enjoy, but not man.

As Protestantism degenerated from Luther and Boehme, it abandoned its religious function of criticizing the existing order and keeping alive the mystical hope of better things; in psychoanalytical terminology, it lost contact with the unconscious and with the immortal repressed desires of the unconscious. The torch passed to the poets and philosophers of the romantic movement. The heirs of Boehme are Blake, Novalis, Hegel, and, as Professor R. D. Gray has recently shown, Goethe. (See his Goethe The Alchemist.) These are the poets whom Freud credited with being the real discoverers of the unconscious.

Not only toward the mystics but also toward the poets psychoanalysis must quit its pretension of supramundane superiority. Instead of exposing the neuroses of the poets, the psychoanalysts might learn from them, and abandon the naive idea that there is an immense gap, in mental health and intellectual objectivity, between themselves and the rest of the world. In the world's opinion, in the eyes of common sense, Novalis is crazy, and Ferenczi also: the world will find it easier to believe that we are all mad than to believe that the psychoanalysts are not. And further, it does not seem to be the case that the psychoanalytical mode of reaching the unconscious has superannuated the poetic, or artistic, mode of attaining the same







objective. Anyone conversant both with modern literature and with psychoanalysis knows that modern literature is full of psychoanalytical insights not yet grasped, or not so clearly grasped, by "scientific" psychoanalysis. And anyone who loves art knows that psychoanalysis has no monopoly on the power to heal. What the times call for is an end to the war between psychoanalysis and art -- a war kept alive by the sterile "debunking" approach of psychoanalysis to art -- and the beginning of cooperation between the two in the work of therapy and in the task of making the unconscious conscious. A little more Eros and less strife.

Modern poetry, like psychoanalysis and Protestant theology, faces the problem of the resurrection of the body. Art and poetry have always been altering our ways of sensing and feeling -- that is to say, altering the human body. And Whitehead rightly discerns as the essence of the "Romantic Reaction" a revulsion against abstraction (in psychoanalytical terms, sublimation) in favor of the concrete sensual organism, the human body. "Energy is the only life, and is from the Body . . . Energy is Eternal Delight," says Blake . . .

The "magical" body which the poet seeks is the "subtle" or "spiritual" or "translucent" body of occidental mysticism, and the "diamond" body of oriental mysticism, and, in psychoanalysis, the polymorphously perverse body of childhood. Thus, for example, psychoanalysis declares the fundamentally bisexual character of human nature; Boehme insists on the androgynous character of human perfection; Taoist mysticism invokes feminine passivity to counteract masculine aggressivity; and Rilke's poetic quest is a quest for a hermaphroditic body. There is an urgent need for elucidation of the interrelations between these disparate modes of articulating the desires of the unconscious. Jung is aware of these interrelations, and orthodox psychoanalysts have not been aware of them. But no elucidation results from incorporation of the data into the Jungian system, not so much because of the intellectual disorder in the system, but rather because of the fundamental orientation of Jung, which is flight from the problem of the body, flight from the concept of repression, and a return to the path of sublimation. Freudianism must face the issue, and Freud himself said: "Certain practices of the mystics may succeed in upsetting the normal relations between the different regions of the mind, so that, for example, the perceptual system becomes able to grasp relations in the deeper layers of the ego and in the id which would otherwise be inaccessible to it."

Joseph Needham's interest in what we have called body mysticism, an interest which underlies his epoch-making work *Science and Civilization in China*, reminds us that the resurrection of the body has been placed on the agenda not only by psychoanalysis, mysticism, and poetry, but also by the philosophical criticism of modern science. Whitehead's criticism of modern science. Whitehead's criticism of scientific abstraction is, in psychoanalytical terms, a criticism of sublimation. His protest against "The Fallacy of Misplaced Concreteness" is a protest on behalf of the living body as a whole: "But the living organ of experience is the living body as a whole"; and his protest "on behalf of value" insists that the real structure of the human body, of human cognition, and of the events cognized is both sensuous and erotic, "self-enjoyment." Whitehead himself recognized the affinity between himself and the romantic poets; and Needham of course recognizes the affinity between the philosophy of organism and mysticism. Actually Needham may be exaggerating the uniqueness of Taoism. The whole Western alchemical tradition, which urgently needs re-examination, is surely "Whiteheadian" in spirit, and Goethe, the last of the alchemists, in his "Essay on the Metamorphosis of Plants" produced the last, or the first, Whiteheadian scientific treatise. Goethe, says a modern biologist, "reached out to the reconciliation of the antithesis between the senses and the intellect, an antithesis with which traditional science does not attempt to cope."





Perhaps there are even deeper issues raised by the confrontation between psychoanalysis and the philosophy of organism. Whitehead and Needham are protesting against the inhuman attitude of modern science; in psychoanalytical terms, they are calling for a science based on an erotic sense of reality, rather than an aggressive dominating attitude toward reality. From this point of view alchemy (and Goethe's essay on plants) might be said to be the last effort of Western man to produce a science based on an erotic sense of reality. And conversely, modern science, as criticized by Whitehead, is one aspect of a total cultural situation which may be described as the dominion of death-in-life. The mentality which was able to reduce nature to "a dull affair, soundless, scentless, colourless; merely the hurrying of material endlessly, meaninglessly" -- Whitehead's description -- is lethal. It is an awe-inspiring attack on the life of the universe; in more technical psychoanalytical terms, its anal-sadistic intent is plain. And further, the only historian of science who uses psychoanalysis, Gaston Bachelard, concludes that it is of the essence of the scientific spirit to be mercilessly ascetic, to eliminate human enjoyment from our relation to nature, to eliminate the human senses, and finally to eliminate the human brain:

It does indeed seem that with the twentieth century there begins a kind of scientific thought in opposition to the senses, and that it is necessary to construct a theory of objectivity in opposition to the object . . . It follows that the entire use of the brain is being called into question. From now on the brain is strictly no longer adequate as an instrument for scientific thought; that is to say, the brain is the obstacle to scientific thought. It is an obstacle in the sense that it is the coordinating center for human movements and appetities. It is necessary to think in opposition to the brain.



Thus modern science confirms Ferenczi's aphorism: "Pure intelligence is thus a product of dying, or at least of becoming mentally insensitive, and is therefore in principle madness."

What Whitehead and Needham are combating is not an error but a disease in consciousness. In more technical psychoanalytical terms, the issue is not the conscious structure of science, but the unconscious premises of science; the trouble is in the unconscious strata of the scientific ego, in the scientific character-structure. Whitehead called the modern scientific point of view, in spite of its world-conquering success, "quite unbelievable." Psychoanalysis adds the crucial point: it is insane. Hence there is unlikely to be any smooth transition from the "mechanistic" point of view to the "organismic" point of view. It is unlikely that problems generated in the mechanistic system will lead to organismic solutions. The two points of view represent different instinctual orientations, different fusions of life and death. It is even doubtful that the adoption of an organismic point of view under present conditions would be a gain; it might be a relapse into naive animism . . . Psychoanalytical therapy involves a solution to the problem of repression; what is needed is not an organismic ideology, but to change the human body so that it can become for the first time an organism -- the resurrection of the body. An organism whose own sexual life is as disordered as man's is in no position to construct objective theories about the Yin and the Yang and the sex life of the universe.

The resurrection of the body is a social project facing mankind as a whole, and it will become a practical political problem when the statement of the world are called upon to deliver happiness instead of power, when political economy becomes a science of use-values instead of a science of accumulation. In the face of this tremendous human problem, contemporary social theory, both capitalist and socialist, has nothing to say. Contemporary social theory (again we must honor Veblen as an exception) has been completely taken in by the inhuman abstractions of the path of sublimation, and has no contact with concrete human beings, with their concrete bodies, their concrete though repressed desires, and their concrete neuroses.

To find social theorists who are thinking about the real problem of our age, we have to go back to the Marx of 1844, or even to the philosophers influencing Marx in 1844, Fourier and Feuerbach. From Fourier's psychological analysis of the antithesis of work and pleasure Marx obtained the concept of play, and used it, in a halfhearted way to be sure, in some of his early utopian speculations. From Feuerbach Marx learned the necessity of moving from Hegelian abstractions to the concrete senses and the concrete human body. Marx's "philosophic-economic manuscripts" of 1844 contain remarkable formulations calling for the resurrection of human nature, the appropriation of the human body, the transformation of the human senses, and the realization of a state of self-enjoyment. Thus, for example, "Man appropriates himself as an all-sided being in an all-sided way, hence as total man. (This appropriation lies in) every one of his human relationships to the world -- seeing, hearing, smell, taste, feeling, thought, perception, experience, wishing, activity, loving, in short, all organs of his individuality." The human physical senses must be emancipated from the sense of possession, and then the humanity of



the senses and the human enjoyment of the senses will be achieved for the first time. Here is the point of contact between Marx and Freud: I do not see how the profundities and obscurities of the "philosophic-economic manuscripts" can be elucidated except with the aid of psychoanalysis . . .

Psychoanalytical thinking has a double relation to the dialectical imagination. It is, on the one hand (actually or potentially), a mode of dialectical consciousness; on the other hand, it contains, or ought to contain, a theory about the nature of the dialectical imagination. I say "actually or potentially" because psychoanalysis, either as a body of doctrine or an experience of the analysis, is no total revelation of the unconscious repressed. The struggle of consciousness to circumvent the limitations of formal logic, of language, and of "common sense" is under conditions of general repression never ending . . . "Dialectical" are those psychoanalysts who continue this struggle, for the rest, psychoanalytical terminology can be a prison house of Byzantine scholasticism in which "word-consciousness" is substituting for consciousness of the unconscious.

And even if we take Freud as the model of psychoanalytical consciousness, we have argued that at such crucial points as the relation between the two instincts and the relation between humanity and animality, Freud is trapped because he is not sufficiently "dialectical." Nevertheless, the basic structure of Freud's thought is committed to dialectics, because it is committed to the vision of mental life as basically an arena of conflict; and his finest insights (for example, that when the patient denies something, he affirms it) are incurably







"dialectical." Hence the attempt to make psychoanalysis out to be "scientific" (in the positivist sense) is not only vain but destructive. Empirical verification the positivist test of science, can apply only to that which is fully unconscious; but psychoanalysis is a mode of contacting the unconscious under conditions of general repression, when the unconscious remains in some sense repressed. To put the matter another way, the "poetry" in Freud's thought cannot be purged away, or rather such an expurgation is exactly what is accomplished in "scientific" textbooks of psychology; but Freud's writings remain unexpurgatable . . .

The key to the nature of dialectical thinking may lie in psychoanalysis, more specifically in Freud's psychoanalysis of negation. There is first the theorem that "there is nothing in the id which can be compared to negation," and that the law of contradiction does not hold in the id. Similarly, the dream does not seem to recognize the word "no." Instead of the law of contradiction we find a unity of opposites: "Dreams show a special tendency to reduce two opposites to a unity"; "Any thing in a dream may mean its opposite." We must therefore entertain the hypothesis that there is an important connection between being "dialectical" and dreaming, just as there is between dreaming and poetry or mysticism. Furthermore, in his essay "The Antithetical Sense of Primal Words" Freud compares the linguistic phenomenon of a hidden (in the etymological root) identity between words with antithetical meanings; he reveals the significant fact that it was the linguistic phenomenon that gave him the clue to the dream phenomenon, and not vice versa. It is plain that both psychoanalysis and the study of language (philosophical and philological) need a marriage or at least a meeting.

And, on the other hand, Freud's essay "On Negation" may throw light on the nature of the "dialectical" dissatisfaction with formal logic. Negation is the primal act of repression; but it at the same time liberates the mind to think about the repressed under the general condition that it is denied and thus remains essentially repressed. With Spinoza's formula *omnis determinatio est negatio* in mind, examine the following formulations of Freud: "A negative judgement is the intellectual substitute for repression: the 'No' in which it is expressed is the hall-mark of repression . . . By the help of the symbol of negation, the thinking process frees itself from the limitations of repression and enriches itself with the subject-matter without which it could not work efficiently."

But: "Negation only assists in undoing one of the consequences of repression -- the fact that the subject-matter of the image in question is unable to enter consciousness. The result is a kind of intellectual acceptance of what is repressed, though in all essentials the repression persists."

We may therefore entertain the hypothesis that formal logic and the law of contradiction are the rules whereby the mind submits to operate under general conditions of repression. As with the concept of time, Kant's categories of rationality would then turn out to be the categories of repression. And conversely, "dialectical" would be the struggle of the mind to circumvent repression and make the unconscious conscious. But by the same token, it would be the struggle of the mind to overcome the split and conflict within itself. It could then be identified with that "synthesizing" tendency in the ego of which Freud came finally to place his hope for therapy. As an attempt to unify and to cure, the "dialectical" consciousness would be a manifestation of Eros. And, as consciousness trying to throw off fetters of negation, the "dialectical" consciousness would be a step toward the Dionysian ego which does not negate any more.

What the great world needs, of course, is a little more Eros and less strife; but the intellectual world needs it just as much. A little more Eros would make conscious the unconscious harmony between "dialectical" dreamers of all kinds -- psychoanalysts, political idealists, mystics, poets, philosophers -- and abate the sterile and ignorant polemics. Since the ignorance seems to be mostly a matter of self-ignorance, a little more psychoanalytical consciousness on all sides (including the psychoanalysts) might help -- a little more self-knowledge humility, humanity, and Eros. We may therefore conclude with the concluding words of Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*:

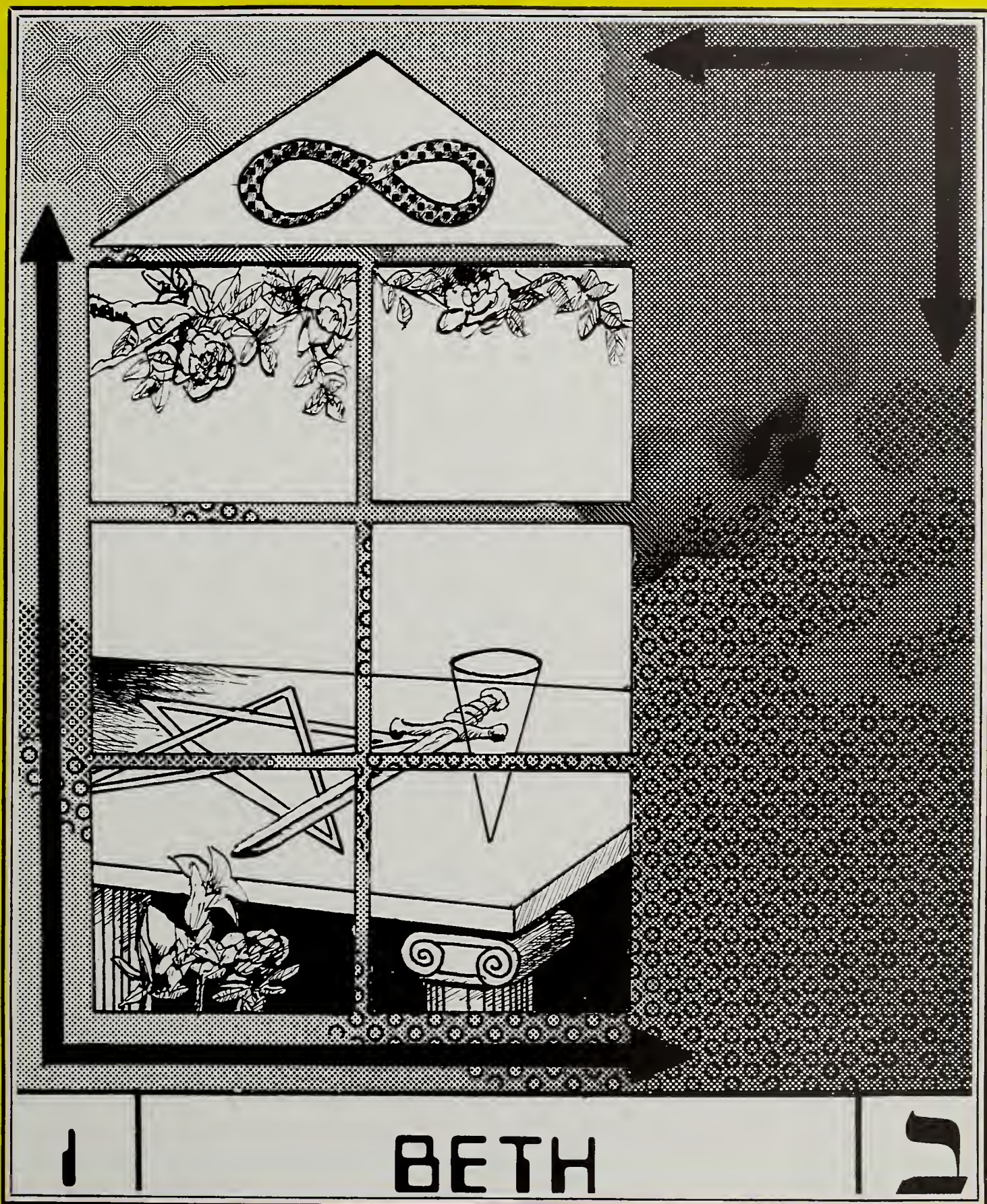
Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by using them they could now very easily exterminate one another to the last man. They know this -- hence arises a great part of their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension. And now it may be expected that the other of the two "heavenly forces," eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary.

And perhaps our children will live to live a full life, and so see what Freud could not see -- in the old adversary, a friend.

NORMAN O' BROWN' *The Resurrection of the Body*









**Why MODERN MAN FACES**

**Self~EXTINCTION:**

**OBSERVATIONS & Delights**

**by**

**HAVEN O'MORE**



One particular "why" cannot be assigned to modern man's dilemma. His situation is too complex. There are no easy solutions at hand but man, of all creatures in the universe, has inherent flexibility of will: he can move up or down, destroy himself or free himself.

Man is not fixed; he can *change*.

More than any time before recorded, it behooves us, we must, examine our position and learn...By the bitterness and fear we experience we know we have strayed. "So bitter is it, that scarcely more is death." Let us search this "wild, and rough, and stubborn wood" to gain some idea, if we can, where we are. None but ourselves can say where we are going...

Most critically for himself, modern man thinks his humanity stops with man. He has a whole movement of which he boasts--humanism. It limits man to man. It posits human reason as its highest god, and considers its goal and final end to be reason applied to man's scientific and social problems (entirely concocted by misusing reason). Humanists are activists; they reject "the utility of what is not." The *Tao Te Ching* gives us a proper perspective on humanism: "The Sages (the liberated men, the self-overcome Ones) are not human: they treat the people like sacrificial straw dogs...When the Tao declines, there is 'humanity and justice.'"

The modern mentality has never understood that man limited to man, and man limited to human reason is at best the most miserable, diseased, lonely creature in the universe. Man is part of a universal hierarchy or he is nothing; by himself he has no real existence.

Humanism and its derivatives--the sterility of modern organized religion, scientism, and violent political activity, to mention only three of many-- are no new movements. Man has always flared out, vaunted himself up, and told himself, "I stand supreme in the universe. Look around. What do you see more glorious than man? I, man, I'm It!" Earlier, William Blake spoke of his mentality,

"Denying in private: mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal Humanity, calling it Nature and Natural Religion."

Just as he cuts himself off from all that is universal modern man denies what stands above reason and supports it -- Intellect. All that links man with Being proceeds from Intellect, the universal and supra-individual faculty which Aristotle says "finds its fulfillment in being aware of the Intelligible" and is identical with knowledge its intelligible object. Modern man has gone so far as to imagine reason exactly synonymous with Intellect: he has mindlessly thinks and writes "reason" and "Intellect" meaning for the one the other; he, within this limitation (when he is feeling especially inflated), even calls himself an "intellectual." Translation: one stuck and struggling in the web of reason alone. "Now reason differs from Intellect as multitude from unity," writes Aquinas. "It is therefore evident that the *rational consideration* finds its termination in the intellectual by way of resolution, inasmuch as from many things the reason gathers the one and simple truth. And again, *inteperception* (*direct seeing* itself without any reason or sense interference whatsoever) is the principle of the *rational* by way of composition and discovery, inasmuch as Intellect grasps many things in one. Therefore that perception which is the terminus of all human *ratiocination* is above all the *intellectual*"(Our emphasis.) Simplicius in his commentary on Aristotle's *Physics* remarks that Plato used to say that the 'Ideas (the *really* real things) are known by Intellect, but that matter is 'credible only to bastard reasoning.'"

Imagine for yourself: how long does a fish live out of water? So long, comparatively speaking, as man cut off from intellect, the river of his life which carries him to his final resting place and unity in the Universal Sea.

*Consider the beginning to avoid the conflict  
sure to rage without fore thought. For from  
the first seed planted the earth pours in strict  
accordance with heaven's laws her plenty. Not martyrdom  
to a cause but willingly. She knows that power  
descends on one who holds firm, otherwise  
all would end before the drama unfolds. A flower  
knows the same to judge by its practice; our eyes  
peer ahead to see the final growth as a vine  
climbing up the wall finds holds and thus stays  
in place fulfilling its nature in the pure sunshine  
that provides its energy. Only man misses, plays  
with his fate in the active forces around him  
neither looking for nor seeing the eternal paradigm.*



Modern man's major crisis, himself, is rooted in ignoring his past. He thinks he examines his past. What today has more general interest than that study going by the name of history? Books on history abound; in large bookstores the history sections are perhaps the best stocked. This is a sign of our times. For "history properly is a knowledge obtained without proof", a surveying and gathering of certain thematically similar phenomena--either by direct observation (as earlier in astronomy, for example) or through research entirely based on written sources, laboratory techniques, and discovered objects (as in modern studies on ancient history). Aristotle points out that "If nothing which pertains to history is omitted of what is truly present with things, we shall be furnished with the means about every thing of which there is demonstration (proof), of discovering and demonstrating this; and we shall be able to make that apparent, which is naturally incapable of being demonstrated." We forget the levels of knowledge involved in such a statement when we "assume" historical demonstration; knowing nothing about the true nature of proof the modern mentality demands proof where none of the type it demands is possible or admissible and elsewhere, as in its reading of history generally, accepts as "proved" an order possessing only informative qualities at best.

Keenly aware of the foolishness too great concern with history and historical thinking leads men to, Paul Valery tells the amusing story of Messrs. NO and TI, both worthy "intellectuals." They had many books but prized none except their own works with one exception--*Thesaurus of the Works and Treatises on Wisdom whose Titles alone have come down to us*. Naturally, it was a "small volume." Valery "quotes" several titles from it; three of them particularly illuminate the subject of history.

"A complete List of useless expressions and the true method of employing them to the exclusion of all others."

"History as viewed from Heaven, with each event accompanied by a host of others that could just as well have taken place."

"The Metamorphosis of Nothingness."

In concluding Valery writes that "Messrs. NO and TI offer lamented the loss of all these precious books. And they decided to write in concert a great work, on the understanding that one of them was to think and say nothing and the other was to write, and think nothing."

Later, more about nothing, but not all in this sense.

Each man carries his own past within himself--from the beginning. Man's real history (if it can be called that) is at each moment his present. Neither understanding his past or his present he feels about his future. Nothing at all is wrong with being amused and entertained by historical studies; but modern man doesn't stop here, for he thinks to gain what he calls "self-identity." Pursuing his past he thinks to find his present. He fails to realize that he seldom if ever gets at the real "facts" of history. He gets the historians' shaping of these facts. "Reasons and opinions concerning acts, are not history. Acts themselves alone are history...Tell me the Acts, O historian, and leave me to reason on them as I please; away with your reasoning and your rubbish. All that is not action is not worth reading. Tell me the What; I do not want you to tell me the Why and the How; I can find that out myself, as well as you can, and I will not be fooled by you into opinions, that you please to impose, to disbelieve what you think improbable or impossible. His opinions, who does not see spiritual agency, is not worth any man's reading; he who rejects a fact because it is misimprobable, must reject all History and retain doubts only." Blake wrote these words early in the 19th century; they apply even more to our time with its gross proliferations.

His wrong perspective on history incites modern man to ceaseless negative political activity and intense forms of nationalism. Fooled by his past he misjudges his present. He thinks harsh training breaks the horses. It does. Afterwards the horses aren't fit to ride.

The modern world began much earlier than the dates usually assigned to it by historians embracing the Italian Renaissance. There is not exact agreement as to when it began, but there is a record. "Thought is Act," says Blake. "Christ's Acts were Nothing to Caesars if this is not so." This record, thought, is within ourselves. More correctly, we are in Thought. Those of us who have the wit and discipline can test it. Search for the teacher, if there is not wit; without *will* though, even the teacher can't help.

What's really the problem with history? This: as it exists it falsifies the present. One is hardpressed today to find a modern man who thinks he is doing anything important or else otherwise, who isn't walking a historical and therefore false tightrope. "History will justify it," we hear on all sides. "Only history can bring it into focus." This stupidity has gone so far now that every U.S. President leaving office must have a library, make another data accumulation...for "historians," of course.

One sees this beginning in the "serious" modern way with Francis Bacon. (Bacon's contemporary and psychical brother, the supreme apostle of rationalism Rene Descartes, reinforced Bacon's work; his mind and body dualism, the corollary of Bacon's experimentalism, perpetuates the errors of modern science for its ideas extend into every phase of the modern world and appear most strongly in practice where they are deined most vehemently in theory. To name only the two *most* rationalistic areas: physics and education. "Rationalism," writes Rene Guenon, "in all its forms is essentially defined by a belief in the supremacy of reason, proclaimed as a real 'dogma', and implying the denial of everything that is of a supra-individual order, notably of pure intellectual intuition, and this carries with it logically the exclusion of all true metaphysical knowledge...") The same Bacon tried (or tried to) Aristotle and Traditional doctrines and from his own overcooked and denatured works still feeds the modern mentality. No wonder it is ailing. Bacon, an Englishman, has the shopkeeper's mentality; he would tabulate, list, experiment. In his *Novum Organum* he urged compiling a "Catalogue of Particular Histories" extending through one hundred and thirty titles--hardly a scratch on the modern surface. Why? So we can draw "from grave and credible history and trust-worthy reports." Why? So the understanding can "be expanded and opened till it can take in the image of the world as it is in fact," shaped by this "kind of second Scripture"-- history. Why? So the human race can "recover its right over nature." Why? Only Bacon and apparently the modern mentality know the answer to this last question; but if any thinking person during the last third of the 20th century believes that man must dominate Nature, he is truly blind to man's destructive excesses--toward both himself and the world. Man will never dominate nature herself, for Nature is on an order in the universal scale superior to anything ordinary men (the only ones who would be stupid enough to try to dominate her) can imagine. Of the works of Nature within our ken man is the most glorious: he has an intelligence illuminated by Intellect and thus the potential to become more than man. In this sense nature gains with man, or there is no nature. And this too takes on the color of a "historical" problem--an inverse one



Bacon would be proud of what he helped to begin; and would wonder how we are faring with his words that "to much method produces iterations and prolixity as well as none at all." But we know...Poor Bacon, modern man that he was, was naive enough to think that a natural and experimental history would support "a true and active" philosophy. "Primary History," or the "Mother History" he calls his version. A sick mother bears unhealthy children....

Although he has read little of it, and understood less, Bacon considered the philosophy of Aristotle to be "contentious and thorny." Bacon could not understand that Aristotle deals with the vertical-knowledge, that which has being and is perceived by Intellect in conjunction with reason--and not mere data and information so important to the scientific and business mentality, entirely a horizontal accumulation trapping us in a bottomless quagmire. Thrash and see for yourself.

Without going too much further into the matter let Bacon's own words pinpoint an important aspect of one of the chief modern problems: "they who shall hereafter take it upon them to write natural history should...seek out and gather together such store and variety of things as may suffice for the formation of true axioms."

Interesting, very interesting, as if "true axioms" can be formed from random collections of data. Man intrinsically possesses all that is axiomatic or he could not exist as man. Bringing the axiom to light is a kind of true wisdom; "if we were without this wisdom, all things would, from the outset, have no existence in themselves, says Hui-neng, the Sixth Patriarch. Aristotle's work shows the axiom to be principle to any kind of learning. He defines the axiom as that which one "who intends to learn *anything* must necessarily possess." This could be all rubbish like so much of modern writing were it not possible to test it; methods exist whereby one can find out these things, and more, for oneself. One does not have to depend on Aristotle or any written source however venerable. The test is in the eating and the digestion! And Bacon thought "the end rules the method." Will modern man completely destroy himself before he realizes the reverse is true when it is founded on correct principles derived from Intellect not mere information apewed from "bastard reasoning."

*Man always experiences difficulty at the beginning  
of any endeavor: is not his birth one of pain  
and sorrow endlessly complicated by his running  
from the fact? Will man never consolidate? Rain  
beats his house down, the clouds shift and change  
ever forming new images reflected in water.  
Flowers grow from the damp earth, birds range  
through the sky in full freedom. Here a potter  
turns his wheel spinning the clay into the form  
he seeks in the practice of his art; all confusion  
follows the hesitating hand. Order in the storm,  
shaping the clouds; lightning, fire and consolidation.  
In the ceaseless urge to break out the ignorant deed  
becomes the chain forged by the enslaving creed.*

7

Nietzsche, fascinating because he got so many things wrong but said them excellently. This reflects one of the primary traits of modern man: reaching some right conclusions but for the wrong reasons, or misusing reason and attempting to elevate it to the status of Intellect. Nietzsche paralogizes, deduces certain apparently true conclusions from false principles. Again, this a matter of degree; the True itself, always an absolute and never a relative in any respect, cannot come about *in conjunction with* an erroneous principle. Good only appears to come from false reasoning or, we might add, wrong actions. Nietzsche's work is an epitome of modern Western thought: beautifully structured to all appearances and based at best on reason while entirely confused and wobbly about its ground, Intellect.

People think that just because two thinkers use the same words they mean the same things--an amusing but dangerous one-dimensional fantasy. Ignorant of cause, people disregard effects. Confused about sense, people are doubly confused about *common sense*: indivisible, it distinguishes "what it is in which contraries, and things of an heterogeneous nature, differ from each other." Nietzsche speaks this confusion. He took his understanding of Greek thought second-hand (in spite of or maybe because of the fact that he was a trained philologist like every modern who comes at the Greeks from the wrong angle, the Roman or Latin point of view. Nietzsche certainly would be the first to claim otherwise...Let him, or his would-be defenders. Nietzsche didn't labor fruitlessly. He and his not-as-clever 20th century continuators have a real value: they force one to rethink, *correctly*.

A law: When the worm bores, other apples prosper. Consider. Another source, because of its Traditional point of view and its attention and fidelity to the great Greek commentators who have been to the man almost totally ignored, or worse, misrepresented by scholars down to the present day in the Latin-influenced West (the exceptions to this could be counted on the fingers of one hand), rectifies and corrects the degeneration from Greek thought and Tradition itself demoniacally expressed in a majority voice in Nietzsche's work--the Arabic *falasifah*, most purely transmitted by the Eastern school whose outstanding member is the Muslim Sage Ibn Sina. Thinkers using Arabic were spared Latin mistranslations and interpretations of Greek-formulated intellectual doctrines, and thus spare us. (Perhaps the single strongest exception to this widespread (even the earliest times) Latin impulse would have been Boethius had he lived to carry out his plan of literally translating all of Plato and Aristotle into Latin and writing commentaries to show their continuity with Tradition and the essential unity of their doctrines. This work has to wait thirteen centuries, or until the 19th century, before it was undertaken and completed in a pure traditional spirit by one inspired man-- Thomas Taylor, whose effort must be measured by the grandeur of his achievement rather than by the results of its effect. Boethius's work would undoubtedly have had an immense impact, and all for the better to judge only from what he did complete, on the whole course of Western civilization. Each great thinker presents a prime example of the single individual's importance-- when his life and work is grounded in Intellect. For then one is no longer mere individual...) And on this count alone, not to speak of other merits in the magnificent Islamic intellectual tradition, reward careful study.



One further irony on the reading of history. Heidegger, who has written two volumes and more on Nietzsche, and who should know what he is talking about on this subject, has made a distinguished career of talking about *nothing*. Pardon, talking about *nothing*. Heidegger has it that metaphysics (considered as "an interpretation of beings in their beingness") had its historical beginning in the West with Plato and Aristotle; he sees that metaphysics became nihilistic "with an obscuration of Being itself, an event which is not the work of men but the history and fate (*Geschick*) of Being itself," and lost its meaning culminating in Nietzsche, with him as witness. As if Being itself, standing outside and supporting time, would have a history or a fate! "The nub of the matter is that for Heidegger *all* metaphysics is a nihilism." How do we overcome such nihilism? By passing beyond metaphysics "in order to meditate the Being-process itself." Meditate? Not really. Heidegger says, "We are not to do anything; we have to wait." Heidegger has proved to the satisfaction of many philosophers, some of whom have also made distinguished careers for themselves by convincing others that Heidegger has been talking about nothing have indeed themselves talked about nothing, that Aristotle and Traditional thinkers also talk about nothing. This could be very amusing and great fun for all if it were not serious.

The conclusion, put simply, is this: too many people who should be able to read Traditional writers and take from their work principles which have multiple application in the modern world are hung up. Aristotle, for example, wrote to correct the paralogizing tendency in human thought; each century since has seen an accumulation of error based on this kind of false thinking. Men have always thought their judgement, discernment, and wisdom abundant--and never in greater measure than today. Consider Herakleitos' word: Although it is the Logos which is the supra-individual Ground from which all things arise, the many live in such a way as if they had each his own self-originated plan of action." (Note that for Herakleitos writing ancient Greek *logos* meant Aion, the Eternal, the formula of all things; it should not be confused with New Testament Greek, *logos* of centuries later translated as *verbum*, Word, by Christians. Moreover, ancient Greek *logos* has many additional meanings that occur in later writers' works. We translate Herakleitos' technical term *xunos* by "universal" or common" etc.--as meaningless to the reader in this context as it would have been to Herakleitos.) Heidegger, Nietzsche, and others of their persuasion who are less interesting and important seek to spoil the milk by trying to poison the cow... Their disciples urge us to drink the milk: become their adversaries and find our answer!

Aristotle must finally be recognized for what he is; classicists and philologists posing as thinkers have worked him over too long. For one thing, Aristotle remains one of the best Zen men ever, and certainly one of the best in the Western perspective. Too many men have spent too long explaining what Zen is (and isn't) for more words to be used on this here. We are frozen in sensation. We have forgotten, in Aristotle's words, that "life is defined in the case of animals by the power of sensation; and in the case of man by the power of sensation *and* intellection." (*Life*, get this word.) For man this means universal knowledge (*noein*) as a product of Intellect (*nous*), not more sense data or even parapsychological "evidence" confused by modern investigators with a "higher" order.

Moral: for too long men have been served straw and told it is nourishing. Man must eat, even modern man. He must regain his discrimination--learn to know what food nourishes and brings life, and what food takes away from life and brings disease and death. (In this connection see our "A Model of Man's Nutritional-Food Structure" & notes in *Big Rock Candy Mountain: Resources for Our Education* Delaconte Press, New York, 1972, pp. 166-169. The extension dimensions of the MODEL and likewise the two identical internal configurations were intended to conform to the formula

$$\left[ \frac{\sqrt{X^2 + Y^2}}{A} \right]^p + \left[ \frac{Z}{B} \right]^p = 1$$

where p is over 2--however inexactly represented in this first published version. p 2 expresses the formula of the ellipsoid, familiar to all the chicken egg. What something of this means can be approached by reflecting on Plate 33 in Ajit Mookerjee's *Tantra Art: its Philosophy & Physics* rvi kmar, New York, 1966. And see the end of section 10 below...)

Modern Man no longer distinguishes *up* from *down* supposing each to be the same thing. In the age of synthetic food everything becomes synthetic, inorganic; and the living breaks down... Our time, the age of Cancer, shall we call it?

Where can modern man find food, living, organic, healthy food? In Truth. Where is this to be found? Chew on the words from Hui-neng, and after digesting them try to ask the same question. Try...

"If you yourself would gain the true,  
Separate from the false; there the mind is true.  
If the mind itself does not separate from the false,  
There is no True. What place is there for it to be?"

8

Assignment. Characterize the modern world in one word. Hard? Try it anyway. Painful, gross, cruel, evil, ugly, beautiful, polluted... Many, many more words could apply. If the list were extended far enough an interesting balance would surely develop: even the modern world is not all evil, if at all, however shrill we sometimes become in denouncing it.

*Confused*. This is the word; no other single word fits so well.

What characteristic of man's nature can we point out as most contributory to the reigning confusion? Did confusion begin spasmodically in the past? Does it only rear its ugly head here and there as one observes and reads and meditates?

We read in Genesis of Babel. Mere "myth," of course, as every well-read and intelligent modern man knows. One wonders: how many generations were there between the Fall and Babel? Genesis covers this (what must have been great?) extent of time in eleven chapters. But really, was there any time as we reckon time?... Isn't Babel *now* if it ever was? Look around... (Qabala, meaning that which is received, shows us that Genesis is a rich text of Traditional Science--every letter-number of the Hebrew words a coded formula expressing universal *and* particular energy differentiations. Energy interactions are *now* (always) and everywhere. History and "myth" as the modern mentality interprets it does not apply to these things any more than to relativity equations. Theological diffusions have overlaid the purity of Genesis too long. It and other such texts *are* not to entertain "intellectuals," bequile dull adults, and mislead children unfortunate enough to come within the sphere of certain influences. Why *are* such texts, then? *To see what is*. From this every *why* is answered; lacking it the question cannot be asked).



*Youth answers the call to life, seeks the mountain  
for a test of strength and endurance. No abyss  
seems to open underfoot; water from the fountain  
of youth springs in the blood: youth hears no hiss-  
the serpent swims in deam, in the short night  
before day kissed with sleep. Sunlight always glows  
with intensity just before sinking in the rock, plight  
of folly mistaking the concrete for such shadowy shows  
flickering on the walls and unrecognized. What manner  
speaks most loudly in these affairs? What now brings  
good fortune, What brings success? What banner  
will youth fly? These questions put it sharp. He sings  
best who spares himself for the long, hot race  
run in sand as well as up the cliff's deadly face.*

## 10

Form his reading of history modern man has come to stake his present and future on his false faith and belief in a so-called evolutionary process. Many men today are outraged when evolutionary concepts are pointed up for what they are--a form of "scientific" religion actually having nothing to do with real science in any manner. Evolutionary thinking gives rise to "progress" reasoning: all that is of value unfolding, coming, always later. This thinking attempts to reduce the cosmos and the Universal Being in which the cosmos is grounded to the form of a linear equation, if one can even speak this kindly of it.

Modern man thinks the best is yet to come. He looks for miracles. He doesn't have the vision to realize he is the miracle; his mere existence, or for that matter, the existence of anything constitutes a wonder except to the blind.

"How wondrously supernatural! And how miraculous this! I draw water, I carry wood!"

If man wants perfection let him look without and experience within, or look within and experience without. "The Kingdom (Both/and simultaneously. Proklos states it in the formula: "Thus all intellectual forms *both* subsist unitedly in each other and at the same instant distinctly separate.") is within you and it is without you." Everything is what man is himself. "One must become identified with Nothingness and mirror the whole, for the truth is one and final," says Hsieh Ling-yun.

But Nothingness used as a technical term to approximate a principle of metaphysic should not be confused with philosophical nihilism discussed above. Metaphysic (not metaphysics, strictly a philosophical nomen) participates in Intellect and when it is expressed derives its authority entirely from such intellectuavision; but metaphysics as philosophically understood formulates reasons based on reason to satisfy reason about reason's constructs which in turn lead to more reasons, again with the expressed purpose of taking reason out of its *cul-de-sac*... (Reason alone functions incapably of determining truth about anything: *the function of reason is mistake*. Now mistake is characterized by non-discrimination, total attachment of its object-functioning state. Thus reason always makes an "object" of its functioning. The irration, certain aspects of reason denying Intellect, becomes the reasonable for the modern mentality and constructs a "logic" which view everything "reasonably." Reason's logic--the dog in pain biting at its hind leg. The modern mentality cannot understand that the real function of logic is to properly link reason with Intellect and to precisely uncover the laws revealing such a structure so that by strict adherence to these laws *reason remains reason* never overflowing its boundaries and being neither one whit more nor less than what it is. Aristotle's *Organon* in the Occident and the *darsana-s* organized through the *Samkhya-Nyaya-Sutra* in the Orient provide a logic to show this with extraordinary fidelity. (See Dant, *Paradiso*, XXVI. 25-45, and again refer to the discussion in section 2 above.) Only a scientific logic, *one deriving the principles of its reasoning from Intellect*, has authenticity; only this harmonizes the sensible, rational, and intellectuall in living dynamic relationships perfectly according with *what-is*. Here is both the termination and the beginning of the ancient but at this very instant continuing search after *ousia*-- "what *being* is, is an inquiry what *essence* is, *ti to on, touto esti, tis e ousia*." Nothingness, Chinese *wu*, corresponds to Sanskrit *asat*, sometimes understood as Non-being--at handogya Upanishad 6.2.1., for example. Commenting on *wu* Hsieh says, "The state of mirror-like voidness (of Nirvana) is abstruse and mysterious (but only to reason, not to

Intellect which admits of no mystery or doubt) and does not admit of any stages (for its attainment)." The modern Chinese thinker Fund Yu-lan adds: "What is called *wu* represents this highest stage--a state which if it is to be achieved at all, can be achieved only *in toto*, and not in a gradual and piecemeal fashion." Of course only matter and its derivatives, material things, are bounded by composition and place and time; a condition or state not so limited--more precisely, *unlimited*--either is participated in entirely or not at all.

The point is that man has already achieved It; denying It (independent of any technical term we use to point as It) constitutes man's problem. All of Traditional Science aims at leading man to realize Nothingness in this sense; and as it has been said in another context, if man did not fully possess It he could not search for It. NOR as It a "something" that comes into being in any future state of reward as religious literalists, including most modern Christians in one way or another, whether fundamental or liberal, maintain in constradistinction to Traditional Science which bases itself on the Certainty born of Knowledge, not vague faith or hope (however theologically sophisticated) characterized by sentiment.

The burden of Plato's *Meno* is to provide the strongest possible demonstration of this, or at the least a pointer to It--for those who can *see*. This virtue, power, knowledge (Greek *arete* Chinese *te*) "consists in that kind of knowledge and that kind of power, taken together, the potential of both which is in the human soul [considered as a principle, not entity], as she partakes of a divine Intellect, whose essence is its own object, and whose energy is the contemplation of itself, and the government of the universe." (Traditional Science knows the soul as a principle, not entity, and a principle *more* concrete (as principles always are seen *sub specie aeternitatis*) than any entity thought of as such in the physical world. Physics demonstrates no entity-thing has concretion being in substances positive-negative charges, "shadows" in a sense ceaselessly moving. For anything to become manifest in the first place a stable, concrete Energy must support it; not "create" it but bring it into manifestation, body-a-something-forth. "She=Adon Yahhid is unique and has no second and the face of ONE, what are you?" asks



the *Sepher Yetzirah*. , do you know? What are you worth?" Here is not the place to go further into the nature of the "soul," or the *apparent* conflicts within Traditional doctrine on the subject. Clear understanding traditionally presupposes immediately-perceived experience totally independent of sense-data limitations. We have worked it out symbolically (for symbols are the calculus of Traditional doctrines ) as it can only be so conveyed in our forthcoming book *De Testimonio Animae*. And on this note a word from Pascal: "The letter kills; everything came to pass symbolically. The prophets showed that it must all be spiritual.")

Asvaghosha sets up and demolishes man's existential pseudo-problem in one stroke: "Because of not truly realizing oneness with Suchness (as-It-is-ness), there emerges an unlightened mind and, consequently, its thoughts."

"Ho!" shouts one who understands this.

Often miserable now modern man thinks by "evolving" to reach a higher stage. He surveys the solar system and congratulates himself; he stands supreme, he thinks, but then in doubt he uses all means at his disposal to search for "intelligent life." Unable to communicate more than superficially with himself and other men he runs terrified from his own silence, mistaking his non-intelligibility for non existence and fleeing into the maw of death priding himself on his conquest of Life. Again Sophocles' res echo in our ears,

"There is much that is strange, but nothing that surpasses man in strangeness."

Man creates the world; it is not the world that creates man. Correction. Man creates both *his* world and *the* world. But can we separate the one from the other? They "said to Him: When will the new world come? He said to them What you expect has come but you know it not." Man must return to his Beginning; there he will find his End. "Only through the divine can one hurry without haste and reach the goal without walking." And, one might add, without evolving or reincarnating here.

First one finds perfection in himself, then he finds it in the world. Only an idiot seeks for perfection in things without seeing it in his own self. "Whoever knows the All but fails (to know) himself lacks everything." As for the world, "the world is what it is, *samsara* there is no 'evolution,' there is no beginning and there is no end. By 'going' one does not reach the 'end of the World'." The world is no more perfect or less perfect than it has ever been or will be. "The Kingdom of the Father is spread upon the earth and men do not see it." Man *is*, his being is not a becoming in time in any fundamental or essential way, and certainly not an "evolution" from a lower to a higher order of life as Darwin and company continuing into the 20th century anxiously try to establish on a "scientific basis. Modern man stuffs himself on a sense-concocted, multi-media diet of garbage. When he cries helplessly in the night, "Oh, my stomach!"--who listens?

Aristotle provides some of the supreme intellectual texts (in the Traditional and timeless sense) to refute the tenets of evolutionary theory for those who have eyes to see and the ears to hear. He says in his *Metaphysics*: "Seed (sperma) is from other perfect natures which have a prior subsistence. Nor is seed the first thing, but that which is perfect; just as some one may say that Man is prior to see, not indeed the man who is generated from seed, but another [Man, or the Universal Man according to Traditional Science] from immovable Essence (*ousia*), and which is separated from sensible (*aistheton*) things is evident..." both to reason when it is understood (mediately-perceived) and to Intellect when it is seen (immediately-perceived). Modern man will seek in vain for his "beginning" whether he examines throughout the history of sensibles or measures and divides however subtly with his instruments, at best never more than extensions of his limited and finite senses.

No intellectual thinker has ever believed, or could believe, in evolution. Proklos express it from this point of view with dialectical precision: "If the perpetuity which detains matter is always *generated* it is never *being*. Every thing, however, which is generated, is either *always* [perpetually] generated, or *at a certain time*. Hence, every thing which is generated, is never [real] being."

Further, no really competent worker in biology believes any longer in evolution. Paul Lemoine, editor of Volume V of the *Encyclopedie Francaise on living organisms*, writes in his *summing up*: "This exposition shows that theory of evolution is impossible. In reality, despite appearances, no one any longer believes in it. Evolution is a sort of dogma whose priests no longer believe in it, though they uphold it for the sake of their flock."

What are the priests of evolution going to do when the flock catches on? Maybe they can come up with something sillier than evolution. Maybe?...Who can say what modern man may do (or won't do) divorced as he is from Intellect.

"Hold on," says the modern mentality. "Evolution, all this bad? Surely you're laying it on too heavy."

Well then, let's try once more.

Evolutionary theory denies the uniqueness of existence; it forces an artificial wedge into existence and thus directly or indirectly, intentionally or through ignorance (the real root of the matter) brings about further fragmentation in the already badly damaged psyche of modern man. By denying that "existence is unique" evolutionists reject Universal Being: all that existence contains "is but a manifestation, in multiple modes, of one and the same Principle." The ultimate consequences are to consign man to endless rounds of becoming, to "evolution"; from this thinking it is only a short step to the nonsense of superstition (modern man has the most "myth" bound and superstitious civilization possible) and reincarnationist concepts now swamping us. The kind of false thinking stemming from evolutionary theory and its associated aberrations just mentioned, worst of all, inhibits and corrodes the *natural* desire in man for Deliverance--his highest end which is to be gained by Knowledge, and Knowledge *only* and not anything else however much it may parade as some one of its semblances.

But why does modern man deny his most natural desire, his desire for perfect Freedom? A Traditional text, the *Visuddhi Magga*, in the clearest way possible answers this question. "There are Gods and men who delight in becoming [i.e. in the phenomenological aspect of things]. When they are taught the Law for the cessation of become [i.e. that which leads to perfect freedom, and is entirely nonphenomenological on *any* level whatsoever], their mind does not respond." Viewed from this perspective Aristotle's first words in the *Metaphysics* glow with new meaning: "All men naturally desire to know" (*Plantes anthropoi tou eidenai oregontai phusei*).

To Know: to directly apprehend First Principles. To achieve perfect Freedom-- that is what Traditional texts are talking about...

Ask yourself now: which came first, the chicken or the egg? Science may waste its energies for some centuries yet, if such time is permitted, before even approaching an answer. But we Know the answer...don't we?



And from Plato a text without comment.

Here is "what I scientifically conceive, in the clearest manner about the proposed subjects of discussion. What that is which is always being, but is without generation, and what this is which is generated indeed [or consists in becoming to be], but is never [real] being. The former of these, indeed is, comprehended by Intellect in conjunction with reason, since it always subsists with invariable sameness. But the latter is perceived by opinion, in conjunction with irrational sense, since it is generated and corrupted, and never truly is."

*Waiting provides the test: man spends his life  
in waiting for understanding. He looks for light,  
for guidance among the innumerable puzzles. Strife  
never ends; always another river to cross. This fight  
spent cheaply in eating and drinking, nursing  
the body. O this life's nourishment enough! Fish  
swim in the flowing streams; in the sea swimming  
to what destination? Why must it finally come-  
this uncertainty like falling into a pit? To abstain  
from all action has its value (but in what medium?)  
to one who understands. We seek that clear pain  
in fear, but accept it like the uninvited guest  
who arrives at our table as a terrifying new test.*

The single greatest tragedy man has so far committed against man in the 20th century: the rape of Tibet and its continuing desecration. Tibet was the last Traditional society, the last theocracy, the last civilized people to resist the ruinous influence of technology and live in peace with itself and its neighbors, linked vertically with the multi-dimensional totality of the Universal. All men suffer knowingly and unknowingly from a single unjust act against the earth and any of its living things, but how much more do we suffer with these people and because of their enormous loss. Now we, the whole world, compound and perpetuate this by ignoring it, and leaving the desperate men, women, and children victims of the terror who fled from Tibet forgotten and rotting in an area of India even the Indians reject.

No country would not profit immeasurably in the only way that counts by taking in these people and resettling them among its own, and creating conditions as far as this is possible for them to continue their former lives. But such an action would be against the *Zeitgeist*: scientists would have no informational exchanges to make, politicians would have no votes to gain, statesmen could point to no technological or peaceful progress, and businessmen--included with the former three, the lowest of the four orders of chief priests in the modern world--could make no money worthy of the effort of exploiting them, for they have nothing and are not yet, thankfully, fodder for the technological mills, in other words, they are "untrained."

All this should seem very familiar to Americans. For six centuries European man has seen infecting with his diseases (individual, religious, social, political) and squeezing the remaining life out of North and South American Indian culture. It has been left to archaeologists and anthropologists and workers in associated fields to convince modern man that the North and South American Indians even have (or had) a culture. Unfortunately that is where it stopped--we are only convinced in a most superficial way and really do nothing about reversing the centuries-long trend. Our overall treatment of Indian culture in the Continental United States and Eskimo culture in Alaska is barely, if that, surpassed by Chinese Communist tactics against the Tibetans. We have done, and continue to do our worst (or best) to make these wretched peoples even more miserable before we finally extinguish them altogether. Perhaps most disastrous for the culture concerned we first turn the people into our pet apes by encouraging and catering to their worst appetites, a practice based on our normal appetites; we then perform the *coup de grace* on the individuals when we "glorify" them by integrating them into our culture, if we may so use this last word here. Once more in the business terminology so dear to the sentimental American heart, we "train" them, make them economically viable units to further our own aberrant passions for unnecessary material generation and consumption. Since much present attention is focused on the American black man's problems, nothing further need be said about it at this point except to mention it as another long-term example of forces unleashed by modern man and aimed at his own vital organs.

Modern man screams (or, too ignorant to scream, laughs) and tries to escape from the all too real vision of his own death grin staring him in the face; as the Chinese Communists squeeze and destroy the Traditional Tibetan culture and we aid and abet them by our indifference and neglect of all these most precious things--the same since timeless whether in our own North American and Eskimo cultures, we all draw nearer to the self-extinction we would flee from. For what resists extinction more than a life form? Poke at any insect. Go ahead, poke at man...at yourself!

Disregarding and ignoring the knowledge to be gained from Traditional Science about the multiple states of being, modern man has false ideas and applies false tests to determine what is or is not truly a science. With the new tool of his own creation, modern science, man fools himself; he avoids a clear examination by Intellect into the most fundamental principle of the human psyche--*essential knowledge can never be found in phenomenological things*. Instead, the kind of endless examination and experimentation based on reason or perhaps a lower mentation necessary to modern science and considered its ultimate test of veracity, is actually no more than a mere rearrangement of data which leads at best to an information explosion. Witness today...

Modern man says, "How can these fruits of our sciences be disregarded? Look what it has done for us. Look how more men live better than ever before. Look how it works!"



It does work; that it doesn't is not the point, and could not be the substance of argument in an analysis. Whether something works or does not work on a most superficial level, or merely one of an indefinite number of levels each lower or higher in an universal order, can never be a valid or the final test of any act, intellectual effort, or science. Man shares being with the Infinite; Traditional Science stresses this in its laying bare of universal principles which show in their sweep and grandeur the total order. The world of the visible, matter, is subordinated to its proper place when correctly understood. Not a grain of sand, not a speck of dust, not any microbiological organism, indeed not any higher being in the universal structure (and non-structure, also) but does not have its relationship to all others.

All *are*; all can be seen; strain and look!

Traditional Science recognizes that "nothing is known essentially except as it exists in consciousness, everything else is supposition." It would be no exaggeration to say that this is the supreme principle of Traditional Science, and modern man has exactly turned it around in a scheme calculated to lead to his self-extinction. Entirely lacking discrimination modern man takes an image of the fire for Fire, or vice versa. "Wisdom (*sophia*) is one thing: to be skilled in true judgment, how all things are steered through all." Suppositions are dangerous when dealing with real situations--as Don Quixote found out to our amusement, and his discomfort. Opinion is not the same as knowledge it seems hardly worthwhile but *is*, to say. There is really no conflict. Intellect stands as the Principle and Ground of any Science, Traditional or modern. But Traditional Science is unthinkable without this Principle and Ground always central so that any consideration begins and develops and returns to it never losing the thread of its energy; modern science on the contrary largely functions to obscure rather than make transparent the energy of its source, and rather than matters of its speculation becoming more apparent the further this science attempts to penetrate, they become more concealed and confused.

The desideratum for the remainder of the 20th century: an examination by the light of Intellect into the ground out of which modern science, and its primary product, modern civilization is growing.

A corrective must be applied, but an inward, a *consciousness*. We drown in externals. On all sides indefinite opinion passes for knowledge; but Knowledge itself comes from the Intellect and only becomes our when we use it. The trust of forces leading to our self-destruction, these incoherent powers and principalities nourished by reason alone counsel us to accept supposition (=suppos-ing) for knowledge (=know-ing). We wage war, we battle, "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but..."

15

*Life turns, reveals itself to all, all experiencing  
it on whatever plane as a battle not pitched  
for a day only but in the bloodstream; roaring,  
it peels the nerves. Each, a multitude of one, pitted  
against his own bone--the army in which perseverance  
means discipline organized for the right action.  
Without it ruin; no course without this balance  
leads to the success we seek. If we saw a fraction  
of the carnage would we continue persistent?  
who could (being in command) over turn the cart  
and spill the corpses in the mud? Pitch the tent,  
let the army retreat within; without we now part.  
From the strange spectator surrounding us a cloud  
lifts and shows a clear view: blood, fools, the proud.*

16

Modern man desperately hunts down happiness but it evades him like quicksilver does a child. Where is it, he wonders, or it is all merely talk? Where, indeed? He mounts expeditions to the stars and dreams of going beyond; to find it he develops sophisticated techniques (he calls them this!) that remind one of the crew hunting for the Snark:

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;  
They pursued it with forks and hope;  
They threatened its life with a railway-share;  
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

And needless to say modern man stands to find the happiness of his search as the crew did the Snark:

"He had softly and suddenly vanished away-  
For the Snark was a Boojum, you see."

Yes, "a Boojum, you see."

A man who is really happy has nothing to be happy about; he has nothing to hunt for.

Happiness related directly to one's state of being, to a proper relationship, to... with hesitation the word is used today, to *virtue*, actually the source in man of that power which controls chance, ordinarily the visible cause of his misfortune. "He who has Virtue, controls the tally; he who has no Virtue, controls the levying." Happiness in its highest form is another name for the Good, that which all beings most desire. It has no connection with any external or material thing. But these things give one the reason to be happy: Happiness increases as one frees himself from them. It has been truly said that the richest man has nothing; having nothing he appreciates *anything*. This brings us to the relation between Non-being and Being. Permit the voice that speaks as Lao-tzu to say next to the last word. "What they have in common is called the Mystery, the Mystery of Mysteries, the Gate of all Wonders." What Mystery, what Gate, what Wonders? Who asks this question or, Who am I?

Is the final Wonder not...Man who asks, "Who?..."



*Holding together brings final and complete union.  
the kingdom depends on deep affection between  
the king and the lords: thus the necessary union  
comes. Water lies on the earth, a rich sheen  
spread for the eye. The crane flies down  
to drink on her long journey across the land.  
The sun plays on her great wings in a crown  
of light as she dips into the water turning and  
without plan. She follows her nature from herself  
devoid of conflict. Can we have such simple goals  
goals to hold like a full earthen bowl: to ourself  
true, steady, the ruler always of our temple?*

*Now the crane has a last drink before her flight,  
and as we watch climbs away from our sight.*



*HAVEN O'MORE*



THEN COMETH THE END, WHEN HE SHALL HAVE PUT DOWN ALL  
RULE AND ALL AUTHORITY AND POWER. MERE ANARCHY IS  
LOOSED UPON THE WORLD.

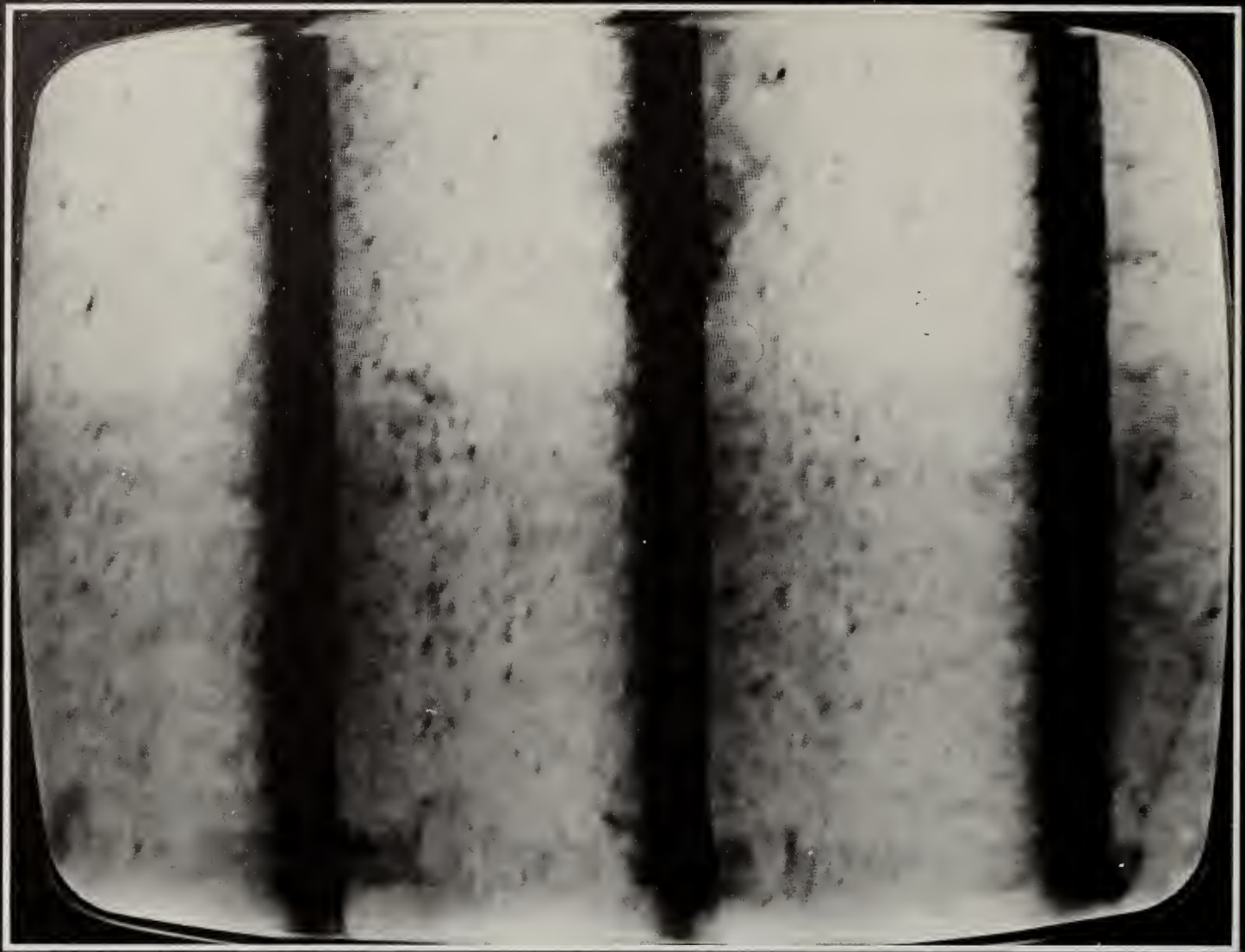
I CORINTHIANS XV, 24.











THE GREY IS NEITHER COLORED, NOR DARK, NOR LIGHT, AND IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ANY STIMULUS OR PSYCHOLOGICAL TENDENCY. IT IS NEUTRAL, NEITHER SUBJECT NOR OBJECT, NEITHER INNER NOR OUTER, NEITHER TENSION NOR RELAXATION. GREY IS NOT AN OCCUPIED TERRITORY BUT A BORDER; A BORDER AS A "NO-MAN'S LAND," AS A DEMILITARIZED ZONE, A REGION OF SEPARATION PROVIDING A PARTITION BETWEEN CONTRASTING AREAS. GREY IS A BERLIN WALL, AN IRON CURTAIN, ON EITHER SIDE OF WHICH IS A DIFFERENT APPROACH.

GREY WANTS TO WALL EVERYTHING OFF, TO REMAIN UNCOMMITTED AND UNINVOLVED SO THAT HE CAN SHIELD HIMSELF FROM ANY OUTSIDE INFLUENCE OR STIMULUS. HE IS UNWILLING TO TAKE PART AND INSULATES HIMSELF FROM DIRECT PARTICIPATION BY DEALING WITH WHAT HE MUST MECHANICALLY AND ARTIFICIALLY. EVEN WHEN APPARENTLY PARTICIPATING TO THE FULL, GREY IS REALLY ONLY PARTICIPATING BY REMOTE CONTROL, AS IT WERE HE STANDS ASIDE AND WATCHES HIMSELF GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS, BUT HE DOES NOT REALLY ALLOW HIMSELF TO BECOME INVOLVED.

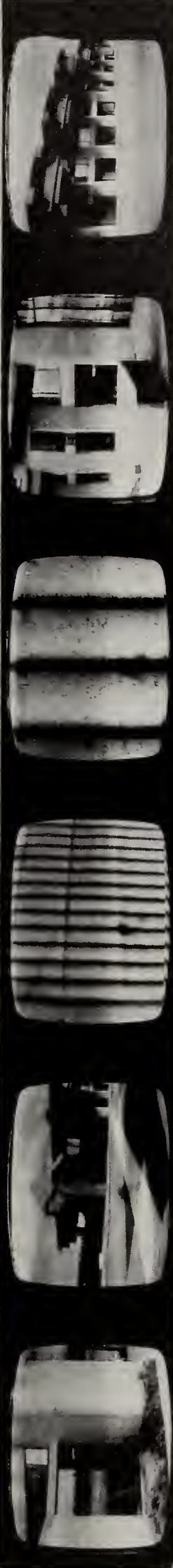
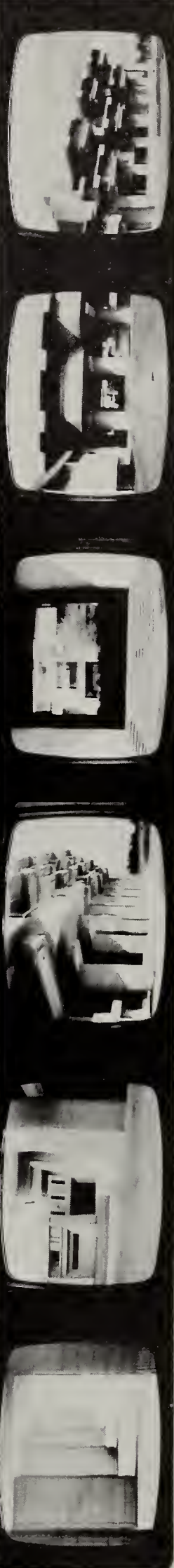


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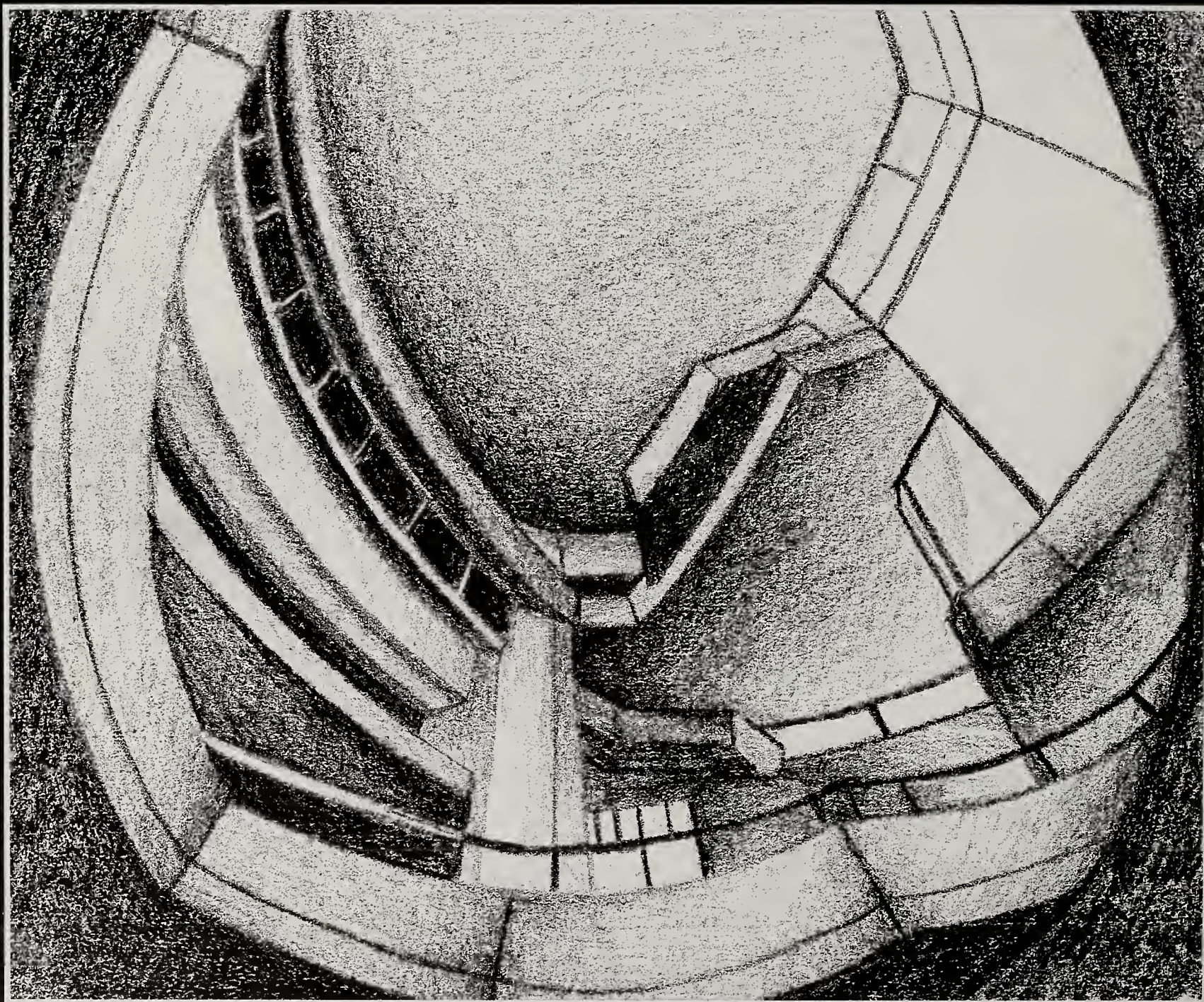


Unavoidably, all languages and other sign systems preclude metaphysical premises. Roland Barthes repeatedly asserts that signs remain open and by necessity unverifiable. So it seems that every social institution, from religion to traffic regulations, operates as a communication mode with no more authority than the rules of speech. What gives such institutions their power over our lives is their *consistency*. Whatever is done within a semiotic system is always structurally consistent with what has gone before. The pattern of concepts is recognizable because it proceeds with reference to its own past. It is this repetition abetted by a proscribed order that defines man's connection to and separation from nature.

Obviously the major semiotic traditions -- religion, philosophy, art, and architecture -- no longer serve to integrate society with the natural order. Art is irrevocably divorced from present technology, or for that matter from all essential intellectual activity. The art impulse, as we have seen, is virtually a parody of its former self. And doubtless it is the domination of patriarchal institutions that accounts for the overall rejection of art as an economic luxury and unnecessary metaphysical baggage. On the other hand, it is the artist's and art historian's ability to understand the nature of art that prevents them from projecting art into all aspects of life, as an approach to living. Thus the dehumanizing effects of

technology continue with no adequate answer as to why they are so consistently lethal. We refuse to accept the reality that technologies preclude the use of myth and ritual just as art now does. However, the difference is that scientific tools only allow us to *culturalize the natural*, never the reverse. Very conceivably biological survival depends upon *naturalization of the cultural* as well. Yet it is acutely apparent that few if any of our social agencies have the capacity to incorporate both procedures into their structures. There was a time, even prior to the Renaissance, when art and science were compatible. One great example of such ecumenical art is described in detail by Gerald S. Hawkins in his book *Stonehenge Decoded*. In this instance the word art is used deliberately to define what it is for people who build and experience universalizing institutions, and not to denote sites or objects of high archeological or museological interest.

In the 1950s Hawkins, a professor of astronomy, began to explore the Stonehenge site located near Amesbury in southern England. For hundreds of years Stonehenge was believed to be a Druid temple. But Hawkins' investigations during the early 1960s and his papers "Stonehenge Decoded" (appearing in *Nature*, October 26, 1963) and "Stonehenge Neolithic Computer" (appearing in *Nature*, June 27, 1964) proved rather conclusively that the site is a 3,500-year-old astronomical observatory.





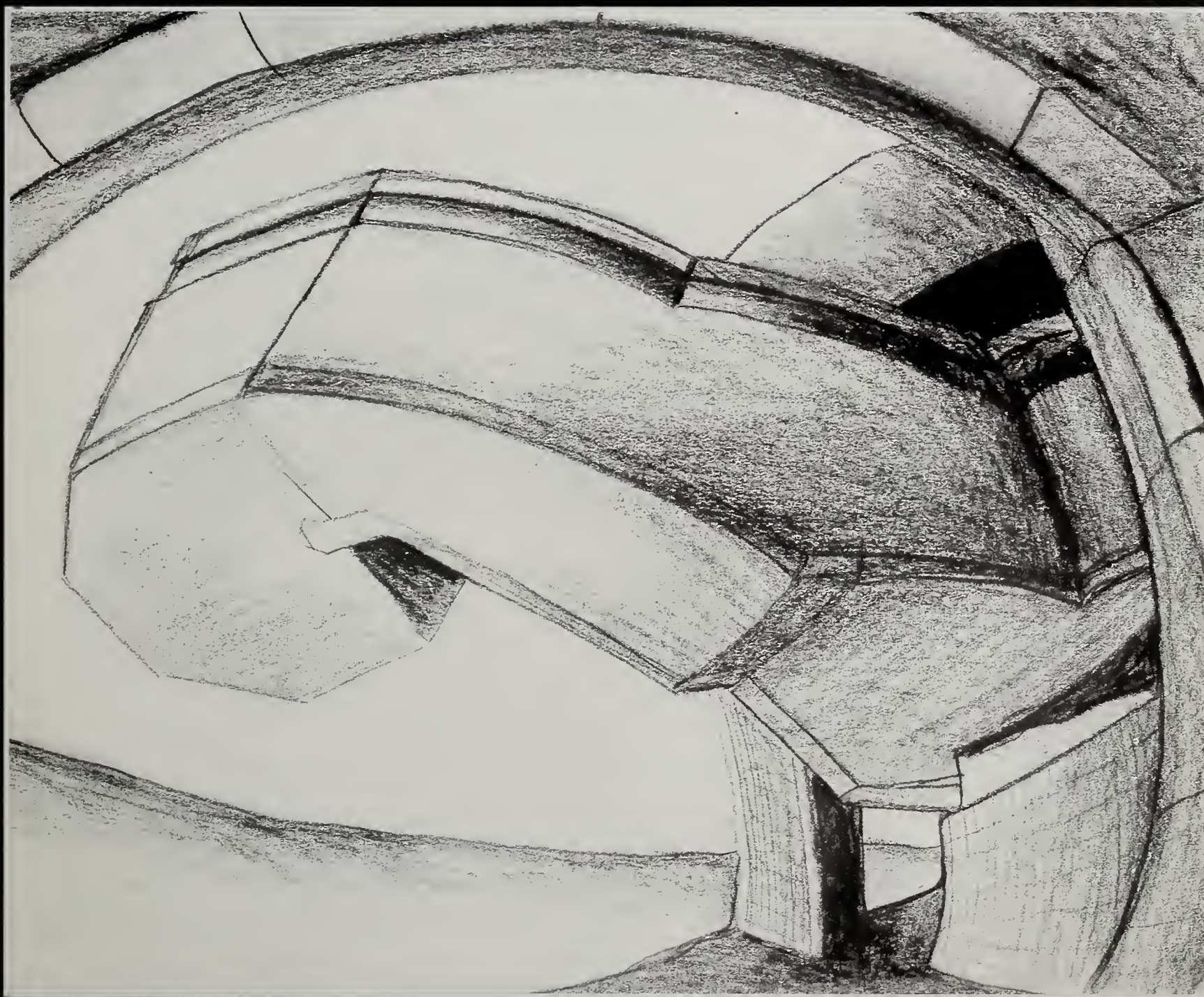
In plan Stonehenge consists of six concentric configurations the outer two are circles of holes?the next, being the most regular and obvious, is the columns and lintels of the sarsen circle?within this is the much smaller bluestone circle?and in the center are the five giant trilithons and bluestone horseshoes. The two horseshoes line up with a point on the horizon where the midsummer sunrise occurs. The larger stones weigh from 20 to 50 tons apiece?consequently one of the most fascinating aspects of Stonehenge is the speculation of how a portion of these monoliths were transported three hundred miles to their final destination.

Some obvious alignments impelled Hawkins to believe that there might be further sun-moon alignments between the archways of the sarsen circle and the trilithons. Even with many of the original monoliths lost or misplaced in reconstruction, the astronomer discovered that there are at least twelve significant alignments each for the sun and the moon, defined by the minima and maxima declinations of these celestial bodies. Subsequently, Hawkins proposed a theory that the holes surrounding the sarsen circle, with the aid of marking stones, were used as a computer to predict years of eclipse or seasons when the moon is visible through various apertures of sight. Notably, all of Hawkins' discoveries were vastly facilitated by a high-speed digital computer.

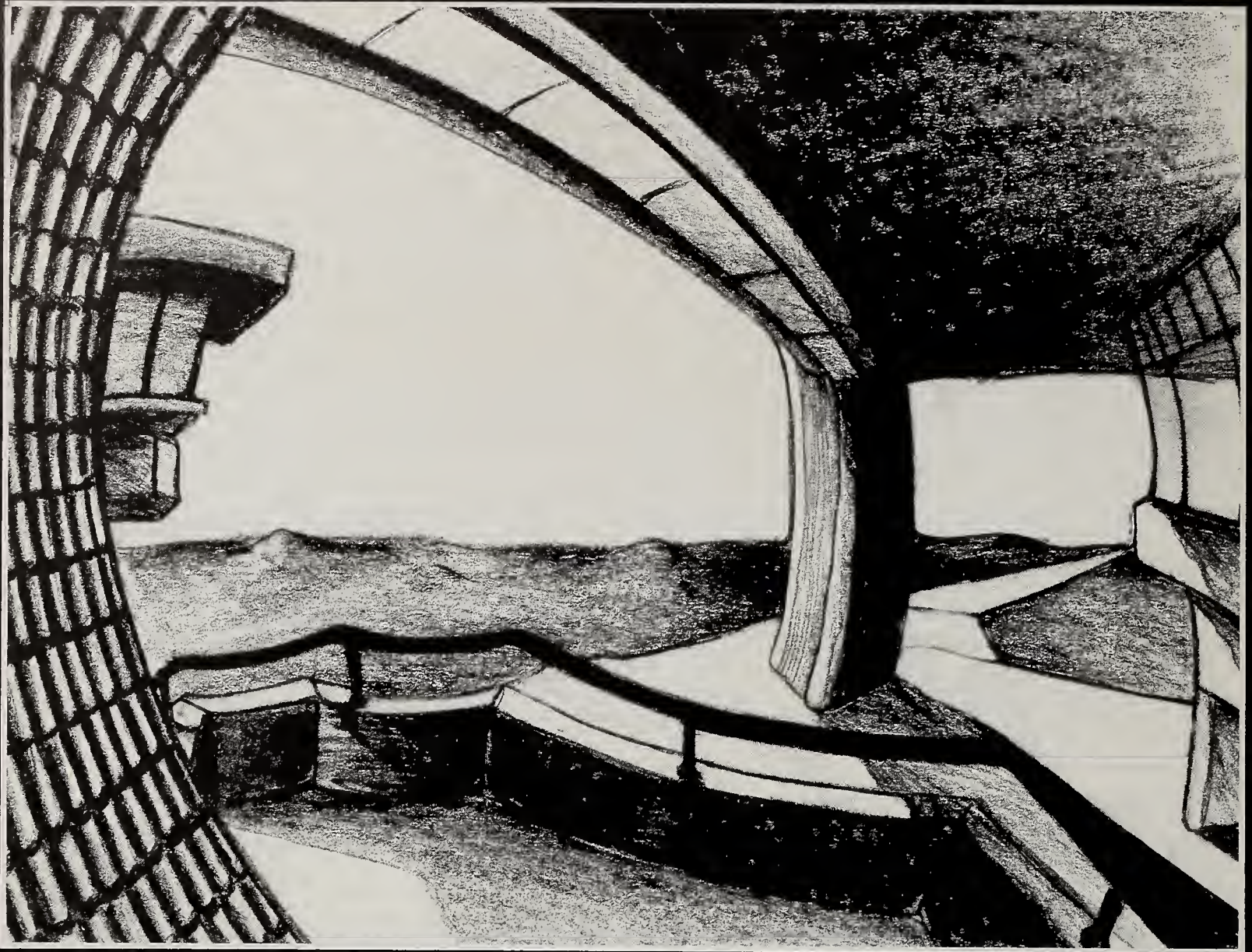
Still and all, this brief description does not begin to impart

the remarkable intellectual skill involved in the planning of this edifice. Maneuvering thirty-ton monoliths, the artis-scientists of Stonehenge lined up axes of sight for dozens of celestial positions, without the use of modern surveying instruments or engineering equipment. The entire project spanned four or five hundred years, ending around 1500 B.C. Yet what did it mean?This is Hawkins' opinion:

*The Stonehenge sun-moon alignments were created and elaborated for two, possibly three, reasons: they made a calendar, particularly useful to tell the time for planting crops; they helped to create and maintain priestly power, by enabling the priest to call out the multitude to see the spectacular risings and settings of the sun and moon, most especially the midsummer sunrise over the heel stone and midwinter sunset through the great trilithon, and possibly they served as an intellectual game (Hawkins, p. 117).*







Strangely, the astronomer's references also echo Duchamp's subtitle for *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*, in which he called the *Glass* an "Agricultural machine" or "Apparatus, instrument for farming." Did Duchamp have some inclination of art's prehistoric purposes (its use in farming, hunting, and lawmaking), or was he simply a priest with the power to end the priesthood? Stonehenge was nevertheless far more vital than the Glass Bead Game. Notably this ancient English calendar involved the labor of thousands of people over several centuries. In mediating cultural and natural elements Stonehenge assumes all the prerequisites of a work of art. If an artist were to design a monumental work embodying the greatest possible union between man's position on Earth and the cyclical events of the chief celestial bodies, the obvious choice would be some variation of this edifice.

We have seen that the language of relationships within the visual arts has steadily deteriorated to the extent that it exists in only the most transparent terms. Art as we know it is bound to disappear shortly. But what actually is dying: a social order or a specific set of myths? More than likely the answer is both. In her recent book, *Natural Symbols*, the anthropologist Mary Douglas alludes to the fact that the symbols of art are another measure of the strength of ritual in a society, although the two are by no means congruent. As forms of signification are discarded, ritual differentiation between the role of an artist and other members of society has gradually faded, as has the idea that art contains some particular efficacy, magical or otherwise. Moreover, avant-garde art is probably the first instance in which artistic expression is programatically destroyed by artists in the name of "visual exploration," which is hardly surprising since this term is a surrogate for the scientific impulse. In Dr. Douglas' words:

*We are then able to see that alienation from the current social values usually takes a set form: a denunciation not only of irrelevant rituals, but of ritualism as such; exaltation of the inner experience and denigration of its standard expressions; preference for intuitive and instant forms of knowledge, rejection of any tendency to allow habit to provide the basis of a new symbolic system. In its extreme forms antiritualism is an attempt to abolish communication by means of complex symbolic systems.*

It follows that her last sentence also pertains to science. The most obvious consequence of demythification is that, once begun, it probably will not stop until the entire semiological infrastructure of the present society is uprooted. Just as it denies history, Structuralism is paradoxically a tool of historical change.

One of the truisms of Structuralism is that myths mirror or recapitulate the social structure supporting them. The fact that art has its "patrons," "benefactors," and "tastemakers" simply informs us that once out of the hands of the artists, art acts as a kind of social counter or signal denoting status and financial worth. In centuries past art's function was to act as a medium for religious or political ideologies. Today the acquisition of valuable art is in itself an ideological act. Mythologically, this financial quantification of the art impulse is simply an extension of the underlying value system, just as works of art are considered "priceless" only in the sense that any object, once awarded a niche in art history, is irreplaceable to the myth. The real purpose of art's costliness is to make us aware of the venevolences and merits of those who control art patronage.

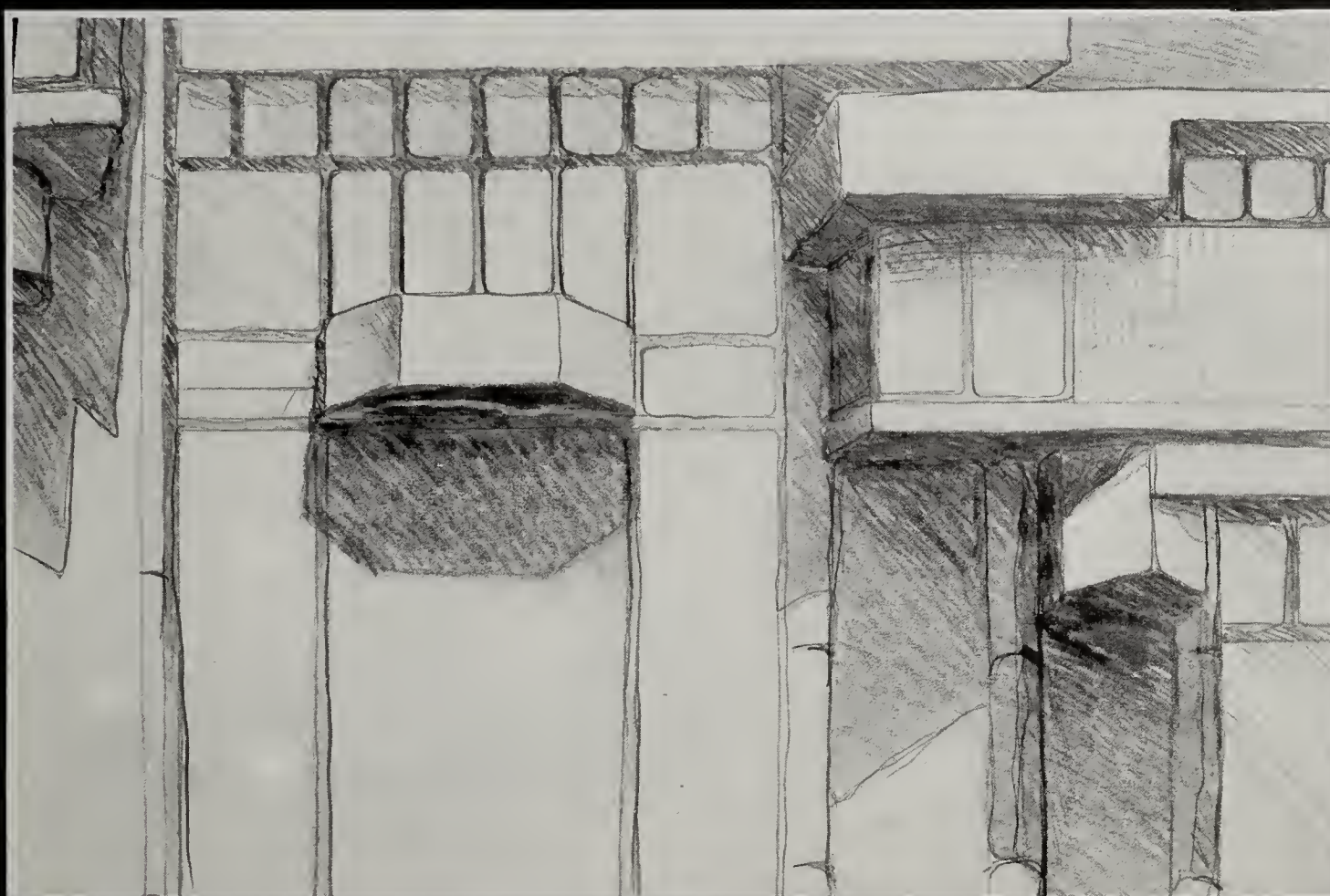
Until recently artists operated ambivalently as martyrs and eccentrics, symbols in a society absolving itself by occasionally buying a transubstantiated piece of the artist. This was true even as Albert Aurier wrote in 1890 that "The painter's subject is in himself . . . All spectacles, all emotions, all dreams resolve themselves for him into combinations of patches; into relationships of tones and tints; into lines" (Gimpel, p. 143). And since the early nineteenth century the greatest artists have made essentially autobiographical art. Such personalism reached its logical conclusion when a few artists today simply document their own bodily activities. In its final stages, this represents the termination of the iconic impulse. Even attempts to buy or underwrite Earth Art or Conceptual Art only stress the fact that the collector is willing to pay for his own demise. But just as inevitably the production of "normal" modern art will continue. For how long and under what circumstances is still a matter of speculation.





While the collector and artist are clan members in danger of losing their totemic system, it is difficult to believe that such a concept will not be replaced by something much more essential to contemporary life. Marshall McLuhan is perhaps the first interpreter of communication to understand what these changes involve: "It is well to disabuse ourselves of the 'sense of myth' as unreal or false. It was the fragmented and literate intellectualism of the Greeks that destroyed the integral mythic vision to which we are now returning . . ." (McLuhan, p. 185). Most probably the new myths will be scientifically oriented, but devoid of the emotional aridity and repressiveness which so many people associate with present scientific methods.

We are witnessing the death throes of the classical art impulse and more than likely the birth of a totally new understanding of the social use of sign systems. Structuralism itself seems to be a dialectical device for removing mankind from the lingering influences of Classicism. Ideal time and scientific experimental idealism remain outgrowths of the classical frame of reference. They stem from the intuition that location and proportion transcend the illusion of time, thus embodying the myth of art as well. In both classical artistic and scientific experimentation the strictest control is exacted over the ordering of isolated but complementary relationships. Reduction, isolation, and manipulation are the foundations of the classic inventive structure in art or technology.





It is now possible to understand the importance of gravitational effects upon the mythic structure of art. Classical and Newtonian physics held that a body persists in a state of rest or constant motion except when affected by other bodies; the *normal* condition of all things being inertia. Classicism embodies the Western ideal of constancy. In contrast the art historical myth asserts that materially things change, but psychically we remain the same. Yet since the beginning of this century, Einsteinian physics has insisted that all bodies are constantly being affected by other bodies; their normal condition is continuous motion and change. So it is obvious that the twentieth century represents an enormously violent rupture between synchronic and diachronic habits of thought. As yet there are few if any diachronic traditions not absolutely disastrous to the welfare of society as a whole. We live one way but think another. But a few thoughtful historians have already disavowed most of the illusions of history as measures of change. From the vantage point of natural science, the idea of *informational and technical complexity* represents one of the only creditable criteria of mutability. However, cultural complexity – if we accept the Western standard of technical sophistication – may only be obtained by depleting existing ecosystems and biosystems. In other words, we seem to develop new modes of technology at the expense of surrounding environmental systems, including ourselves. Thus it remains to be seen if this one criterion of change, complexity, is more than another postclassical illusion.

Art is disappearing because the old separations between nature and culture no longer have any classification value. Biology tells us that what is cultural is ultimately natural or it does not survive. Ecologists insist that what is natural must become an integral and valued part of our culture. All classification systems require a division of the world. Obviously the basic social revolutions currently under way present us with an extremely altered set of divisions, implying new priorities and patterns of existence. If in Levi-Strauss' terms *humanization of the natural* implies religion, and *naturalization of the cultural* implies magic, this should not threaten our sense of rationality nor prevent us from

understanding that the two processes are an integral and natural function of human thought -- both previously and for the future. Religion and magic are simply pejorative expressions for mental processes with exhausted content. Quite likely we are already formulating more suitable epistemological structures embodying the functions of religion and magic. These will be considered eminently logical and praiseworthy. *If he understands his work, and the fact that it no longer demands mystification, the artist can still be a tremendously valuable figure in society.*

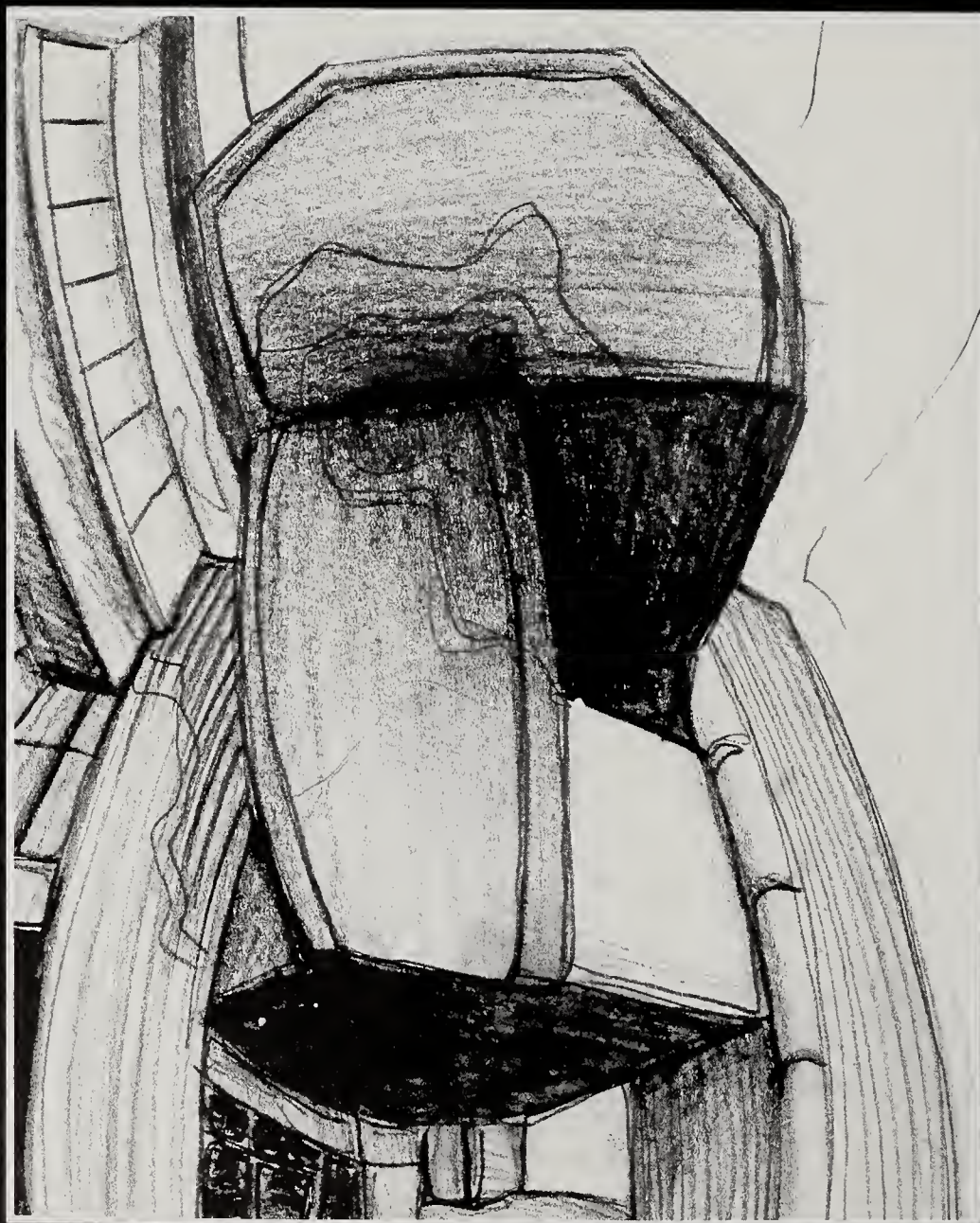
It appears that we have come full circle. Classicism has ceased because the center of artistic gravity is a mythical degree zero in space-time. We have reached that point. One remembers one of the notes placed by Marcel Duchamp in *The Green Box*:

REgime of Coincidence  
Ministry of gravity

Then Duchamp supplies directions for a painting or sculpture "Flat container in glass -- (holding) all sorts of liquids. Colored, pieces of wood, of iron, chemical reactions. Shape the container and look through it --."

"Coincidence" in this instance relates to the ambiguity between natural and cultural elements subjected to the most random and offhand methods of alteration by the artist. "Gravity" of course is the ultimate force controlling all naturalizing effects. Duchamp's liquid-filled construction represents the randomization of artistic order – a work of art which is neither this nor that, art whose intentionality lies in its ambiguity and lack of a second signified. Together the two phrases signify the termination of artistic logic, art degree zero.

Possibly we are witnessing the Global Village in its first stages of development. Since art has reached Duchamp's Jura Mountains, perhaps we are already on the moon, and looking back from that vantage point we see only overall patterns and a totality of existence on the Earth that was never before available for our perception. Having long been shocked by the separateness of things, peoples, cities, countries, and continents, these premonitions appear hopeful.



THE STRUCTURE OF ART

JACK BURNHAM





**CREDIT\$**



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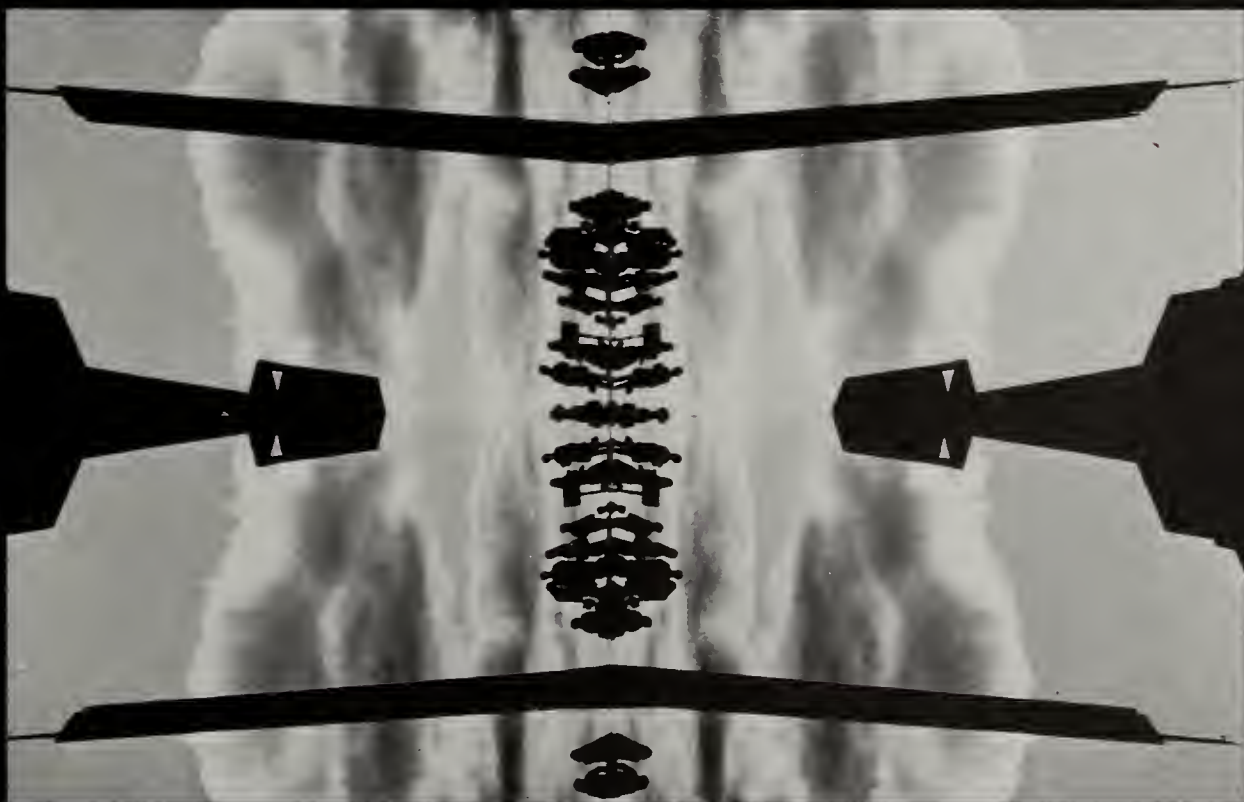
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"THANK YOU TO ANYONE WE MIGHT HAVE MISSED TO MENTION."





FERN READ TWO BOOKS A DAY. IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT ARISTOTLE WAS THE LAST MAN TO BE FAMILIAR WITH THE WHOLE OF HIS CULTURE. RANSOM K. FERN HAD MADE AN IMPRESSIVE ATTEMPT TO EQUAL ARISTOTLE'S ACHIEVEMENTS. HE HAD BEEN SOMEWHAT LESS SUCCESSFUL THAN ARISTOTLE IN PERCEIVING PATTERNS IN WHAT HE KNEW.

THE INTELLECTUAL MOUNTAIN HAD LABORED TO PRODUCE A PHILOSOPHICAL MOUSE, AND A MANGY MOUSE AT THAT. AS FERN EXPRESSED THE PHILOSOPHY CONVERSATIONALLY IN ITS SIMPLEST TERMS:

"YOU GO UP TO A MAN, AND YOU SAY, 'HOW ARE THINGS GOING, JOE?' AND HE SAYS 'OH, FINE, FINE — COULDN'T BE BETTER.' AND YOU LOOK INTO HIS EYES, AND YOU SEE THINGS COULDN'T BE MUCH WORSE. WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, EVERYBODY'S HAVING A PERFECTLY LOUSY TIME OF IT, AND I MEAN EVERYBODY. AND THE HELL OF IT IS, NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP MUCH."

THIS PHILOSOPHY DID NOT SADDEN HIM. IT DID NOT MAKE HIM BROOD.

IT MADE HIM HEARTLESSLY WATCHFUL.

IT HELPED IN BUSINESS TOO — FOR IT LET FERN ASSUME AUTOMATICALLY THAT THE OTHER FELLOW WAS FAR WEAKER AND FAR MORE BORED THAN HE SEEMED.

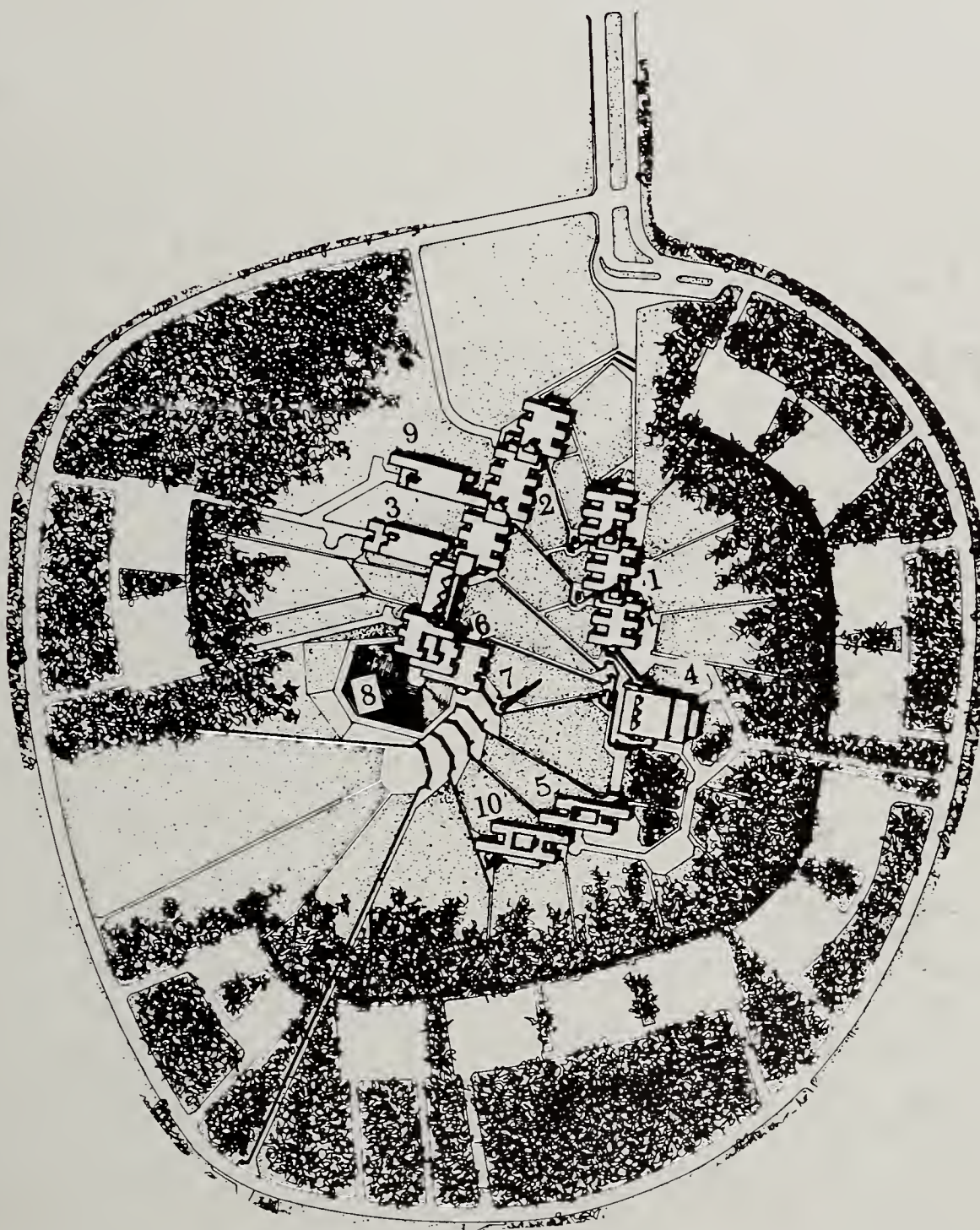
SOMETIMES, TOO, PEOPLE WITH STRONG STOMACHS FOUND FERN'S MURMURED ASIDES FUNNY.

KURT VONNEGUT JR.





WHY DON'T WE SING THE SONG ALL TOGETHER  
OPEN OUR MINDS LET THE PICTURES COME  
AND IF WE CLOSE ALL OUR EYES TOGETHER  
THEN WE WILL SEE WHERE WE ALL COME FROM



PICTURES OF US SPIN THE CIRCUNG SUN  
PICTURES OF US SHOW US WE'RE ALL ONE...

THE ROLLING STONES





I AM WANDA JANE. TODAY WAS GOING TO BE MY BIRTHDAY, BUT I WAS HIT BY AN ICE-CREAM TRUCK BEFORE I COULD HAVE MY PARTY. I AM DEAD NOW. I AM IN HEAVEN. I AM NOT MAD AT THE ICE-CREAM TRUCK DRIVER, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS DRUNK WHEN HE HIT ME. IT DIDN'T HURT MUCH. IT WASN'T EVEN AS BAD AS THE STING OF A BUMBLEBEE. I AM REALLY HAPPY HERE! IT'S SO MUCH FUN. I AM GLAD THE DRIVER WAS DRUNK. IF HE HADN'T BEEN, I MIGHT NOT HAVE GOT TO HEAVEN FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS. I WOULD HAVE HAD TO GO TO HIGH SCHOOL FIRST, AND THEN BEAUTY COLLEGE. I WOULD HAVE HAD TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE BABIES AND EVERYTHING. EVERYBODY UP HERE IS HAPPY — THE ANIMALS AND THE DEAD SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE WHO WANT TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND EVERYTHING. THEY'RE ALL GLAD FOR WHATEVER SENT THEM HERE. NOBODY IS MAD. WE'RE ALL TOO BUSY PLAYING SHUFFLEBOARD. SO IF YOU THINK OF KILLING SOMEONE, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. JUST GO AHEAD AND DO IT. WHOEVER YOU DO IT TO SHOULD KISS YOU FOR DOING IT. THE SOLDIERS UP HERE JUST LOVE THE SHRAPNEL AND THE TANKS AND THE BAYONETS AND THE DUMDUMS THAT LET THEM PLAY SHUFFLEBOARD ALL THE TIME — AND DRINK BEER.

KURT VONNEGUT JR.

"TAKE IT EASY"